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RIFLEMAN AND HUSSAR

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Colonel-in-Chief, 18th Royal Hussars (Queen Mary's Own).



Photo, W. & D. Downey, Ltd.

RIFLEMAN AND HUSSAR

By

COLONEL SIR PERCIVAL MARLING, B.T., V.C., C.B.

WITH A FOREWORD BY

FIELD-MARSHAL THE VISCOUNT PLUMER

G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

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FOREWORD

COLONEL SIR PERCIVAL MARLING, V.C., has, in these pages, written a narrative of the experiences during a long and active life of a typical Regimental Officer, Sportsman, and Country Gentleman.

During his more than thirty years' service in the Army he took part with distinction in no less than six campaigns in various parts of the Empire ; and in the Sudan Campaign of 1884 he gained the highest honour a soldier can win—the Victoria Cross.

His early service was with the 60th Rifles, but he was serving with the Mounted Infantry when he won the V.C., and his marked proficiency in, and predilection for, the mounted branches of the Service led to his promotion into a distinguished Cavalry Regiment, the 18th Hussars, which he subsequently commanded on active service in South Africa.

The book will, I hope, have many readers. The accounts which he gives of his personal experiences in various campaigns and actions cannot fail to be of great interest to soldier and civilian alike. But it is the book as a whole which will prove of special value, because it illustrates clearly that the life of the Regimental Officer who devotes himself wholeheartedly to his profession as Marling invariably did, cannot be otherwise than of absorbing interest and full of enjoyment, and it further shows that the training an officer receives in the Army is of great value to him, and therefore to the country, if and when he takes up the duties and responsibilities of civil administration. It is men like Percy Marling who, during the past century, have established and helped to consolidate our Empire, and have maintained throughout their service our prestige by setting an example illustrating the highest

and best features of our national character, and it is to be hoped that there will be many young men who will endeavour to follow that example in the difficult times to come.

PLUMER, F.M.

May, 1931.

P R E F A C E

“STILL another book of reminiscence !” the reader and reviewer may exclaim. “Has Sir Percival Marling anything to say that has not been said before ?” The answer is emphatically “Yes.” Sir Percival has had a very full, varied, adventurous, and useful life. He was born into a country house with broad acres in the spacious, and still almost feudal, mid-Victorian days, when “the family” kept apart from the common herd in drawing-room pews in church. There was plenty of fun, even though convention was still strong and a top-hat was necessary on Sunday.

After Harrow, where he formed friendships with many distinguished contemporaries, Sir Percival passed through Sandhurst to the 60th K.R.R.C. and eventually by the Mounted Infantry to the 18th Hussars. He fought at Laing’s Nek, Ingogo, Tel-el-Kebir, El Teb, Tamai (winning a V.C. there), Abuklea, Ladysmith, and in Flanders—making six campaigns in all.

He has travelled, hunted, shot, played polo and cricket, danced, and kept a diary in five continents. He has stayed with Archbishops, Viceroys, and Governors, and yet has not been unknown in the more lively haunts of Bohemia. He has enjoyed the best dinners that London and other cities can provide, and he has also fed off camel hump and muddy water in the desert. He has dressed with the best in Bond Street, and yet has on occasion been glad of saddle leather to patch his only breeches and keep them from falling off him. He has roused Queen Victoria by splashing her face with foam from his horse’s mouth, and he has seen the old Duke of Cambridge after a happy dinner replace an old friend’s wig hind foremost. He has taken part in solemn and imposing ceremonies, and has also,

time and again, spent boisterous evenings in mess and elsewhere with no small portion of the company under the table. He has been soldier, sportsman, landowner, magistrate, county councillor, high sheriff, politician, and churchwarden.

Parts of this book may shock the demure, if any such remain nowadays, but fighting and campaigning are not "genteel" pursuits, and Sir Percival describes his experiences graphically. He has seen much bloodshed, and he does not think it necessary always to replace strong expressions with dashes.

He has a number of good stories to tell of many well-known people, and he enjoys telling them. As he himself says in the last paragraphs of the book, an old friend lately remarked to him that, what with barbed wire out hunting, the new Labour Bills allowing the County Council to come and kill rabbits on your land, to say nothing of being taxed out of existence and the iniquitous death duties, the next generation will not have the fun that the former one has had. Sir Percival is inclined to agree, but adds that he at any rate has had a rare good time; he has been nearly everywhere and done nearly everything—and he has always tried to play the game. Can anyone wish for more?

J. M.

CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD

1861

I WAS born at Stanley House, King's Stanley, Gloucestershire, on March 6th, 1861, being the eldest son of William Henry and Mary Emily Marling. My three brothers were born, Charles Murray in 1862, Samuel Stanley in 1864, and William John Paley in 1865, but I had no sister. My mother was the best and kindest mother anyone ever had, and to her and my dear wife I owe what little good there has ever been in me. How my mother got through the amount of work she did heaven knows. She was a wonderful correspondent, and wrote to each of my three younger brothers and myself a long letter once and often twice a week from when we first went to school to the date of her death in 1918, aged eighty-four. No one was more loved and respected in the county than she was. She was President of the Women's Conservative and Unionist Association for Mid-Gloucestershire, and President or Chairman of countless other societies, and was a kind friend to everyone. She was a wonderful pianist, and could play accompaniments and dance music at sight, and had a beautiful voice till past middle age. When she was over eighty we got her to sit down at the piano one night and sing, and she played her own accompaniments.

Stanley House was a dear old place, built in 1597 according to the date on one of the windows, with a fine oak-panelled hall and staircase. There was a legend in the family that a subterranean passage went from the house to the old Norman church which stood 150 yards distant up the garden. We went to church through a private gate from the garden up a stone staircase outside the church, through a half-glass door on the first floor into a large room fitted with chairs and seats

and a stove. I used to roast chestnuts there surreptitiously. One drew aside a curtain and looked down into the body of the church, with the servants' pew immediately below. I believe my wicked great-uncles used to play whist there on Sunday afternoons. When I was a small boy I had to stand on a high hassock to look over the rim of the pew. I remember accidentally upsetting a heavy brass-bound Bible on to the butler's bald head, and he had to be carried out bleeding like a pig.

In those days no one ever dreamt of going to church except in a top hat and black coat, and we had to go three times on Sunday, and all the servants once, and the coachman in his livery and top boots. (In the spring sheep and lambs would sometimes jump up the sunk fence from a big paddock into the garden, and I would be sent to turn them out.) The Rector, old Mr. Gibson, used to preach in a black gown, and we never had a sermon of less than forty minutes, very often an hour.

The earliest record of the Marling family is of one Edward Marling, of Minchinhampton, near Stroud, whose will was dated 1554, and there are a lot of records of Marlings in the old church at Frocester, which is three miles from Stanley Park, including one of John Marling, of Frocester, who died in 1582, and his brother Thomas, of Lasborough, whose will was proved in 1585. He had one son, Johane.

My grandfather, Samuel Stephens Marling, lived at Stanley Park, some two miles away on the slopes of the Cotswold Hills. There was no church at all in his village, and in 1862 he built a very fine one at the end of his garden on the edge of the park, called All Saints', Selsley ; Bodley, one of the best church architects of his day, was the architect. He also built the school and schoolmaster's house. The church is an exact counterpart, only smaller, of a church in the village of Marling, near Meran, in the Austrian Tyrol.

In 1909 my wife and I paid a visit to Meran on purpose to see the church, and we have a painting of it at Stanley Park done by my cousin, the well-known water-colour

artist, Wallace Rimington. Stanley Park is a lovely old Cotswold manor-house, dating from 1584, with one of the most beautiful groups of stables I have ever seen, with the date on them 1692. The view from the house and gardens over the Severn and Berkeley Vale to the Welsh hills is one of the finest in England. To the north-east is Painswick and Painswick Beacon (1,100 feet high), and on fine days one can see the Sugar Loaf, which is the other side of Abergavenny, 60 miles off. My great-uncle, Nathaniel Marling, lived at Stonehouse Court, about three miles away. Stonehouse Court is one of the numerous houses in which Queen Elizabeth is said to have slept.

My great-grandfather, grandfather, and father were cloth manufacturers, and had two big factories at Ebley and Stanley. Business was booming in those days, and I am told the buyers from London would come down and mark the cloth on the looms even before the piece was finished, and give large orders for what was then known and famous as the "West of England blue and black broad-cloth." There is a story told of my grandfather and a customer who was looking out of the counting-house window at Ebley Mill at some sheep grazing in a field next to the factory. The customer had complained about the late delivery of some cloth, and said that things were done much quicker in the old days. My grandfather replied, "We can do just as well and better than in the old days. I will make you a coat out of the wool of those sheep in twenty-four hours." A small bet was made, and sufficient sheep sheared to furnish the wool, which was then dyed and made into cloth. A tailor was sent for, and in twenty-three hours and ten minutes the coat was on the customer's back. I have often heard my grandfather tell the story.

1867

Compared with nowadays, we children led pretty spartan lives. Breakfast at 8 a.m. summer and winter, and my breakfast each morning was bread and milk one day and a boiled egg another, till I was nine years old and went to school. My pocket-money up to 1870 was 3*d.* a week, and

I only got that if I spoke nothing but French at breakfast. There was no bathroom in the house, and my brothers and I were tubbed every Saturday night by the nurse in a small flat bath with yellow kitchen bar soap, and then given a dose of tincture of rhubarb. I can almost taste the horrible stuff now.

1868

My brother Charles and I went once a week to a dancing class in Stroud taught by a Miss Saunders. I remember her saying to me the first afternoon I went there, "Now, Master Marling, there are three bows you have to learn. The first is to the Queen." I then made a bow until my fingers nearly touched my toes. "The second is to a bishop," on which I made a bow about half as deep as the one for Her Majesty, and then Miss Saunders added, "The third bow is to any ordinary common person," and I was made to give a sort of nod. Apparently there were only three grades of society in the dancing mistress's opinion—the Queen, a bishop, and any ordinary common person.

Politics in those days were very bitter in Gloucestershire, and after an election one half of the county would not speak to the other half for about six months. Gloucestershire was divided into two parts, east and west, each returning two county members. In 1868 my grandfather and Colonel Nigel Kingscote were elected as the two county members for West Gloucestershire. Colonel Somerset stood for the Tories. I have before me a card of thanks which was sent to every elector in the West Gloucestershire Division after the 1868 election, which reads :

WEST GLO'SHIRE ELECTION

1868

COLONEL KINGSCOTE & MR. S. S. MARLING

TO RETURN THANKS

Sheriff's Return of the Poll

Kingscote .	4,985	Majority for :	
Marling .	4,862	Kingscote .	591
Somerset .	4,394	Marling .	468

I believe the election cost my grandfather £12,000. When my grandfather got in for West Gloucestershire there was a tremendous torchlight procession from King's Stanley via Ebley Mills to Stroud, over 1,000 torches being carried, and my brother Charles and myself, with my mother, took part in the procession in a brougham. I can just remember hearing the last speech made from the hustings at Stroud in 1868, in the square opposite what was then the old George Hotel. My grandfather was member for West Gloucestershire from 1868-1874, when he decided not to stand again, owing to his health and pressure of business. Dead cats and rotten eggs used to be thrown at the candidates.

There had been some five election petitions for bribery and corruption and malpractices at Stroud. Gloucester had already been disfranchised for bribery and corruption, and Stroud was very nearly sharing the same fate. After four or five members had been unseated at Stroud my grandfather, under great pressure, stood for the Stroud Division in 1875, and was elected by a majority of 206, the number of votes recorded being :

S. S. Marling	.	.	.	2,788
Lord Bury	.	.	.	2,577

The Kingscotes, FitzHardinges of Berkeley Castle, Ducies, Tortworth Court, Sir William Guise, and the Marlings were all Whigs, and the Duke of Beaufort, Sir John Dorington, the Bathursts, Hicks Beaches, and Darells were Tories. Colonel (afterwards Sir Nigel) Kingscote had been in the Guards, and had brought Lord Raglan's body home from the Crimea. Lady Emily Kingscote was one of Queen Victoria's Ladies-in-Waiting, and sister of the Duchess of Beaufort. When I stayed at my grandfather's my grandmother, who was a great friend of Lady Emily's, often used to send me over with a note to Kingscote Park, six miles off, on my pony with the old family coachman, and Lady Emily regaled me with cake and fruit. She was a most delightful old lady.

In 1869, being eight years old, I had my first day's hunting at Frampton-on-Severn on a pony called Fairy, and was much elated at being given the brush by the Master, Lord FitzHardinge, commonly called the "Giant." Henry Baker, of Hardwick Court, than whom there was no better sportsman, brought me up to the "Giant," who insisted on my being properly blooded. This was on Christmas Eve, when we were spending Christmas as usual with my grandfather at Stanley Park. I remember well refusing to have my face washed, and going to bed with the fox's blood on my face till Christmas morning. Frampton is the home of the Cliffords, who have lived there ever since the days of William the Conqueror, and where the very charming *châtelaine* of Frampton Court now lives with her daughter Henrietta. Mrs. Clifford is one of the best fox preservers in the Berkeley Hunt.

As I mentioned before, we spent every Christmas at my grandfather's, and then went back to Stanley House for the New Year's party and theatricals. On New Year's Eve the old hand-bell ringers used to come and ring in the hall, and were regaled with hot spiced ale, and were each given a new clay pipe and a screw of tobacco.

1870

In 1870 I was sent to a famous Preparatory School at Eagle House, Wimbledon, kept by the Rev. Dr. Huntingford, and his son-in-law, the Rev. Arthur Malan. Eagle House was a fine old Queen Anne building standing back from the road. Wimbledon in those days was a small village, principally famous for its rifle meetings, to which we were allowed to go three or four times in the summer. I remember being taken by my uncle, Major Flood Page, Adjutant of the London Scottish, to a camp fire there one night, and seeing a sword dance to the accompaniment of bagpipes and having hot whisky punch, which nearly took the skin off the back of my throat. I was introduced to Lord Elcho, who lived at the cottage in the camp near the old windmill, and had tea there. My maternal grandmother lived in a house on the edge of the Common, a

dear old lady who never failed to tip me when I went to see her, which was pretty often.

In 1873 I and three other small boys ran over to Putney one afternoon and hired a boat for 2s. and started boldly out to row. We bumped into Putney Bridge and all but capsized, and after colliding with two or three other boats we ran aground about two miles farther down. We got wet to the waist trying to get the boat off and finally abandoned her, ran home, and sneaked in up the backstairs at Eagle House and escaped notice. Why we weren't all drowned is a wonder, and what happened to the boat, goodness knows !

1873

I remember being taken by my mother to see Corney Grain and Sims Reeves at St. George's Hall in London. I was captain of Eagle House School Cricket XI my last summer there in 1874, and kept wicket for them, a position I have never aspired to since.

An old fellow called Ford, who had been head cutter at Poole's, who was the fashionable tailor and habit maker in the fifties, sixties, and seventies, retired and took Ryeford House, near us, in Gloucestershire. He said to me one day when I was about twelve or thirteen, "Master Marling, it ain't everyone can say what I can ; I 'ad my arm round the Queen's waist once." Much astonished I said, "No, Mr. Ford." "Yes, I 'ad," he said, "I measured 'er for a 'abit."

The following story, which is a chestnut but will bear repeating, is that the head of the firm, old Poole, went down for his annual holiday to the Isle of Wight. The Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward) came into his shop in the autumn and said, "I hope you had a good holiday, Mr. Poole ; where did you go ?" and Poole replied, "To the Isle of Wight, sir, but the society was rather mixed." On which the Prince said, "Well, Poole, you couldn't expect them all to be tailors."

My father used to get his clothes there, and I remember going with him to Poole's shop once about 1879 or 1880.

In 1869 my grandfather bought the Sedbury Park estate, near Chepstow, from Mr. George Ormerod, as he thought he ought to have a property on that side of the Severn which he was representing, and in 1873 he bought some 4,000 acres from the Duke of Beaufort adjoining it, and with it the living of Wollaston cum Alvington cum Lancourt. The incumbent was the Rev. William Somerset, who was a cousin of the 8th Duke of Beaufort. He was a great character and a desperately keen shot. I remember his telling me that he had five uncles fighting at the Battle of Waterloo. The Reverend, as he was known far and wide, had an old clerk called Sam, who was as great a character as himself.

My grandfather only lived at Sedbury about two months in the year, as my grandmother didn't care about it, but we boys loved it, as there was a lot of rough shooting. Mr. Somerset had the shooting over about 4,000 or 5,000 acres of the Duke's between Tintern and Wollaston. As he had two or three churches in his living he used to take his bag with his surplice, etc., in his pony-cart with his clerk, Sam, from one church to another on Sundays, and on weekdays the bag did duty for Sam to carry the game in, and it is related that on more than one Sunday the reverend gentleman appeared in church in a surplice with a lot of blood and feathers on it. I remember our head-keeper describing old Sam to me as "the biggest poacher in the 'ole county; he would follow a 'are through five parishes."

On one cold winter's day, the reverend gentleman and his faithful clerk were shooting about half a mile from the Rectory, and had shot two or three old cock pheasants and a couple of rabbits, when they suddenly heard the bell toll for church about a quarter to three in the afternoon. The Rector said to his clerk, "Sam, what's that for?" And Sam replied, "That's Biddy Jones's burying, your Reverence." So they hurried back to the church, and the story goes that the Rector propped his gun in a corner of the vestry, placed his bag of game on the vestry floor, put on his surplice, over his

shooting clothes, and hurried out to bury poor Biddy Jones. It was a bitter cold day, and a drizzling rain, and only half a dozen small boys and a few old women were at the grave-side, which was opposite the porch. Just as the body was being committed to the grave, one of the small boys left the grave-side with a loud whoop, and dashed into the church, followed by the clerk and the whole of the funeral party, except the corpse. What had happened was this : one of the old cock pheasants had only been stunned, and had escaped out of the bag and come clucking down the aisle into the porch, and after a heated chase Sam, the clerk, killed it with a hassock in the pulpit.

Mr. Somerset was a beautiful reader. We were all very fond of him, and he taught me to shoot my first partridge. I remember going over to Wollaston Church one Sunday in the winter, on a pouring wet day. There were only about half a dozen people in church besides myself. Old Mr. Somerset, having gazed round at the congregation, said in a loud whisper to his clerk, " Sam, there won't be any sermon to-day. Captain Marling won't mind, I know."

1875

In January 1875, being then thirteen, I went to Harrow, to Rendall's House, commonly known as Monkeys, or Runks, and was the youngest boy in the school. The night before, I was taken by my father and mother to the Prince of Wales's Theatre to see " Diplomacy," in which the Bancrofts and Kendals were acting. This was the first real theatre I went to. Rendall's pupil-room was taken by dear old John Smith, than whom no more lovable man ever lived. I took Middle Shell. Rendall's was then about the best House at Harrow, and was full of Gordons, Grenfells, Cunliffes, and Hamiltons. Billy Grenfell, afterwards Lord Desborough, had been at Rendall's, and all the Hamiltons distinguished themselves in after-life, Lord George being Secretary of State for India and for many years in the Conservative Cabinet. Lord Claude was Chairman of the Great Eastern Railway ; Lord Frederick

wrote many delightful books, amongst them being, *Here, There and Everywhere* and *The Vanished Poms of Yesterday*. Lord Ernest was in the Harrow XI, and in the 11th Hussars afterwards. I used to meet them in the Carlton Club sometimes, and at Lord's. I think Y. J., as he was called at Harrow, is the only one left.

Jem Hills was Head of the House and Captain of the School Football Team. I was his fag, and he was most kind to me, but said I made rotten toast. I spent three and a half very happy years at Harrow, and I always make a point of going down to see the dear old school once or twice a year. My old House was afterwards kept by my very good friend Edward Graham and his charming wife, and I have spent many happy Saturdays to Mondays there with them. Edward Graham wrote the life of Dr. Butler, who was head master when I was there. The House, still called Rendall's, is now kept by Mr. Siddons and his wife, who are equally kind in putting me up. The House is very different from what it was when I was at Harrow from 1875-78. It was very rough then, and the food far from good or sufficient for growing boys. We had bread or a roll and butter—not too much butter—for breakfast at nine, beef or mutton and pudding for dinner at one; bread and butter for tea at six; and cold meat, bread and cheese and beer for supper at 9 p.m. First school was at 7.30 a.m., summer and winter, and all we got before going to school was a glass of tooth water and a thing like a dog-biscuit.

I witnessed, I believe, the last fight ever fought at Harrow on the old Milling Ground, just below the Fourth Form room, between a boy called Peter McKie, afterwards in the 93rd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who was killed in the Boer War in 1900, and Walter Gilbey. The quarrel arose because Peter McKie said Gilbey's father sold bad cheap claret. Gilbey gave McKie a sound hiding, and avenged the fair name of the house of Gilbey. The fight only lasted about six rounds, and I think one of the Kemps seconded Peter McKie.

I was only once swished at Harrow, and that was for the very venial offence of laughing in chapel on the last Sunday

of the Easter Term 1877. A boy next me ran a pin into the lower part of a very fat boy who sat in the pew just in front of us. The victim gave a violent yell and clapped his hands to the injured part. Hart, whom none of us liked, the master who was sitting near us, saw me laughing, and after chapel stopped me and asked what I was laughing at, and as of course I could not explain the reason of my ill-timed hilarity without giving the other boy away, he said he would send me up to Dr. Butler. Accordingly, after prayers on breaking-up day, Tuesday, I attended at Dr. Butler's room in the old Speecher, with Peter McKie, who had been detected cribbing in Trials. We had a heated dispute as to who should be swished first, and were just going to toss up for that honour when old Sam the Custos came up and asked who was the senior. As Peter McKie was bottom of his form, and I was bottom but three, I had the pleasure of getting my swishing over first. I only got five strokes, and then had the joy of listening to Peter McKie's squeals afterwards. I think he got about a dozen. First we were called in separately to interview Dr. Butler and as long as I live I shall never forget his saying, "Marling, go down to the Fourth Form room and wait till I come." It was the only time he ever spoke to me all the three and a half years I was at Harrow. When the bill for the Easter term came in, my poor father was very annoyed at having to pay either 5*s.* or 7*s.* 6*d.*, I forget which, for the birch.

The next time I met Dr. Butler was in the summer of '84, when I was running up the steps of the Langham Hotel to see my mother who was staying there, and I butted into the second button of his waistcoat as he was coming down the steps from a Head Masters' Conference. I hastened to make my apologies, when he said, "How are you, Marling? Very glad to see you again. You have been in Egypt, I know, and have gained a great honour for the old school. My best congratulations." I met him many times after, either at Harrow, or at Old Harrovian dinners. He was a wonderfully good speaker, but too long. He was an excellent head master, and a

most generous contributor to anything connected with the school. There is a tale that he proposed to his second wife, who was a Wrangler, in Greek iambics. When he gave up he became Dean of Gloucester for one year, and then Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. His son, Teddy, is a real good fellow ; like his father he was head of the school, and in the Cricket XI, and also a School Racquet player.

I remember, at an Old Harrovian dinner, one of the speakers, Lord Anson, said, "The great danger Harrow has to guard against is those poor deluded Old Harrovians who marry young wives with strong Eton proclivities, who insist on sending their progeny to Eton." There used to be rare rows at Lord's after the match in my day. I remember sitting near two small boys one day, one at Eton and the other at Harrow, I think they were cousins. After a heated wrangle the Etonian wound up by saying, "Well, anyhow, Wellington was at Eton." To which the Harrow boy replied, "Well, anyhow, we never had a beast like old Gladstone."

I was over a year in the same study with a boy called Wilfrid Purefoy, who was afterwards in the 3rd Hussars and became a great racing man, and a patron of the lighter forms of drama. At one time he owned a big share in Romano's Restaurant, and a large interest in the Gaiety Theatre, and also in one or two other theatres. He started his racing career early, as he and I bought the winner of the Derby in our House lottery in 1877 for 7s. 6d. and twelve jam-tarts. I bought a cricket bat with part of my share, and Purefoy and I had a great supper with six other small boys in our study to celebrate the event. He once put me on to a very good thing racing at Sandown. I told his brother Bill, in the 5th D.G.'s, this, and he said, "Well, he never gave me a tip ; I should think you are about the only fellow he ever gave a tip to."

1877

There were some very odd masters at Harrow in my day. Old Skipper Holmes was a J.P. for Middlesex, and had a

house just below the school yard. He was very fond of a glass of port. He had a good-looking daughter, who got married while I was at Harrow. I think her husband was afterwards Governor of Jamaica. There was a great wedding, and at the wedding breakfast the head master, Dr. Butler, proposed the health of the bridesmaids, and then called on Middlemist, as the oldest bachelor present (as everybody thought he was), to return thanks for them. Old Middy, as everybody called him, was a great character. He had a butler whom we called Skin, who was the exact image of him—they were supposed to be half-brothers—and the legend in the school was that when Middy was appointed master he and Skin, his foster brother, tossed up as to which should be master and which butler. It was not till Middy died some years afterwards and a wife and children turned up at the funeral that it was discovered that he was married, and it was said that he had drawn his Fellowship money, £300 a year, for I don't know how many years. In those days Fellows were not allowed to marry. They said he used to spend his holidays with his wife and children at Brighton, and would never go out with his wife in the daytime. He was Mathematical (Teak) master, and never taught us anything, at least he never taught me anything. I don't think anybody ever learnt anything from him. I certainly didn't, and when I went up for Sandhurst in 1878, 3,000 was full marks for mathematics, and I made 606.

I remember one bitter cold winter's day five other small boys and myself were dragged into Middy's study for extra teak. It was snowing hard and we went in in our great-coats and sat in a circle round him, six little shivering wretches. There was a fire in the small study, and what with the steam from our coats and the window being hermetically sealed, the atmosphere became impossible, and one of the small boys fainted. All Middy said was, "Marling and Smithers, take him out and lay him on the doorstep," which we did. After Miss Holmes's wedding, the boys in the Second Fifth, which Skipper took, and which I was then in, thought he would do himself so

well at dinner that night that he would be late for first school at 7.30 next morning, so none of us turned up at the Form room. Unfortunately for us, old Skipper had such a head he could not sleep, and turned up ten minutes before time, and we were nearly all locked out.

There was an extraordinary master called Bull, but I was only in his Form one term. I think he took the Upper Remove and his Form was a perfect pandemonium. His House was a most indifferent one. My House Master, the Rev. Frederick Rendall, was a dear old fellow, a gentleman in every sense of the word, and always treated the boys in his House well. Both his sons and his nephews were all clever. I only fell foul of Mr. Rendall once, when another small boy and myself had been birds'-nesting the other side of Ducker in May, and were pursued by an infuriated farmer, and only escaped by crawling through a very thick high hedge which he was too fat to get through. I got into Runks House about a quarter of an hour after lock-up by climbing over the railings and into the dining-room window. Old Cooper, his butler, came into the dining-room just as I was half-way through the window, and reported me, and I got 500 lines, which kept me in the whole of a sunny half-holiday.

Dear old Tommy Steele was much beloved both in his House and by his Form. He always carried a large blue umbrella. One of the Sixth Form boys fell violently in love with his daughter, who was known as Miss Tommy, and somehow or other a letter from the boy came into Tommy's hands. Tommy at once asked him to breakfast, and chaffed him unmercifully about his love affair before his daughter.

One of the most liked masters at Harrow in my day was Mr. Stogden, who was a very delightful person. I was in his Form one term. His wife was reported to have a cork leg, and the small boys in the school were always trying to see what it was like when she got in and out of a low pony-carriage in which she used to drive about. Mr.

Stogden's son, the present Vicar of Harrow, is beloved by everybody, and his son runs the Annual Harrow Association Cricket Day at Harrow, just before the Lord's match.

My uncle, Walter Marling, who was also at Harrow, had a great friend called Herbert Bevington, who was at Harrow with him and used to spend part of his summer holidays with my grandfather. He was a very good Association football player, and was in the Harrow School Football XI, and also in the Cambridge team, and played for Blackheath. He used to come down every year and play for the Old Harrovians, and in 1878 he brought me a bottle of champagne in a bag with his football things. I don't think I had ever drunk champagne before then, and felt very grand. About eight other small boys and myself drank the champagne in our tooth glasses that evening, having opened the cork under a thick greatcoat so as not to make too loud a bang and give the show away either to Mr. Rendall or one of the monitors. Then we did not know what on earth to do with the bottle, which we finally wrapped in a greatcoat and broke with the poker, and each small boy was given three or four pieces to take away in his pocket and throw away somewhere outside on the way down to the football field. I threw two bits into the fire in my study, and unfortunately the housemaid cut her hand on one of them when she was doing the fire next morning.

Soon after the New Year in 1877 I went to stay with my great-uncle, Thomas Marling, in Gloucester, where he lived at Norton Court. He married as his second wife a Miss Playne, of Longfords, Gloucestershire, by whom he had one son, about a year younger than myself, who was at Eton. One night my uncle gave us each a shilling, and sent us with the butler to the pit at the Gloucester theatre. My Etonian cousin was frightfully disgusted at being told to sit in the pit. I don't think we either of us had any money, and the butler stood us a glass of beer between the acts. My great-uncle Thomas was an extraordinary old gentleman, and he had a hobby of buying up

various big houses in Gloucestershire and then doing them up and selling them. He lived at The Leaze, near Stonehouse, which the present owner now calls Eastington Park. He also lived at Rodborough Manor, which he bought from Lord John Russell and sold to the Paul family, and at Norton Court, Gloucester, and at one other house that I cannot remember. He was Mayor of Gloucester once if not twice. There is a memorial window to him in Gloucester Cathedral. Dear old Bishop Ellicott, who was our Bishop, and one of our oldest friends, was a great character. He was far and away the oldest Bishop. One very hot afternoon he was taking the chair at a ladies' meeting in connection with some charity. They were asking him a lot of questions; he was then over eighty, and was starting for his annual holiday the next day. Some woman asked him a more than usually stupid question, to which he replied, "Dear ladies, I can impart information but not intelligence," which had the desired effect of bringing the meeting to an end, and he got away to his tea and packing.

There was a very celebrated miser, Jimmy Wood, who lived at the old Bank House, Gloucester. Uncle Thomas told me that when he was a small boy returning from a day school in Gloucester with his satchel over his shoulder, he saw old Jimmy Wood crawl out of a hearse at the front door of the old Bank House. What happened was this: Jimmy Wood had walked out to harass one of his tenants some five miles out of Gloucester, and as he even grudged himself the bare necessities of life he used to pull the turnips out of his unfortunate tenants' fields and eat them raw. I suppose this day he had a surfeit of them and was taken violently ill. He stopped a returning empty hearse, and after a haggled bargain with the driver to put him down on the outskirts of Gloucester for 1s., and clambered into the empty hearse. The driver whipped up his horses and never stopped till he got to the old Bank House, where he pulled up and collected a crowd to see Jimmy Wood crawl out, and my great-uncle Thomas was one of the crowd. Jimmy Wood died worth over a million.

Harrow School owes a great debt of gratitude to John Farmer, who was music master when I was there, for all the delightful Harrow songs which he wrote, "Forty Years On," "Queen Elizabeth," "Willow the King," etc., etc. Every small boy soon after he arrived at Harrow had to stand on a table and sing a song. If he couldn't or wouldn't he had to drink a glass of salt-water. Old Farmer used to come round and test all the new boys' voices with a view to getting them into the School Choir. I need hardly say I was not one of those selected.

I always regret that the fascinations of Ducker were too much for me the first two summers I was at Harrow, and I didn't take to cricket till the summer of 1877.

The great tuck shop at Harrow in my day was Fuller's, kept by the beautiful Miss Fuller, and Smith's was another. Old Smith had two uncommonly good-looking daughters. Fuller's was closed shortly afterwards, when it was found that a boy had run up a bill for over £10 in one term. Rightly there was a very strict rule that no credit should be given, except on what was known as a "home tick" of 6d. or 1s. a day, which was paid by one's parents to provide one with eggs and bacon or sausages for breakfast.

Harrow was a wonderful school for turning out boys who afterwards became famous all over the world in every position in life. I wonder how many Prime Ministers, Administrators, Archbishops, Bishops, Viceroy, Governors-General, Cabinet Ministers, Admirals, Generals, Masters of Hounds, etc., etc., the school has produced. In Speech Room there are banners of all the Old Harrovians who have been awarded the Victoria Cross—twenty-one of them, beginning with the Crimea and Indian Mutiny.

What a lot of good fellows there were at Harrow in my time, and I have no doubt there still are, and what a number of them have made their mark in the world since. Charles Hardinge, afterwards Lord Hardinge of Penshurst and Viceroy of India, and his brother Punch, also Lord Hardinge, who was in the Rifle Brigade, and in the Camel Corps with me in the Khartoum Expedition 1884-85;

Oliver Nugent ; Walpole Kays (both 60th Rifles) ; Bob Moncreiffe ; Bingham, afterwards Lord Lucan (Rifle Brigade) ; John Calley (16th Lancers) ; Curly Whitaker (5th Fusiliers) ; Orr-Ewing, the Weasel (16th Lancers) ; Forte Nason (26th Cameronians) ; Horne, afterwards General Lord Horne, R.A. ; Leaf, Bank of England ; Vachell, the novelist, who wrote *The Hill*, one of the most delightful books ever written ; Tallents ; Lycett-Green ; Lovelace Stamer ; Ronald McNeill, afterwards Lord Cushendun, and Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs ; Bobby Bower (60th Rifles), afterwards Sir Robert Bower, Chief Constable of Yorkshire ; Willie Sitwell ; George Benson, killed in the Boer War ; William Nicholson, now a Privy Councillor and one of the oldest M.P.'s in the House, and his brother John (7th Hussars), also afterwards an M.P. ; Shah Wilkinson, who was in the Harrow XI and one of the best, now Brigadier-General and an official at Court ; John Harford, of Blaize Castle, Gloucestershire ; Daugleish ; Des Graz, now Sir Charles ; Esme Howard, late our Ambassador at Washington, and now Lord Howard of Penrith ; Edward Hadow ; Monty Rendall, afterwards Head Master of Winchester ; Herbert Lawrence, afterwards General, and Chief of Staff in France in 1918 ; de Moleyns ; Merryweather ; Gilbert Abbot ; (Gilbert Abbot's brother Napier had been head of the school, and I spent many happy holidays with him at Abbots Leigh) ; Henry Anson ; Arthur Tickle ; Wallace, who was afterwards in Egypt with me ; John Dutton Hunt, now Colonel Hopton, and for many years Captain of the English Shooting Eight ; Wingfield Digby ; Maynard ; Meek ; Weston Jarvis and his brother ; Conyers Surtees in the Guards, Brigadier-General, and an M.P. ; Mackeson (5th D.G.'s) ; Francis Rowe, in the Cambridge XI ; Bovill ; W. H. Patterson ; Crutchley, afterwards Major-General Sir Charles Crutchley ; Guy Withington ; Woodward, afterwards Major-General Sir Edward Woodward ; Mark Fenwick ; Charles Fortescue ; Alfred Hoare ; Ramsay ; Bolitho ; Peto ; John Dunn ; Bishop Kemp ; Kavanagh (10th Hussars), afterwards Lieut.-General Sir Charles Kavanagh, K.C.B. ;

Lawson, afterwards Lawson Smith ; Kenneth Maclaren (13th Hussars) ; Horace Smith-Dorrien, afterwards General Sir Horace, who did so well in the Boer War, then as Quartermaster-General in India ; he commanded the 1st Army Corps at Aldershot, and then the 2nd Army Corps in France, when he saved the day at Le Cateau, and finished up by being Governor of Gibraltar. He was one of my oldest friends, and no straighter or more gallant fellow ever stepped. It is a pity other Old Harrovians haven't followed Smith-Dorrien's good example. When he retired he went to live in a small house at Dinard, gave up hunting, and saved every penny he could to send his three sons to his old school, Harrow. One of his sons is in my old regiment, the 60th Rifles. Not like some of my friends who sent their sons to Eton. I was sitting next one of them in the Members' Pavilion at Lord's some years ago, and said to him, "I suppose your boy has left Harrow by now?" He replied, "Alas, my wife made me send him to Eton. He's twenty-three now, and has nearly ruined me by his extravagance. I've had to pay up twice already, and now I've shipped him off abroad." I very nearly said, "And serve you jolly well right," but didn't wish to hurt his feelings.

In Mr. Baldwin's Cabinets 1923-24 and 1924-29 over half the Cabinet were Old Harrovians.

1878

I left Harrow at the end of the summer term 1878, and in August my father and mother took my brother Charles and myself over to France to see the Paris Exhibition. We stayed at the Hôtel Chatham for a fortnight, where we were very comfortable, and went nearly every day to the Exhibition. My grandfather had a big show there of our West of England cloth, for which we were awarded two or three gold medals. One day we went up the Eiffel Tower, and one night we went to the Opéra. The heat at the Opéra was terrific. After a fortnight in Paris we went by train to St. Malo, where we stayed at the Hôtel Chateaubriand. I remember the landlord telling

my father that for 5 francs extra we could sleep in Chateaubriand's bed.

From St. Malo we started on a driving tour through Normandy and Brittany. We took a big landau and hired fresh horses every day, and had lovely weather nearly all the time. How beautiful everything is in August in those parts. We slept two nights at Rouen, one at Dol, one at Avranches, and one at Mont St. Michel and at Dinard. The causeway was not built in those days, and we nearly got caught by the tide. Being only seventeen years of age I fell violently in love with the landlady of the Lion d'Or at Mont St. Michel, Madame Paillard. She was then about twenty-eight years of age, and supposed to be one of the most beautiful women in France. She was also celebrated for the excellent omelets she made, and artists from Paris used to come to paint her portrait, and pictures of Mont St. Michel, and to eat her omelets. Funnily enough, when my wife and I were at Dinard in 1928 we motored over to Mont St. Michel for the day and lunched at the Lion d'Or, which didn't seem much changed. I asked if Madame was still alive. They said "Yes," but she was a very old woman, retired from business, and very rich. We went to pay our respects to her. She must have been then over eighty.

We also went to the Port St. Martin theatre in Paris one night to see "Round the World in Eighty Days," by Jules Verne. In the forest scene, which was most realistic, three or four tigers suddenly bounded on to the stage from the wings. There were screams all over the house, and half a dozen Frenchwomen fainted. As a matter of fact, it was really quite safe, as they had iron bars in front of the stage covered with imitation creepers and jungle plants.

We got back to England at the beginning of September, and I went to Ireland to spend a fortnight with Colonel and Mrs. Bagwell Purefoy in Tipperary. Their son, Wilfrid, was in Rendall's House at Harrow. Wilfrid Purefoy and I went shooting together nearly every day with an old keeper, Carpenter by name, who was a great character. We each had a single-barrel pin-fire gun, and our bags were not very large.

About September 20th I went to a crammer's, called Northcott, at Ealing, to be coached for the Army. He was usually called Old Billy. He took about forty youths, and I must say some of them were a pretty tough crowd. There was no worse place in those days for boys than a crammer's. Most of us were from seventeen to nineteen years of age, and had only just left school. The sole idea of life of quite half of them was to pawn their mathematical instruments and clothes and go up to Town for an orgy, or make love to the local barmaid. We were known far and wide as "Northcott's lambs."

We had a good Rugby Football team, for which I played quarter-back. I remember well going in November to play against another crammer's, called Wolfram's, at Blackheath. The match was played in pouring rain, and ended in a draw, and, as was the custom in those days, we afterwards adjourned to the neighbouring pub to change and drink, and it was considered a point of honour for the home side to try and make the visiting side drunk. The result was that half of our team never got back to Ealing at all that night. One found himself on Woolwich Common, two were run in by the police at Greenwich, and I and a pal called Dowell, son of Admiral Sir William Dowell, slept with my old friend Herbert Bevington, who was then living at Blackheath, and returned to Ealing about twelve o'clock the following day.

I passed my Preliminary Examination for Sandhurst in October, but failed in the Final in December. In November I remember going up with some other fellows for the last night the Argyle Rooms were open. There was a most unholy row that night, and finally we were all ejected by the chuckers-out. In December I came home for Christmas and got about two days' hunting a week with the Berkeley. In January I went back to Northcott's, and worked really hard till the following July, in fact, I don't think I went to London once, first because I had no money, and secondly because I was most anxious to pass. There were over 600 candidates for Sandhurst in July, and 105 vacancies, and I passed 103rd, so I hadn't much to spare.

I was eighteen years and four months old when I passed. When I read my name in *The Times* as one of the successful candidates, I said, "No more lessons or work for me," little dreaming that I had two examinations to get out of Sandhurst, and examinations for Lieutenant, Captain, Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel, to say nothing of musketry, veterinary, gunnery, transport, and other courses in the Army to pass. Harry Stanton, now Major-General Sir Henry Stanton, K.C.M.G., R.A., one of my oldest friends and neighbours, was stopping with us at Stanley House at the time, and the *Woolwich Gazette* came out four days before the *Sandhurst Gazette*, and I shall never forget how I envied him for having passed.

In September 1879 I went to the R.M.C., Sandhurst, in those days a very different place from what it is now. I mercifully had a room to myself, which was a great comfort, and I thoroughly enjoyed my time there. We were allowed leave every Saturday after morning parade till 10 p.m. on Sunday night. There were a very cheery lot of cadets there in my time: Orr-Ewing; George Binning, who afterwards commanded the Blues; Forte Nason, one of my oldest friends; Joey Haworth, who was killed in the first Boer War; Jack Cowans, afterwards General Sir John Cowans and Quartermaster-General; and many others whose names I have forgotten. In 1879 I went to my first Derby. I think Sir Bevis won.

1879

There was a lot of work but plenty of football and cricket. I shall never forget my first Church Parade, what a swell I felt in my red tunic and pipe-clayed belt. I can still feel the thrill I experienced when the band played, and we marched off for church, and I felt I was really a soldier at last. The great event of the winter term was a football match between Sandhurst and Woolwich. This was played on a Saturday at the end of November in London, and of course every cadet went up for it. When we got to town there was such a frost the match had to be postponed. I was staying with my old friend Herbert

Bevington in rooms in London, and on the Sunday afternoon we went down to Sydenham to dine with his old uncle, Sam Bevington, a well-known character in the City in those days, and head of the big firm of furriers, Bevington & Morris, 28 Cannon Street.

The dinner was A1, with the best champagne and port, and the old gentleman gave me one of his best, and I should think strongest, cigars afterwards. After dinner I started in a cab with my bag for the station. When we had got within about 150 yards of it the ground was so hard and the road a mass of ice the cabby said he could not get his horse down the hill. So I paid him, seized my bag, and dashed off to catch the train. I hadn't gone twenty yards before my legs shot from under me, and down I came on the back of my head. I can never make out whether it was the good dinner and the long black cigar or the ice that caused my downfall. Anyhow, I did not remember anything more till I found myself at Epsom, where I was told I had to change for Camberley. It was then about 9.30 p.m., and I found I couldn't get to either Camberley or Blackwater that night. Here was a pretty kettle of fish, as I was due to report myself at the R.M.C. at 10 p.m. Dreadful visions of a court-martial for desertion flashed through my brain. As usual I was hard up, and had only about 5s. in my pocket. With this I took a third-class ticket back to London and a cab to Herbert Bevington's rooms, where mercifully he had returned, and he paid the cab. It was arranged that he should telegraph to the Adjutant at Sandhurst, saying I had met with a bad accident, and would return as soon as I was well enough. Next day, Monday, I arrived at Camberley about 4 p.m. and met a pal on the platform, who greeted me with the words, "Hallo, are you another of them? I expect you'll get the sack, old boy," and to my horror he told me that three cadets, of whom two were in the football team, having got too merry at supper on Saturday night in London and fallen foul of a policeman, had been run in to Vine Street police-station. Here was a pretty go. In fear and trembling I went to my Division officer and told

him my story. He brought me up before the Commandant, who was mercifully in a good temper, and I repeated my story to him and gave him a letter I had brought from Herbert Bevington. The Commandant was really a brick, and he asked me to dine with him that night. I thought it better to decline, as I said I was not yet very well and would go straight to bed.

1880

A funny thing happened on Ascot Cup Day, 1880. The class I belonged to went out surveying, and the instructor in charge said he had a lot of writing to do indoors and left us in charge of the senior cadet. As soon as the instructor had gone four or five of us rushed back to the college, changed, and caught a train to Ascot just as it was leaving. One of the party got into a carriage as it was moving, and sat down with a bump on the passenger next the door, and turning round to apologise he found to his horror it was our surveying instructor, also *en route* for Ascot. The instructor behaved jolly well, as all he said was, "If I don't say anything about this I don't suppose you will."

In July 1880 I passed seventy-sixth out of Sandhurst. There was an awful row the last night of the term, as we took an unpopular under-officer and threw him into the lake. At the final inspection next day by the old Duke of Cambridge, half a dozen of us were reported by the Commandant to H.R.H. Mercifully the father of one of the culprits, Macdonald, was a great friend, I think private secretary, to the Duke, so we got off with a severe wiggling, otherwise we should certainly have had our commissions post-dated for six months.

On August 11th, 1880, I was gazetted to the 3rd Battalion of the 60th King's Royal Rifle Corps, and went up in September to say good-bye to various Scotch cousins, Robertsons, Cunninghams, etc. My uncle, George Robertson, had been in the King's Own Scottish Borderers, and served all through the Crimean War, including the Siege of Sebastopol. The rest of the time we stayed at Blair

Atholl and various other places, and had a wonderful drive from Tyndrum to Ballahulish through the Pass of Glencoe on a coach to Oban and by boat to Staffa and Iona. My aunt, Mrs. Robertson, was my godmother, and was always most kind to me. Her only daughter, Edith, many years afterwards married Hector Macneal of Ugadale, a Captain in the Gordon Highlanders.

CHAPTER II

FIRST BOER WAR, 1880-1881

1880

I SAILED on October 15th from Dartmouth, in the *Dunrobin Castle*, for Cape Town. Four subalterns in the 60th Rifles were on board going out to join—Francis Beaumont, afterwards my brother-in-law; Howarth, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Ingogo, on February 8th the following year; Thistlethwayte, who was also wounded at Ingogo, and myself. Travelling was very different in those days. We had one oil-lamp between two cabins, and only four bathrooms in the whole ship. At the end of five days we got to Madeira about 10 p.m., where we stayed till 2 a.m. the following morning, and needless to say we all went on shore. There was no pier or quay, and the Portuguese sailors just ran the boat on to the beach.

Arrived Cape Town November 7th. We had four very pleasant days, and then transhipped to the *Melrose*, November 11th, a boat of about 950 tons, to go to Durban. I don't think I ever had a more unpleasant voyage. We had 300 Cape boys put on board to be landed at Port Elizabeth for the Basuto war. They were mostly drunk, in charge of a policeman. It was frightfully rough and everyone was ill. The Cape boys got up a riot. They were all battened down below, and the policeman who went down to quell the riot was nearly killed, and was thrown up on deck without a stitch of clothing and tied up in his own handcuffs. The Captain of the *Melrose* got the wind up that they might set fire to the ship or something, and asked if we had any revolvers. Of course we each had one, and were only too delighted at the thought of letting them off. We should probably have been much more dangerous to ourselves than to anyone else, as none

of us had ever fired one before. The Captain took the hatches off and turned the hose on to the Cape boys, and then allowed them to come up ten at a time on deck for some air, and to give them some food and water. We tossed about outside the bar at Port Elizabeth for forty-eight hours before we could land them in a tug. Amongst others, I remember Bishop Colenso and his daughter were on board. Going over the bar in a tug at Durban we all got drenched to the skin. We slept at the Marine Hotel that night (November 16th) and reported ourselves to the subaltern, who was there with half a company of the 3/60th Rifles, acting as Commandant, Maurice O'Connell, who of course was called "The Liberator." Alas, poor fellow, he was killed three months afterwards on February 8th at Ingogo. He was a most gallant fellow.

The next day we took train from Durban to Camperdown, as the railway had not then got to Maritzburg, and drove 15 miles in a sort of bus with four mules over an apology for a road, and our heavy luggage followed us in a bullock-wagon drawn by ten span of bullocks. Major Ogilvy was in command of the battalion.

We went straight up to barracks at Fort Napier, and there found Howard-Vyse orderly officer, one of the best fellows I have ever known, who took us down to a little bungalow where all the junior subalterns were lodged, called "Pandemonium." It consisted of six small rooms on the ground-floor, which was a bedroom for each of us, a common sitting-room, and one room at the back for our batmen. As no luggage had arrived we dined and slept at the Windsor Castle Hotel, and next morning were put to drill on the square.

I bought my first pony for £15; he was barely four years old, but owing to the Basuto War Baker's and Willoughby's Horse had bought up all the animals, and ponies were very scarce and dear. I also bought a pony from Tom Pilkington, otherwise known as "the Tyke," for £20, as he had to go away on detachment. The pony's name was Thompson, and he was an extraordinarily good jumper. We were very short of officers, five com-

panies being away on detachment. On November 25th I did my first orderly officer's duty.

Orderly officer was pretty hard work in those days, especially as it rained nearly every day. Reveille went at 5.30 a.m.; one had to be up in barracks by 6; recruits' drill from 6.30-8; next one had to go round the men's breakfasts; then orderly room and guard-mounting, various duties, boards or courts-martial to sit on, and go round the men's dinners at 1 p.m. Recruits' drill about 4-5, guard-mounting again at 6.30, and then one had to collect reports, go round the sentries, and turn out the guard, and I seldom got to bed before 1 a.m. I got two falls in one week owing to my pony putting his foot into a hole in the dark. On December 18th I had my first game of polo, but I don't think I hit the ball more than six times.

Friday, December 10th

Colonel Ashburnham arrived from India to take over the command of the battalion. He had seen a lot of service, having been at the Siege of Delhi and all through the Afghan War and Roberts's march, Kabul to Kandahar. He was a very gallant old gentleman, and loved to hear the bullets fly. He brought an old baggage pony which he had had all through the Afghan War, and which he rode as a charger. He asked me if I played whist after dinner one night, and with the temerity of youth I said, "Yes, sir." The old man promptly led out his ace of spades, and I, not having any, threw away what I thought was the two of diamonds, but unfortunately for both of us it was the two of hearts, which were trumps. I got properly told off for my carelessness.

Sunday, December 19th

Great excitement, as telegram has just come to say the Boers had taken Heidelberg, seized the bank there, and established a Republic with President and Vice-President. Reported to be about 4,000 strong. A Mounted Infantry Corps is being raised.

Tuesday, December 21st

Two companies of the 60th Rifles, two companies of the 58th, two nine-pounder R.A. guns, and two seven-pounder mountain guns paraded. Each seven-pounder gun was drawn by two mules tandem, and manned by one gunner, two men 58th, and two riflemen, and the two guns were commanded by a subaltern in the 21st Scots Fusiliers named Young. A truly job lot, they were known as the Royal Ass Battery. Our two companies were each 60 strong. Major Ogilvy commanded the 60th Rifles, with Howard-Vyse, McGrigor, and Ryder; and Hill and Dolphin were the officers of the 58th.

December 22nd

Our detachment marched in from Harding about 1 p.m., a very fine-looking lot of men, under the command of Captain Holled-Smith (afterwards Sir Charles Holled-Smith, K.C.M.G.). Two more companies to go to the front to-morrow. My Captain, Tommy Thurlow, of H Company, has asked for me to go with him, although I am the junior subaltern, and naturally I am delighted.

December 24th, Christmas Eve

A telegram has just come in saying that the 94th were massacred by the Boers at Bronkhurst Spruit, 120 killed and wounded, and 130 taken prisoner. Nothing is known for certain.

Saturday, December 25th, Christmas Day

My first Christmas Day away from home. It rained from 9 a.m. till 8 p.m. Thermometer 103° in the shade.

Sunday, December 26th

Two companies of the 60th Rifles paraded at 4.30 a.m. for inspection by General Sir George Colley. Holled-Smith was only a few minutes late, but the three subalterns were an hour late; in fact, they didn't wake till the Adjutant came down in a tearing rage at 5 a.m. and found them all in bed and asleep. As we had only one servant between four of us, and he hadn't recovered from his Christmas

festivities, it was not to be surprised at. What the Adjutant said can be better imagined than expressed, and the three unfortunates huddled on their clothes, saddled up their ponies—there being nobody else to do it—and galloped off to parade.

December 31st

Everything packed up and all our luggage put into store. I have been given a temporary servant from the 94th, who is seldom sober and absolutely useless.

1881

We have now got a more detailed account of the disaster to the 94th at Bronkhurst Spruit. Three companies were stationed at Middleburg, and were ordered to rejoin Headquarters at Pretoria. Colonel Anstruther was in command. His force consisted of about 6 officers and 230 N.C.O.'s and men, and an Army doctor. They left Middleburg on December 20th, and next day, between 2 and 3 p.m., as they were passing a farm with a lot of trees a messenger with a white flag came up from the Boers with a note from Piet Joubert, saying that if they advanced any farther they would be fired on. Naturally Colonel Anstruther replied that he was going on to Pretoria according to his orders. At that time the column with wagons must have been half a mile long, and the band was playing in front of the detachment. Without any warning the Boers opened fire from both flanks, and four officers, including Colonel Anstruther, the Adjutant Harrison, and the doctor, were all wounded immediately, Colonel Anstruther mortally. The regimental colours were saved by a wounded sergeant, who concealed them under his tunic, and who walked nearly 30 miles into Pretoria in about twelve hours. Just before the engagement, about 2 or 3 miles back, the force had halted for the midday meal for about an hour near a wild peach orchard, and a lot of the men had picked the peaches, some of which were hardly ripe, and put them in their pockets. The dead were buried in two large pits, and when I marched through Bronkhurst Spruit in the Boer War in 1901 there were

two large groves of peach trees which had grown from the peach stones which were in the dead men's pockets when they were buried. They were two uncommonly fine orchards. I suppose the poor fellows' corpses made jolly good manure.

It must be remembered from now on that most of this book is taken from the actual diary I kept, being at the time a lad of nineteen.

January 1st

We started from Fort Napier, Pietermaritzburg, in pouring rain at 6 a.m. It was the middle of the hot weather and the height of the rainy season, the worst possible time for the roads, which were a foot deep in mud and full of holes. There are not any real roads in South Africa, a road out there being only a track over the veldt. When the track gets too bad the wagons simply pull out either one side or the other, so that often a track is one or two hundred yards wide. Christmas Day is the hottest day in the year in Natal. The force consisted of two companies (H and K) 60th Rifles, 100 men of the 58th Regiment, 100 men of the 21st, and a few details, roughly about 400 men, all under the command of our Colonel Ashburnham. He had large grey-ginger whiskers and was affectionately known as "Old Bristles." Some of the men were very bad and fell out all over the place—too much beer overnight, celebrating the New Year. Sergeant Ellis had sunstroke and one man fainted. The officers carried some of the men's rifles nearly the whole time. We got to Kaffirs Spruit about 5 p.m. No kit wagons turned up, only the wagons with the 60th's tents, so one had to sleep in a waterproof coat on the ground, with one's saddle for a pillow. Luckily I bagged the tent bag. Dined at a store on trek ox and pork chops, and beer 2s. 6d. a bottle.

Sunday, January 2nd

Marched $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Howick, which we reached about 9 a.m. Had breakfast at the hotel. I have got a sore

heel, and all the skin is rubbed off. Went to see Howick Falls, 300 feet high. We all dined at the hotel on very tough mutton. It was really old goat, as we saw the skin hanging up in the backyard.

January 3rd

Raining hard. I was in command of the rear-guard. A blazing hot steamy day, and the roads worse than ever. Got all the wagons up to the first halt. The transport arrangements could not be worse, as the mules are bad, and the harness rotten. The only way to get wagons along is to take all the bullocks or mules out of one wagon and hitch them on to another. About 2.30 p.m. the hind wheel came off the commissariat wagon. After waiting an hour I galloped on in the pouring rain and brought back another wagon. Came back in it, and was nearly jolted to death. On loading the fresh wagon could not get it within a mile of the camp. About 7.30 p.m. the Colonel sent an orderly to say I was to leave a corporal and 3 men with the wagon and come in. Got into camp about 8.30 wet through. They kept some dinner and a tot of rum for me, which was very nasty, I thought, never having tasted it before. We only got 7 miles to-day.

Tuesday, January 4th

Still raining. Most of the wagons stuck. We had to put double spans of bullocks with 20 men pushing on to one wagon sometimes. No one falls out now. The men sing a lot on the march, and in spite of the atrocious weather are most cheery, although none of us have been really dry since we started. We got to Blue Gum Tree about 1.30 p.m.

Wednesday, January 5th

Joey Haworth and I overslept ourselves, and the men came to strike our tent before we were dressed; however, my kind skipper, Tommy Thurlow, only chaffed me, and the Adjutant didn't see me, so all was well. We got to Mooi River about 1.15 p.m., having done 12 miles. Went out shooting with Tom Garratt, who got a duck and a

snipe. I missed two snipe. Dinner at a store at 5.30. There was a court-martial sitting on a trooper of the Natal Mounted Police. I forget what his offence was, but the sergeant of the escort was an Old Harrovian, one of the witnesses had been at Eton, the President of the court-martial had been at Charterhouse, and the prisoner had been, I think, at Westminster, and the orderly to the court at Winchester.

Thursday, January 6th

For a wonder, a lovely morning. Mooi River looked extremely pretty. Marched 20 miles and got into Estcourt about 4 p.m. The heat was intense, and our noses are beginning to peel, and are a sort of copper colour. Went up to the hotel and bought two bottles of beer, still 2s. 6d. each, and a bundle of oat hay for my pony.

January 7th

Weather seems hotter than ever. Marched 6 miles without seeing any water at all. Halted from 9 till 12. Marched about 12½ miles to a farm called Blaukrantz.

January 8th

Marched to Colenso. I was in charge of the rear-guard. Had a bathe in the Tugela River. There is a fine bridge here, called the Bulwer Bridge, the only bridge between here and Pretoria, or, for the matter of that, Cairo, built at a cost of £19,000.¹ News has just been received that the Boers have murdered Eliot, and tried to murder Lambert, a subaltern of the 21st Scots Fusiliers; the latter only escaped by diving and swimming some distance down a river. Tremendous thunder and lightning at night, and torrents of rain as usual.

January 9th

Started at 6 a.m. and marched 18 miles to Hans Kloof. Met 10 prisoners of the 94th Regiment coming down on a wagon. Our mess consists of a tarpaulin stretched between

¹ In those days Johannesburg had not been discovered.

two wagons. Tremendous wind. Thought our tent would be blown over, and Haworth and I spent half the night knocking in tent-pegs. It rained all night. About 2 a.m. the mess tarpaulin was blown clean off. My heel is still very sore. Our tent leaks like a sieve.

January 10th

There were three frogs in our tent when we woke this morning. Marched to Ladysmith. Halted just outside the town. The Klip River was very high and running like a mill-race, so instead of the wagons fording the river, as they generally do, they were swung over on a sort of raft or punt. Sir George Colley arrived in the post cart and then rode on, and the few mounted troops we had went on with him to Newcastle as escort.

January 11th

Lunched at the Royal Hotel. (I little thought that my wife and I would finish our honeymoon here in 1899, and that I should be besieged by Brother Boer for four months.)

January 12th

Halted at Sundays River. Did my first picket here, and Thurlow took me round and showed me what to do. We had three double sentries out, one by the camp, one 500 yards down the road, and the third one on another road about 150 yards from the camp. I went round the sentries about 11 p.m., meaning to visit them again at 3 a.m., but fell fast asleep.

January 13th

Reveille at 4 a.m., so I didn't visit my sentries at all the second time. I had horrid thoughts of being shot at dawn for neglect of duty on active service, though I don't think at that time there was a Boer within 50 miles, but mercifully no one discovered it, and no written report had to be sent in. Desperately hot day. Marched 13 miles to Carey's Post. Roads worse than ever. We had to ford four rivers. The mess wagon broke down, so we had the men's ration of bread, tea, and bully beef. Someone

produced a small tin of jam, but it didn't go far amongst eight of us. The Colonel sent me on about 6 p.m. to see if we could get any dinner at a store near, but the only thing they had was trek ox, six eggs, and some bacon, which was rancid. The rear-guard didn't get in till 10.30 p.m.

January 14th

Marched 12 miles. Mess wagon stuck again. Dinner at 6 p.m. It rained in torrents, and all my blankets were wet. Pigott told me three of the Mounted Infantry fell off yesterday when they got the order to trot.

January 15th

Still raining in torrents, and the weather so bad the Colonel decided not to march, but we are in rather a fix, as we have run out of food, and shall be on half rations to-morrow.

January 16th

Less like Sunday than ever. We got to Ingagani River, about 9 miles, at 1 p.m. I was in charge of the rear-guard. We got two wagons over, but the third, which was rather top-heavy, fell over and broke the side of the punt. Two men were nearly drowned. The punt gave another lurch and the wagon rolled right over. Everything came floating out—cases of hospital comforts, sacks of flour, rifles, tins of meat, portmanteaux, bags, and tents. That stopped any more wagons crossing for the day.

January 17th

Down to the river with a fatigue party at 5.30 a.m. We got the punt out, and the wagon mended by 1 p.m., and all the wagons across by nightfall. Got into camp at 8 p.m. Had to go straight on picket. For a wonder it was a lovely night.

January 18th

Tremendous rain, thunder, and lightning. We came in sight of the camp, about 5 miles from Newcastle. The

men went over in the punt, I rode my pony through the ford. We got into camp about 4 p.m. I had a welcome bathe. Didn't go to bed till nearly 10, which is very late hours for these times.

January 22nd

Rouse at 3.30 a.m. The river was in flood and nobody could get through the ford. I am sorry to say I am transferred from H (Thurlow's) to K Company under Dudley Ryder, because he hasn't got a subaltern. We have only two officers to each company.

January 23rd

Church parade at 9.45 a.m., the first since leaving Maritzburg. The scene impressed me very much. We formed up three sides of a square, the officers with their swords drawn, the men with their rifles and seventy rounds of ammunition each, the chaplain in the middle with the Union Jack over a drum. Parade again at 3.45 p.m. Final inspection and march past, and speech by Sir George Colley. He gave a very good address. Dinner at 6, and to bed at 8. We have dyed all our white helmets brown with cow-dung, ant-bear heap, and coffee grounds, which made us pretty odoriferous for a day or two.

As far as I can remember the following officers of the 3/60th Rifles left Newcastle for Laing's Nek on January 25th, 1881 :

Lieut.-Colonel Ashburnham. Captains Holled-Smith and Thurlow. Lieutenant and Adjutant Wilkinson. Lieutenants Baker, Garrett, O'Connell, Inman (galloper to Sir George Colley), Ryder, Pixley, McGrigor, Pigott (Mounted Infantry). Second Lieutenants Beaumont, Thistlethwayte, Haworth, Marling.

Ireland was Quartermaster, and Wilkins was Regimental-Sergeant-Major. Major Ogilvy remained at Newcastle in charge of the Base there.

The five companies of the 60th Rifles were A, C, H, I, K (as far as I can remember) :

Holled-Smith was made an acting Field Officer.

January 24th

We were to have started at 5 a.m., but didn't get off till nearly 6. Dudley Ryder and I were rear-guard with K Company. We started about 9, and then with frequent stoppages only got about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles by 10.30. Here we halted at the foot of a hill till 2 p.m. in the boiling sun, not a tree to be seen, and no breakfast or lunch. Then we moved on $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles nearly to the top of the hill, where we stuck till 6.30 p.m. Just as we were getting desperate a cart came out of the camp with some food, but not nearly enough, and the meat was raw and bad. I forgot to say we'd tried two Kaffir kraals, but they'd been cleaned out already. Just as we got the things out of the cart a message came from camp to say we were to leave the cart (it was only grain) and come on into camp. The men behaved very well and marched into camp 3 miles off, singing "My Grandfather's Clock" to the accompaniment of two penny whistles and a drum, played on a canteen with two sticks. We got in about 8.30 p.m. We had had nothing to eat since the night before. The ox convoy was sometimes over a mile long.

January 25th

K Company formed the advance guard. One company was sent to seize a hill overlooking the road. We halted at the top of the hill and had breakfast. Whilst we were doing so the scouts brought in several men. Very hard to tell who is a Boer. Started again about 1, and marched 5 miles to the Ingogo River. Directly we got in we were sent on water picket and cattle guard, and were kept on it from 3-7.15 p.m. To bed 8.30. Got my hair clipped close like a convict.

The British force that started from Newcastle to take Laing's Nek and to relieve the garrisons in the Transvaal was under the command of Sir George Colley, a total of nearly 1,300 men, a truly mixed force, and woefully deficient in cavalry. As someone remarked, "What a handful we looked" to take Laing's Nek, which was a very strong position, and to invade the Transvaal, which was bigger

than England, and to relieve the garrisons, some of which were between 200 and 300 miles away. In addition to this we had to guard an ox and mule convoy, which was often a mile long, and take up provisions to the various garrisons scattered about in the Transvaal. The season was the worst possible, it being the middle of the hot weather and the height of the rainy season, and the so-called roads a foot or two deep in mud.

Wednesday, January 26th

The 60th got on to some rising ground to cover the crossing of the wagons, etc., over the drifts. K and I Companies marched off about 8.30 a.m. and forded the river, and got wet nearly to our waists. Then we took up our position on a hill at the side of the road, on the Laing's Nek side until all the wagons had passed. We then moved on and took up another position on the top of the hill to cover the guns. About 11.30 we moved on $\frac{1}{2}$ mile and had some food. A lot of Boers were now seen. The guns went on 200 yards to some rising ground. We started again about 2 p.m. and marched about 4 miles to a plateau called Mount Prospect, which we reached about 4. We just got the tents pitched when a frightful thunderstorm came on. I never saw more vivid lightning. We now saw more Boers, who came down the opposite hill to Laing's Nek to within about 2 miles of camp. Slept in our boots and kit.

January 27th

Beastly misty morning. Could see nothing. We shall fight to-morrow if the mist clears off. Raining off and on all day.

January 28th

Up at 3.30 a.m., tents struck 4.15, breakfast at 5, moved off at 6.

Our force which actually attacked at Laing's Nek was made up of 750 Infantry of the 58th Regiment and 3/60th Rifles ; some 60 mounted men ; four nine-pounders and

two seven-pounders ; about 100 men of the Natal Mounted Rifles ; 100 Naval Brigade with three rocket tubes. A force of 200 men and two Gatlings was left behind to protect the camp, wagons, and bullocks. My company, K, was leading, and I was in charge of the leading half-company. First we crossed a stream with very steep banks, which was up to our knees (one of the guns got stuck for a bit), and advanced in skirmishing order to within about a mile of the top of the hill the Boers were holding at Laing's Nek. They held a semi-circular position, with their right resting on the base of Majuba. The artillery, with two seven-pounders and four nine-pounders, fired the first shot about 9.30 a.m. They only fired for about twenty minutes. Then K Company was ordered to advance in skirmishing order to the foot of the hill. This we did, and were about 500 or 600 yards in front of anyone else. We got behind a low wall about 3 or 4 feet high, which gave us splendid cover. Then the Naval Brigade came up about 100 yards to our left rear and began firing rockets, one of which went wrong and nearly came into us. We were then on the right of the road leading up to the Nek. Apparently Sir George Colley thought it was too formidable to make a direct frontal attack. We had got about a couple of hundred yards beyond the wall when a Staff Officer came up to say we were not to advance any farther, but were to get behind the wall again, at which I was jolly glad.

The 58th were ordered to make an attack on the right front. Before they did this, however, the mounted men made a charge straight up the hill still farther to the right. The hill that the mounted troops charged was so steep that the horses were completely blown. Sergeant-Major Lunnie, K.D.G.'s, actually jumped his horse over a low wall right into the Boers and cut one Boer down before he was killed. The mounted men had 16 killed and wounded and about 30 horses killed and wounded, and retired down the hill again. The 58th meanwhile were advancing straight up the hill, Colonel Deane, Chief of the Staff, leading, with four other Staff Officers all mounted—

Major Poole, R.A. ; Major Essex, 75th Regiment ; Captain Elwes, Guards ; and Lieutenant Inman, 60th Rifles. Major Hingeston was commanding the 58th, and Monk Acting-Adjutant. Major Hingeston asked Colonel Deane if he would not dismount and walk up the hill with the men. The Colonel said, "No," so Hingeston didn't like to dismount, and he and Monk went up on their horses. Colonel Deane took the command out of the regimental officers' hands, and the men were hustled up without being extended, and were so blown when they got two-thirds of the way up they could hardly move. The Boers never opened fire on the 58th till about 200 yards from the top. All the Staff were killed except Essex, who, curiously enough, was one of the few people who escaped from Isandlwana. Major Hingeston, Dolphin, and Baillie of the 58th were all killed. Baillie was carrying the regimental colours. This was the last battle in which colours were ever carried into action.

The 58th behaved with great gallantry. One company fixed bayonets and tried to charge. They were nearly all shot down. If the command of the battalion had only been left in the hands of the regimental officers, I firmly believe they would have carried the position. Captain Lovegrove and Lieutenant O'Connell were wounded, and Monk, Acting-Adjutant, had two bullets through his helmet. A friend of mine, Lieutenant Hill (afterwards Major Hill-Walker), got the V.C. for his gallantry in carrying wounded men out of action down the hill under very heavy fire. (I stayed with him in Yorkshire in 1905, and had a jolly good day's hunting with the Bedale.) Hill and I went together to the Prince of Wales's Victoria Cross Dinner at the House of Lords in November 1929. The 60th covered the retirement of the 58th, who retired in a most orderly way, and formed up again at the foot of the hill. Our General now sent up a flag of truce to bury the dead and bring off the wounded. When the unarmed party went up they found the Boers had stripped all the bodies of our dead of their belts, pouches, boots, and gaiters.

When we got back to camp Sir George Colley made a speech to the troops, saying how well they had behaved, and taking all the blame of the defeat on himself. He was a great hand at making speeches and writing despatches, and a more charming and courteous man you could not meet. I heard one old officer who had seen considerable service say after the Battle of Ingogo that he (Colley) ought not to be trusted with a corporal's guard on active service. It is an extraordinary thing he made such a mess of it, as he was absolutely the star turn in what was known as "the Wolseley gang" in those days. He had seen active service in Ashanti, China, and India, and was thought so highly of that he had been offered the command of the Staff College, but he certainly was not a success in the field. His personal courage was undisputed. He had also soldiered several years off and on in South Africa, and knew the country well from Durban to Pretoria and even Lydenburg. As our old man said, "You don't win a battle by making speeches or writing despatches."

The 58th had 3 officers and 72 N.C.O.'s and men killed, and 2 officers and 95 N.C.O.'s and men wounded. The 3/60th only had 1 officer and 1 man killed and 5 wounded, as, except for K Company, they were in support. Two of the Naval Brigade were killed and 1 wounded. When the 58th retired the Boers turned their attention to K Company, but our wall gave us good cover, or we must have lost a lot more men. The last shot was fired about 12.15 noon. We retired slowly to camp, which we reached at 4.30 p.m. I was frightfully tired when we got back, and to pile up the agony K and I Companies were on picket, so Beaumont and I had to turn out at 6.30 p.m. Passed the night in the open. For a wonder, it didn't rain. I saw the whole fight wonderfully well, as we were so forward.

Saturday, January 29th

Within 300 yards of my picket, when I was visiting the sentries just as day was breaking, I saw a man come out of the hospital tent and throw something as far as he could out into the veldt. I went to see what it was, and found a

man's arm which had just been amputated above the elbow. I suppose the hospital orderly was too busy or too lazy to dig a hole and bury it, and thought the *asvogels* (vultures) would come and eat it as soon as it was light, which they did. It was not an appetising sight on an empty stomach in the grey dawn. All night we could hear the wretched wounded groaning and crying out. At 6 p.m. the 9 dead officers were buried. It was a very sad and solemn sight.

All our bread is finished. We now have biscuit so hard it has to be soaked first. Some of the biscuit is rotten and full of fat weevils. Yesterday Ryder broke a tooth in one.

Tuesday, February 1st

Moved our camp about 700 yards to the right, a much better spot. Beautiful fine day. Ireland, the Quartermaster, lent me his pony, and I went over to a store with the Colonel, McGrigor, and Pixley. Bought a bottle of beer for 3s. and a box of biscuits for 5s.

February 2nd

Our mess house is a tarpaulin stretched between two bullock-wagons, and is open at both ends. Our mess table consists of six planks placed on ammunition boxes, and each fellow brings his own camp chair. In a hurricane of thunder and lightning the tarpaulin blew off two days ago.

February 3rd

We are now hard at work building mud forts round the camp. On picket all day. It rained and blew hard, as usual.

February 4th

We hear we shall not move for another three weeks, till reinforcements come out.

February 7th

Boiling hot day. Went on picket again at 6 p.m. It was a fine night. About midnight one of the sentries came

rushing in shouting "Stand to your arms," and swore he saw a large body of Boers advancing, so I went out with a corporal as far as I could, and couldn't make out if it was only a drove of horses or not. Out came Essex, Field Officer of the day, and he couldn't make anything out either. Essex then came back with Brownlow, and they decided it was horses. Went round the sentries every hour, and got an hour's sleep about 4.40 a.m.

Tuesday, February 8th

Relieved off picket about 7 a.m., and found on getting back to my tent I had to march in an hour with my company. I just swallowed a cup of tea, had no time to change, and off we started, five companies of rifles, about thirty mounted men, two nine-pounders, and the seven-pounders. Sir George Colley said our object was to pass the mail into Newcastle, which had been stopped the day before, and to re-establish communication with Newcastle, which is our base. Our communications were not really seriously threatened, and the telegraph had not been cut, and was still working. Colley ordered the men's dinner to be ready in camp at 3.30 p.m., so he could not have thought he was going to have a fight. We did not even take a water-cart.

After going about 4 miles straight across-country we got on to the road, and my company, K, was sent with the two seven-pounders to hold a hill overlooking the road, on the right, and the rest of the force went forward down the road. This was about 9.30 a.m. We hadn't been on the hill above forty minutes when firing began on a hill farther behind us—the Boers were firing on our mounted vedettes. I believe they hit two of them. Then the firing began in front of us, and we could hear our troops were heavily engaged—this was about 11.30 a.m. The heat was intense all through that long hot summer day.

The main body all this time was about 2 miles in front of us. A company of the 58th came up to reinforce us (K Company) about noon, and there we were till 3 p.m., when the Boers tried to cut off our main body by getting

round in their rear, but we let them have it with the seven-pounders and rifle fire, and they retired.

Then about 5 p.m. two more companies of the 58th came up, so there were hardly any troops left to guard the camp, and we advanced about 5.40 p.m., leaving one company of the 58th and the two seven-pounders on the hill.

All this time we couldn't tell how the main body was getting on, as no news whatever came back. The only thing we knew was that there must be desperate hard fighting going on, that our people had crossed the Ingogo, but as to who had won, or exactly where they were, we hadn't the faintest idea.

K Company marched to within about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of the river Ingogo when I was ordered to occupy a hill overlooking the river to cover the crossing of the two companies of the 58th and half K Company. By this time it was pitch-dark, about 7.30 p.m. So there I was on the top of a hill like a house with about 25 riflemen and the two seven-pounders, the Boers, as we thought, all round, not able to see 20 yards in front, away from everyone else, as the other half company and two companies of the 58th had gone down to the river Ingogo.

I hadn't been there more than a quarter of an hour when we heard a shot down by the river. We waited on that hill for two long hours, till 9.30, and then I couldn't stand it any longer, and marched the men down to the river. All this time lights had been flashing along the banks, and especially in the store that was just by the ford. I halted the men about 200 yards from the store, and sent a corporal and 2 men down to the ford to see if they could make anything out, and crept up to the store myself, but all was dark; just then back came the corporal to say a large body of men, about 150, were coming from the ford. I felt in a horrid fix, so I marched the men back up the same old hill, leaving a corporal and 2 men in a deep ditch by the road, so that if they were Boers they wouldn't be seen, and if they were our own men the corporal could let them know where I was. It was the 58th and half of K Company returning. I never felt so glad in my life.

So they came up my hill, and we all prepared to spend the night on the top—not that we had any preparations to make beyond choosing a stone for one's pillow. We all pigged it together, officers, men, two dogs, four horses, and about six mules. It had begun to rain about 6 p.m. and poured at half-past, with the most awful thunder and lightning. In less than five minutes we were soaked to the skin, as we had no covering of any kind. I never spent such a wretched night, and all the old hands say it was worse than anything they had in Zululand.

As soon as it was light we began to march back, and had gone about a mile when, to our great joy, we met the General, and it turned out that the main body had recrossed the river in the night, and passed us on the road about 3 a.m. They got back to camp about 5 a.m. on Wednesday morning, after a desperate fight, in which the Rifles covered themselves with glory.

The following is an account of what happened to the main body :

The remainder of the force moved across the double drift of the river Ingogo. The water was then only a little over the men's ankles. The mounted troops were sent out in skirmishing order, to the top of the plateau, which was about 3,000 yards from the river. This plateau was strewn with huge rocks and boulders. As soon as they got to the top they saw, 1,000 yards to the right, about 100 mounted Boers, and on these the guns opened at once, but apparently did no damage, and the Rifles lined the crest of the plateau as quickly as possible. A further large number of Boers came up on all sides and our force was soon surrounded. The first shot was fired about 11.30 a.m., and at 12.30 the action became very hot. Bullets were coming, apparently, from every direction. The two nine-pounders were facing in opposite directions, one towards Newcastle, and the other more in the direction of Mount Prospect. Nearly all the horses of the mounted troops were killed or wounded at once, as there was no cover for them, and the artillery horses also suffered very

severely. Captain Greer, R.A., was killed about 12.30. About 2.30 p.m. Sir George Colley sent Captain McGregor, R.E., to Colonel Ashburnham with a message that he was to send a company of the 60th Rifles out to the left, as he thought the Boers were going to rush the position. Colonel Ashburnham pointed out to the Staff Officer that I Company were the only reserve he had, and asked would not half a company be sufficient. The Staff Officer replied, "My orders are, sir, from the General, that you are to send a company, and if you will let me have them I will show them where to go." This company, I, was commanded by Lieutenant Garrett, the other subaltern being Lieutenant Beaumont. The Staff Officer, Captain McGregor, went out with them, mounted. There is no doubt that he took them farther than he should have done. Captain McGregor, R.E., was himself killed. It was inevitable, considering the mark he presented. I Company and the Boers were now only about 50 yards apart. Garrett was killed quite early, and every man in the company except 9 was either killed or wounded. Nothing could have been more gallant than their behaviour, many of them being quite young soldiers.

I visited this particular piece of ground a few days after the action, and every stone in the neighbourhood was covered with lead splashes, the stone behind which Second Lieutenant Beaumont lay (only about 8×10 inches) had two bullet marks in it. He lay behind that stone for four hours and fired thirty shots at the Boers from his revolver. He was a very little fellow, and had been cox of the Oxford eight for three years, and weighed under nine stone. All round the field of action the Boers were within 50 to 500 yards of our men. Throughout the day Sergeant-Major Wilkins, 60th Rifles, afterwards made Quartermaster, who was killed at the Battle of El Teb in the Eastern Sudan in 1884, behaved with conspicuous courage, and shot several Boers himself. He was given the D.S.M. about fifteen months afterwards. He had a flaming red beard, and was the best shot in the battalion. About 4 p.m. it began to thunder, and about 4.45 the rain began.

Meanwhile, nothing could be done for the wounded, who mostly lay where they fell.

The Boers kept receiving reinforcements, who came from Laing's Nek round Majuba and Umquaila mountains, and crossed the river Ingogo by a drift $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles higher up than the one we had crossed by in the morning. About 5.40 the Boers put up a white flag, and our bugles sounded the "Cease Fire." The Boers at once took advantage of the white flag to get nearer to our lines, and got perilously near the guns. We at once began firing again and Lieutenant Parsons, R.A., the only gunner officer left, was wounded. There was hardly an artilleryman left unhurt. The last gun fired in the fight was laid by Lieutenant O'Connell, 60th Rifles, who was killed on the gun. He behaved with great bravery throughout the day. By this time there were only about eight artillery horses and four horses ridden by the Staff left unhurt, and those that were wounded were galloping madly about the battlefield in all directions, kicking and lashing out at everything in their way, and trampling on the dead and some of the unfortunate wounded.

Darkness came on rapidly. The rain was still falling in torrents and the thunder and lightning continued. There were now only a few shots fired occasionally. At 8 p.m. it was pitch-dark except for the lightning, and an attempt was made to collect the wounded. At 9 p.m. the General determined to withdraw the whole force and return to Mount Prospect Camp. There were only enough horses to harness two each to a gun and to one ammunition wagon, and all the wounded and dead had to be left on the field. The spare ammunition was collected from the dead and wounded, and officers armed with rifles. Scouts were sent out to see if the ford which we had crossed in the morning was held by the Boers or not. They returned about 11 p.m. to say that the drift was unoccupied. Surgeon McGan and the Chaplain, Mr. Ritchie, were left with the wounded on the field. The General and Staff and all officers were on foot, the only mounted people being the gun drivers. A square was formed, and the force started on its march

dig for a quarter of an hour, and then be violently sick. The officers were brought back to Mount Prospect Camp and reburied. To show how fierce the fight had been, one helmet had five bullet-holes in it, and many had two or three. The Boers had been down the morning after the fight, and had taken away anything that was likely to be useful to them. For days afterwards they were watching and searching the Ingogo River to find the two nine-pounder guns, which they were convinced we had thrown into the river, as they did not believe it was possible for us to get them across the Ingogo in flood, and back up the hill to Mount Prospect Camp.

In Sir George Colley's despatch, written after the battle, he says, with reference to the Rifles :

" . . . The comparatively young soldiers of the 60th Rifles behaved with the steadiness and coolness of veterans. At all times perfectly in hand, they held or changed their ground as directed without hurry or confusion, though under heavy fire, themselves fired steadily, husbanding their ammunition, and at the end of the day, with sadly reduced numbers, formed and moved off the ground with the most perfect steadiness and order, and finally, after eighteen hours of continuous fatigue, readily and cheerfully attached themselves to the guns and dragged them up the long hill from the Ingogo, when the horses were unable to do so.

" . . . My thanks are due to Lieut.-Colonel Ashburnham, 60th Rifles, for the manner in which he commanded his battalion, and the valuable assistance which he rendered me through the engagement.

" . . . I desire especially to mention the conduct of Sergeant-Major Wilkins, 60th Rifles, who throughout the day was to be seen wherever the fire was hottest, setting an example to the men by his cool and steady shooting and cheerful gallantry."

How it was the Boers never attacked our camp at Mount Prospect I can't imagine ; at the battle of Laing's Nek it was only held by 200 men, and on February 8th during the Battle of Ingogo, there were only 150 left to guard it till

5 a.m. on February 9th. The Boers could have captured it with the greatest ease. That is another mistake poor Colley made.

Mr. Stewart, an extremely nice fellow, the interpreter, was also killed, so the unfortunate General has now lost the whole of his Staff except Essex (his Brigade-Major), and his personal A.D.C., Bruce Hamilton, who is also his brother-in-law.

February 10th

The General telegraphed home the fight at Ingogo was a success—we certainly did pass the mails through to Newcastle and remained on the field of battle, but one or two more Pyrrhic victories like that and we shan't have any army left at all. As it is, we are not more than 700 strong at the most now, not much of a force to advance in an enemy's country as large as the whole of the United Kingdom, and with a big ox convoy to guard. The Rifles are very short of officers now—we began with 17 and now have only 10 fit for duty, and the 58th are just as badly off.

A battle is expected to be fought south of Newcastle between the Boers and the reinforcements that are coming out for us, on the Biggarsburg.

Friday, February 11th

It rained in torrents. I'm glad to say I've gone back to my own company, H. Tommy Thurlow is a delightful Captain to be under.

Tuesday, February 15th

I was on picket last night in No. 2 Fort. Luckily it was fine. We had some Athletic Sports. There was an Officers' Pony Race. I rode. Eight started, but I only got fourth. My first race.

Monday, February 21st

Poor Wilkinson's body was brought in about 10.30 Friday night. A Kaffir came in to say that there was a body in the river, so McGrigor and Elms started at 3 p.m.

Friday with an escort and brought it in. They found it 5 miles down the Ingogo from where he was drowned at the drift—the current had carried his body nearly to the Buffalo. We buried him early Saturday morning in a blanket.

It rained as usual. I bought poor Joey Haworth's Wolseley valise and a jacket at his sale; the valise is invaluable, also Wilkinson's soapbox and suit of flannel pyjamas.

Tuesday, February 22nd

The order came about 4.15 for us (Rifles) to march at 5 a.m. and take up our positions on the hills this side of the Ingogo River to cover the crossing of reinforcements, 92nd and a squadron of 15th Hussars. We got there about 6.30 a.m., and immediately set to work to build a small fort for ourselves. We waited there the whole day till 6 p.m. The reinforcements came up to the other side, but it was too late to cross that night, so they encamped there. Baker and I were left with our company about 5 miles out of camp on "Jopp's Kopje," as a sort of outlying picket to keep up communication for the night. It rained, of course, but Pasha (Baker) and I got into our little fort, and luckily Jopp's servant came up on a horse with a couple of blankets, and a waterproof sheet and Thurlow's waterproof, and a pot of jam and some potted meat, so we were very jolly, especially as I got a bottle of brandy from the store. I can't imagine how it was we weren't attacked. There were no alarms, and we were relieved about 5.30 a.m. next morning by Ryder and Howard Vyse. Of course it rained, and we were wet through as usual. Gave half the brandy to my men.

Friday, February 25th

In the afternoon we played cricket against the 58th with pick handles for bats, and ammunition boxes for wickets. We were all out for 35 first innings. I had one ball and smacked it to square leg for 4 and was running the fifth when I was run out.

MAJUBA

Saturday, February 26th

A fine day. In the afternoon we played the 58th again. I went in first and made 18. We made 120 altogether, top score was 26. The 92nd Gordon Highlanders' band played the pipes. At 8.15 p.m., just as we were going to turn in, an order came for two companies 60th Rifles under Holled-Smith to march at 9.30 p.m. with two days' rations. Two companies of the 58th, and two companies of 92nd Gordon Highlanders and 100 sailors were ordered out too. I went to see them off at 9.30 p.m. G Company 3/60th and 20 men of H Company went out at 12.30 midnight to join the others. Thurlow commanded the last party, and Holled-Smith the first of ours. No one knew where they were going.

Sunday, February 27th

A fine day till about 5.30 p.m. I shan't forget it in a hurry. We were awakened by firing about 6 a.m., which went on in a desultory manner till 11.30 a.m., when it became very heavy. Our riflemen were all on the left on a plateau at the foot of Majuba, and we couldn't see whether the Boers were on the top of Majuba Hill or not. The guns (two nine-pounders) were ordered out of camp about 12.30 to shell the Boers. The first intimation we had of our repulse was a wounded sailor, who came in about 2 p.m. saying we were being driven off. He said it had taken him 5 b——y hours to get up Majuba, but he only touched the ground 5 b——y times on the way down. Then two or three more stragglers came in, who said the General was shot. By this time the camp was thoroughly alarmed. The forts were manned, all the ammunition divided amongst them, and the Gatlings and rockets got ready. I had command of No. 4 Fort, with about 20 men and 12 sailors with the rockets. The firing kept coming nearer, and we could see our people coming down the hill like blazes. We covered their retreat.

It came on to pour with rain about 5 p.m. Beaumont

and I volunteered for picket, although it was not our turn. There was an officer in each fort. It was far and away the worst night I ever had. I couldn't even see the entrance to the fort, which was only about 80 feet in diameter. I had on my field boots, waterproof breeches, greatcoat, and mackintosh. Twice the relief lost themselves; you literally couldn't see your hand in front of your face. All night long the wounded kept coming in past our fort. We expected to be attacked every minute. The fort was about 18 inches deep in mud and water, and in the morning the men were so stiff and cramped they could hardly move. Essex, the Brigade Major, who had the wind up badly, came out and said I was to keep an extra sharp look-out, as the Boers were coming down to attack the camp disguised in the 92nd's kilts, and the 58th's red coats!!! The only bright spot that night. It was so dark you couldn't see a man 3 yards off. Twice I was nearly shot by my own sentries. I was wet through, and so covered with mud you could have grown cabbages on any part of my anatomy. Major Hay, 92nd, came in about 9.30 p.m. with a bullet through his leg. I never slept the whole night, and didn't come off picket till 8.30 a.m.

Monday, February 28th

Very tired. It must be remembered I was still only 19.

Slept from 11 a.m. till 4 p.m.

Major Fraser (afterwards Major-General Sir Thomas Fraser) had an extraordinary story to tell when he came into camp. He said he fell over a 40-foot precipice when he was escaping from Majuba Hill, and that he caught glow-worms, which he put on his compass, and eventually found his way back to our camp!!

Tuesday, March 1st

Rouse at 4 a.m., and stood to our arms till 5.30, when it was broad daylight. Everybody seemed to think we were going to be attacked, and it said so in orders. At 1.30 p.m. I went out to relieve Riddell, who had been doing sentry-go the whole morning. An awful farce, as though the

ordinary sentries weren't sufficient without putting on two extra subs. to keep a look-out. I was on sentry-go till nearly 7 p.m. (Ian Hamilton, 92nd, lost his field-glasses at Majuba, and I found them in a Boer farm in the Transvaal, which we were burning in 1901.)

Wednesday, March 2nd

Yesterday poor General Colley was buried at 2.30 p.m., also Trower, Naval Brigade, the doctor of the 92nd, and Landor, A.M.D. On sentry-go from 1.30 till 6 p.m. Commander Romilly, Naval Brigade, died of his wounds, and was buried this afternoon at 5.0. He was much liked. I was on look-out close to the graveyard, so saw Colley's funeral. All the officers not on duty were present. Ever since Sunday night it has poured. We're nearly worked to death with fatigues, sentry-go, pickets, etc. We seem to do nothing but build forts now.

If Colley had sent up half a battalion of one regiment under their own officers they would have been ashamed to have come off the hill as long as a single man was left alive. Thank goodness the Rifles weren't on the top of Majuba. If we had been I'm sure we'd have stuck there.

What everyone was saying in camp was that Colley was determined to get Laing's Nek before some other General came up to supersede him. If he had only waited another fortnight he could then have made a demonstration or a real attack on Laing's Nek, as well as occupying Majuba, as there would have been plenty of infantry then, as well as cavalry (15th Hussars) and a battery of field artillery. Everybody was sorry about Colley, he was a most lovable person, but his death was a most fortunate thing for him, and, as someone said, for the Natal Field Force too. After Ingogo he hardly slept at all, and used to be writing, always writing, in his tent half the night.

Elms, of the Commissariat, telegraphed home to his wife: "We are defeated, but I am saved," at which there is much laughter. He wasn't even under fire the day of Majuba.

Thursday, March 3rd

General Evelyn Wood came in at 12.30 from Newcastle in a tremendous storm. The butcher of the 92nd Gordon Highlanders was killed by a thunderbolt. He was standing in the door of the butcher's tent with his knife in his hand. The thunderbolt took his helmet off, and all the back of his clothes and the backs of his boots, and made a hole in the ground a foot deep.

Sunday, March 6th

I had to take a working party out at 5.30 a.m. to build a fort. Church parade at 9.25 a.m. The first time we have had service for nearly a month. A photographer photographed the whole force during the sermon. General Wood went out to meet Joubert half-way between this and the Nek for a Conference. There is to be an eight days' armistice, and eight days' fuel and grub sent to all our garrisons in the Transvaal.

My twentieth birthday.

Wednesday, March 23rd

Peace was signed at O'Neil's Farm to-day.

Everyone is cursing Gladstone and the Radical Government, and Lord Kimberley, the Colonial Secretary. A more disgraceful peace was never made. You should hear the language the Natal farmers use about it.

March 25th

Beaumont and I went up the Umquaila mountain. We had to leave our ponies near the top, as it was a regular precipice. It was a huge place about $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 miles round, and a lot of vultures and baboons there. I was rather glad when I got off, as some of the baboons came unpleasantly near, and the vultures kept sweeping round close to one's head and I had nothing but a small stick.

Saturday, March 26th

Started at 9 a.m. with the Colonel and Major Ogilvy, also Major Byron and Bob Crawford of the 2/60th, to walk up Majuba. It was a tremendous pull up. We

got to the laager, where half of H Company were on the day of the fight, which is on a plateau between Umquaila and Majuba Hill. It took us $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours' hard climbing to get to the top from the foot of the hill, and I was very blown by the time I got up. How the Boers ever drove our men off the hill is a mystery. Our troops must have had a very hard and difficult task getting up in the night, with their rifles and ammunition. I all but fell over a precipice coming down. We walked on to Laing's Nek on the way back, and I picked up several mementoes of the fight.

Monday, March 28th

Got a bad go of dysentery.

Tuesday, March 29th

I have got a tongue like the back of a Latin Grammar—like a dirty whitey yellow orange. The doctor has put me on milk diet. Sent up to the hospital lines about 11 a.m. The Colonel, McGrigor, Jimmy Riddell, Beaumont, and old Ireland, the Quartermaster, came to see me. Flies in one's tent abominable, the whole inside of tent black with them.

April 6th

Got out of hospital to-day, in spite of the doctors. I bought Ireland the Quartermaster's pony, for £15, and also got his forage and groom as well.

Sunday, April 10th

Church parade at 9.0 a.m. Chaplain was nearly half an hour late. In the afternoon McGrigor and I rode 9 miles from the camp over Laing's Nek to Coldstream, the boundary between Natal and the Transvaal. We had lunch at Walker's Store there about 1.30 p.m. Sir Evelyn Wood and Fraser passed while we were at the store, and stopped and had a talk with us. I like Evelyn Wood very much. He is frightfully disgusted at what the Radical Government made him do. In the late afternoon we rode over the Nek, and down the place where the 58th made their

attack and the mounted infantry charged on January 27th. Both places seem frightfully steep, and the more one looks at it the less one can understand poor Colley's plan of attack.

April 13th

A telegram came about 8.30 a.m. from the Chief of the Staff at Newcastle to say the Boers are breaking out again, so 80 of our men, under Jimmy Riddell and Howard Vyse, had to go on picket in two of the forts for the night.

April 20th

I went to see poor Singleton. I'm afraid he is very bad. Malley, the doctor, told me he must have his leg off, or he will die.

April 26th

Breakfast at 9 a.m. Rode down to Newcastle for the races with McGrigor.

April 27th

Got back to camp at 7.30 p.m.

April 28th

Had to take a working party road-mending at 6 a.m. near Laing's Nek.

April 30th

About 9.30 a.m. the fire bugle suddenly went, and we hurried out of the mess to see an enormous veldt fire rushing towards the camp, driven by a furious wind. Everyone turned out with sacks and the little water there was, to beat it out. For about ten minutes it was touch-and-go whether the camp would be burned out or not. As it was, one of the outside tents and several blankets were destroyed.

May 1st

Poor Singleton, 92nd Gordon Highlanders, died at 4 a.m. this morning. We buried him at 5 p.m. He was a good fellow.

May 5th

C.O.'s parade at 9.30 a.m. I made a proper hash of it. Baker dropped his sword while he was saluting. At mid-day went fishing in the Buffalo, with Tewkesbury, and caught nothing. Played whist and won a pound.

May 8th

Tremendous wind. Blew half the men's helmets off at Church parade, and the sermon had to be left out, and a lot of tents were blown over. The mess tarpaulin was nearly blown away. Went fishing again; we caught nine fish, one of which weighed $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. We used little green frogs as bait. The weather at night is desperately cold. Our single bell tents are very old and rotten and leak like sieves.

May 23rd

Beaumont and I are both sent back to recruits' drill, which we have every day at 8.45 a.m. and 2 p.m. We don't like it, but the Colonel is quite right, as neither of us really know our drill properly; in fact, I hardly know any drill at all, although I have commanded the company in action once, and on several occasions under fire. Mercifully I had a good Colour-Sergeant.

Wednesday, June 1st

Sixteen officers and 160 men of the 2/60th came up to stay with us. We sat down 36 to mess. I am afraid to say how much champagne was drunk. It had been got up on purpose for the occasion. It is many years since the two battalions have been together, and we had a rare jolly. The 2/60th had just been through the Afghan War and Roberts's March, 1878-9-80, and we, the 3rd Battalion, had been in the Zulu and Boer Wars. You couldn't find a finer lot of men in the whole Army.

June 2nd

My bath, which was made out of half a beer barrel, was covered with ice, and my sponge frozen solid. In the

afternoon we had inter-battalion sports, and in the evening there was a camp fire and open-air concert, and they carried the Colonel all round the fire, and everybody was very merry. It is so cold we dig a hole inside our tents about 3 feet deep, and put the pole on a heap of ammunition boxes in the centre; this keeps out the wind and makes it less Arctic. 10° frost last night.

June 14th

Had a steeplechase for £5 a side at 12.30 between my pony "Square-face" and Pigott's pony "Cotton-wool." Howard Vyse rode Pigott's pony. I won by five lengths. Played polo in the afternoon.

July 14th

Paid my mess bill, £17 17s. 9d. Sergeant Peake, our mess sergeant, was a great character, and ruled us subalterns with a rod of iron. It must be remembered that eight of us were still growing lads, blessed with very healthy appetites. Sergeant Peake used to complain to the Mess President, who was my Captain, Tommy Thurlow, about the amount we ate, saying that no mess could pay with such a lot of hungry young officers. We would come into the mess and ask what was for breakfast, and Peake would reply, "Kipperred 'errings and eggs and bacon," on which we would say we would have "a kipper and two fried eggs and bacon." Sergeant Peake would reply, "No, yer won't; only Field Officers 'as two eggs."

Dear old Ashburnham, our Colonel, was very fond of port. A long-expected bullock convoy arrived from Maritzburg with all sorts of stores for the officers' mess and the men's canteen. I was the junior member of the Mess Committee, and to our dismay, when the stores were unpacked we found there was no port, although two dozen had been specially ordered for the Colonel. We decided, however, that the Colonel must have his port, so we concocted two bottles for him, each bottle being compounded of half a bottle of claret, two tablespoons of Worcester sauce, three glasses of brandy, a glass of gin, and a few

grains of red pepper. The whole was then well shaken up, corked, and sealed with some sealing wax we borrowed from the orderly room. With great ceremony Sergeant Peake approached the Colonel after mess with a bottle, and said, "Colonel, Mr. Jamieson (the contractor down country) has sent you up two bottles of his best port, with his compliments." "Very kind of Mr. Jamieson, I am sure," said the Colonel, and after Sergeant Peake had poured some of this rare old vintage into his tin pannikin, he turned to his second-in-command, Ogilvy, and said, "Digger, you shall have a glass (as a matter of fact we had no glasses, only tin pannikins, or hardware mugs). I shan't give any to these young fellows; it would only be wasted on them." The Colonel drank three cups of the stuff and said it warmed him up properly. The second-in-command only had one, and was in bed all the next day, but our old man, except that he was rather livery on parade next morning, never turned a hair, and finished both bottles in a week.

I forgot to say that in June we built ourselves a very lordly mess house, capable of seating thirty people. It was built of turf sods by our own men, and actually had four windows and two doors, and was thatched with reeds from the river Buffalo.

Saturday, August 27th

When we woke up there was about 2 feet of snow on the ground. There were 9 men missing. We started off in various directions to look for them, and blew bugles and fired guns in the camp to attract their attention. It was hard walking in the snow, and so thick you could hardly see from one telegraph post to another. We found one poor fellow of the 94th quite dead, and two of our own fellows insensible, with the mail bags. The cold was bitter. When I woke up at 5 a.m. in the morning I felt absolutely suffocated, and could not make out what had happened. The snow was so heavy on my tent that the pole had gone through the top and the tent had fallen on to my camp-bed and over my face. I had to turn out

in 2 feet of snow in my pyjamas and a greatcoat and go into Baker's tent while another tent was being pitched. Everything I had was sopping wet. Three horses were frozen to death, and about 50 bullocks and many hundred sheep and 6 mules.

August 29th

Thawing fast, and the camp is a regular swamp. Poor Hurley (60th Rifles) was found this morning near the Umquaila Mountain, stone dead. He was one of those who got lost in the snow. We buried him in the afternoon.

September 1st

St. Partridge's Day. Wish I was at home shooting instead of out here.

September 6th

Battalion Sports. Pilkington won the Officers' 100 yards, and Archie Miles the High Jump. I had a 100 yards match with old Vibart, the Gunner Major, a sovereign a side, and gave him 3 yards and a beating.

September 15th

We have made a tennis court as well as a polo ground and a cricket ground. Bitterly cold. Played whist and revoked, and lost 15s.

Friday, November 11th

The Colonel has dismissed me from Recruits' Drill at last, and also from bugle calls. Not being much of a musician, I never can tell one call from another, except the rum bugle, officers' call, reveille, last post, the charge, and cease fire.

November 12th

Was sent with another subaltern to Ingogo for two weeks making roads. It rained every day nearly. We bought 8 fowls which we kept in our mess (a single bell tent), and we never could have breakfast till they laid four eggs.

November 30th

Returned to camp at Mount Prospect.

December 14th

We have just heard we have to go up for an exam. in Newcastle to-morrow. I have been trying all day and half the night to get some knowledge into my stupid head for the exam.

December 15th

I think I have learnt something in the last twenty-four hours. Beaumont and I started about 3 p.m., and got to Fort Amiel at 6 p.m. I rode one pony and led the other with my saddlebags. We were made Honorary Members of the 41st. Dined with them.

December 16th

Had a fearful head this morning. I don't think the 41st liquor could have been good. We had a splendid Board, and they couldn't have been more gentlemanly and obliging. It consisted of Colonel Heydock and Captains Ingram and Gordon.

December 17th

More exams. this morning, till 1 p.m., when we finished. A telegram arrived to say that we are to leave for Maritzburg on January 2nd. Universal joy, as we have been looking at Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill for nearly a year now. For the last four or five months the unfortunate British and Scotch colonists who had pinned their faith to the Government Declaration as given out by Sir Garnet Wolseley, that, "as long as the sun rose and set, the Transvaal would remain British property," have been trekking over Laing's Nek past our camp with what they could save from their farms, a few small flocks and herds, and wagons with their wives and children, all cursing Gladstone and the Radical Government. It is very hard on these men, as they put all their money into their farms, and now they are ruined, as they are absolutely boycotted

by the Boers, who will neither sell to nor buy anything from them, or have any truck with them.

Sunday, December 25th. Christmas Day

Corporal Clay and some men came round as waits and sang carols about 2.30 a.m. About 100 men got drunk after their Christmas dinner.

1882

Sunday, January 1st

Started at 5 a.m. and went over our old battlefield near Ingogo to Orlendorf's Farm. You bet we were all up and ready to start in time. The men marched very well. The men's ammunition boots are very good, all the subalterns and captains wore them.

Friday, January 13th

Got to Maritzburg. I was on rear-guard. It rained nearly every day on our march down, and the so-called roads were nearly 2 feet deep in mud and water, but what cared we for rain, or blazing sun, or mud? Our faces were set for the sea and Malta, and we were all looking forward to three months' leave at home. More than half of us, however, did not get it for another fifteen months, not till May 1883.

Saturday, January 14th

Got out my baggage from store, where it had lain for over twelve months. Luckily, hardly anything was stolen, but a lot of things were moth-eaten, and I had grown out of nearly all my clothes and uniform.

Went to the theatre and saw "Patience." There was no woman to take the part of Lady Jane, which was acted by a man. For some reason, God knows why, he roused our ire, and we went and got hold of half a brick, tied a lot of cabbages round it, and hove this bouquet at him, and it caught him full in the tummy, and he collapsed on the stage. The audience were justly annoyed, and rose *en masse* to turn us out, but our sergeants and men

who were sitting in the pit and gallery nobly came to our rescue. The lights were turned out, and we fought our way out in the dark. I'm afraid we behaved very badly.

Monday, January 16th

Cricket match against the 58th. We won easily. Great dinner in the evening at the Club, about twelve of us.

Tuesday, January 17th

Rouse at 3.30 a.m. Pasha and I only just got back before the tents were struck. We cut down the railway as hard as we could, and got in about 4 a.m. It was deuced lucky he woke, as we should have looked awful fools coming into camp in mufti, besides getting no end of a wiggling. Left for Pinetown about 11.30 a.m., and got in at 5.50 p.m. Dined with the 7th Hussars. There was a new subaltern called Mumm who had joined them that afternoon from England, and Bunny Mynors started to drink him under the table, but Mumm, who I suppose had had a good deal of experience in the firm's champagne, was quite happy at midnight, and Mynors was under the table. Next morning at 5 a.m. Mumm was discovered outside his tent in a nightgown, which nobody ever wore out there. plaintively asking whether every night at mess was like last night.

Friday, February 3rd

Archer and Stanhope started at 4.30 a.m. from Pinetown to march with A Company to Durban. I followed by train at 7.45 a.m. with the baggage.

February 5th

We are camped near the old mud fort from which Dick King started his famous ride. I am O.C. troops Durban, in command of about 80 Riflemen, and draw 8s. a day extra pay. The weather has begun to get a bit cooler, and we are having a most enjoyable time. The white ants eat right through one of my suits.

February 28rd

The rest of the battalion arrived from Pinetown, and we all marched down to the Point, and embarked in H.M.S. *Orontes*. Beaumont, Scudamore-Stanhope, and I were in a cabin at the very bottom of the ship, just over the bilge water. We can never have a port-hole open.

Sunday, February 26th

The heat in Pandemonium, as they call the subalterns' cabins, is appalling, and the rats and cockroaches very numerous. A large rat got on to my bunk last night, and there were at least half a dozen cockroaches. The atmosphere down on the lower troop deck is stifling.

March 3rd

Got to Zanzibar. We dropped anchor about 10 a.m., $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from the shore. We have got 1,247 troops on board, which is at least 200 more than we ought to have, and the men and officers are packed like sardines. Went ashore with a lot of fellows about 1 p.m. Zanzibar is quite a large town of about 120,000 inhabitants, the streets are very narrow and dirty, wide enough for about two people to walk abreast. The town is situated on a large island, about 20 miles from the mainland. We visited the Sultan's stables and carriages; he had some very good horses, all stallions; some of them had their tails painted pink. The palace is a high building with a big square in front facing the sea. Most of the population are Arabs. There are still lots of slaves, though they are now sold secretly. There was a most wonderful collection of old guns in the arsenal, huge old ship guns, and tiny little mortars with great piles of round shot that looked as though they had not been touched for years. There is not a single modern or European house in the place; everything is most primitive, except just in front of the Sultan's palace, where there are some lamps, and an attempt made to keep the place clean. The bazaar is a long, narrow, winding street with little open shops on each side, in which the owners sit cross-legged on the floor or outside,

with as few garments on as possible. Most of the women wear a kind of trousers, and all have huge bangles and paint black rims under their eyes.

March 6th

My 21st birthday. Gave a lunch party in the hotel.

March 10th

In the afternoon I went to a levee at the Sultan's with the Chief, Dudley Ryder, Pilkington, McGrigor, and Beaumont. Colonel Morris, three Naval officers, and Major Burr went too. The Prime Minister met us just outside the palace, and we were presented by the British Consul in turn. Then we all went inside and upstairs into a large reception hall with a marble floor, and the walls covered with immense mirrors. The Sultan sat on a sort of throne at the end, and we sat on chairs along the walls on each side and conversed through an interpreter. Then black coffee was served round in tiny little cups without handles, and gold spoons. Next some more servants brought in iced sherbet, and after staying about thirty minutes we all went downstairs again, and the Sultan shook hands with each of us, and we went away. I am very glad I went. The heat was appalling. We had to go in levee kit—black Rifle tunic, pouch belt, and black kid gloves. I had grown so much I could hardly button my tunic, and nearly died of heat apoplexy. There were lions and other wild beasts in cages each side of the entrance-gates.

The Black Prime Minister tried to get my silver pouch belt off me. In the big hall where the levee was held were twenty-four tawdry prints of the Crystal Palace. A British retired Naval Lieutenant called Mathews¹ commanded the Sultan's army.

¹ Afterwards Sir Lloyd Mathews.

CHAPTER III

MALTA AND EGYPT

1882

Saturday, March 25th

Dropped anchor off Suez at 3.15 a.m.

Wednesday, March 29th

Got to Port Said at 7 a.m., having taken over four days to go through the Canal.

Monday, April 3rd (Valetta)

Landed about 10 a.m., and marched to the lower Bavière Barracks, which are right on the sea. I've got quite a comfortable room on the ground-floor.

April 10th

The Colonel and everybody who could possibly get away started for England on leave. Major Cramer was left in command of the battalion, Friday-Fraser and Ward, one Captain, and seven subalterns—Bean St. Aubyn, Howard Vyse, Beaumont, Scudamore-Stanhope, Bobby Bower, and myself—Pig McGrigor Adjutant, and Wilkins Quartermaster, and about 750 N.C.O.'s and men. Cramer was a most delightful person, and so was Friday-Fraser.

In those days it was the custom for every regiment in the garrison to entertain a new regiment on its arrival to dinner. We had some very wet nights. We also dined with the Royal Malta Fencible Artillery, and three or four men-of-war, and they all dined with us in turn. Our fellows and the sailors were great pals. I bought two polo ponies in Malta and started to play at once. There was only one polo ground in those days; it was very bad, rocky, and slippery. Beaumont and I hired a yacht, called the *Kate*, of 5 tons, with a crew of one

man called Nicolas, and a boy. Friday-Fraser had a yacht of about 15 tons, and I think Bean St. Aubyn had one of 10. We had great fun. Was elected on the Committee of the Malta Yacht Squadron, hardly knowing one end of the boat from the other.

We played a lot of cricket on coco-nut matting laid on asphalt.

Malta was a dreadful place for soldiers. The Tommies could get blind drunk there on the most horrible stuff for a shilling. The barrack-rooms in the hot weather were frightfully hot and stuffy, and each half company used to take it in turns to sleep on the roof.

The fish and oysters at Malta were very good, the best being caught just outside the main drain, which, I suppose, made them so tasty. We built ourselves a racing boat and had a great rowing match against one of the men-of-war, the crew being: McGrigor, Howard Vyse, Bobby Bower, Beaumont, and myself. I was cox. The guard-room at Malta was a most amusing place, facing the palace, with most marvellous pictures painted on the walls by various officers who had been on guard there, some dating from the time of the Crimea.

I was on guard there six times for 24 hours.

MALTA

Friday, July 7th

We're off once more on the warpath. The telegram came at 1 p.m. to-day. The 96th were told they were to go last night, and packed up accordingly, but we are to go instead. Naturally they are very sick. The fact is, our old man is home on leave. General Pemberton and Redvers Buller are on the War Office Staff, and H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge is Commander-in-Chief and also Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment, so I suppose they worked the ramp between them. We were really the last regiment on the roster for active service at Malta, as we only arrived there three months ago, and had only just come back from two campaigns—the Zulu War and the Boer War. Quite

right that a Rifleman should be put first in everything. They are the best Corps in the whole Army—horse, foot, or artillery.

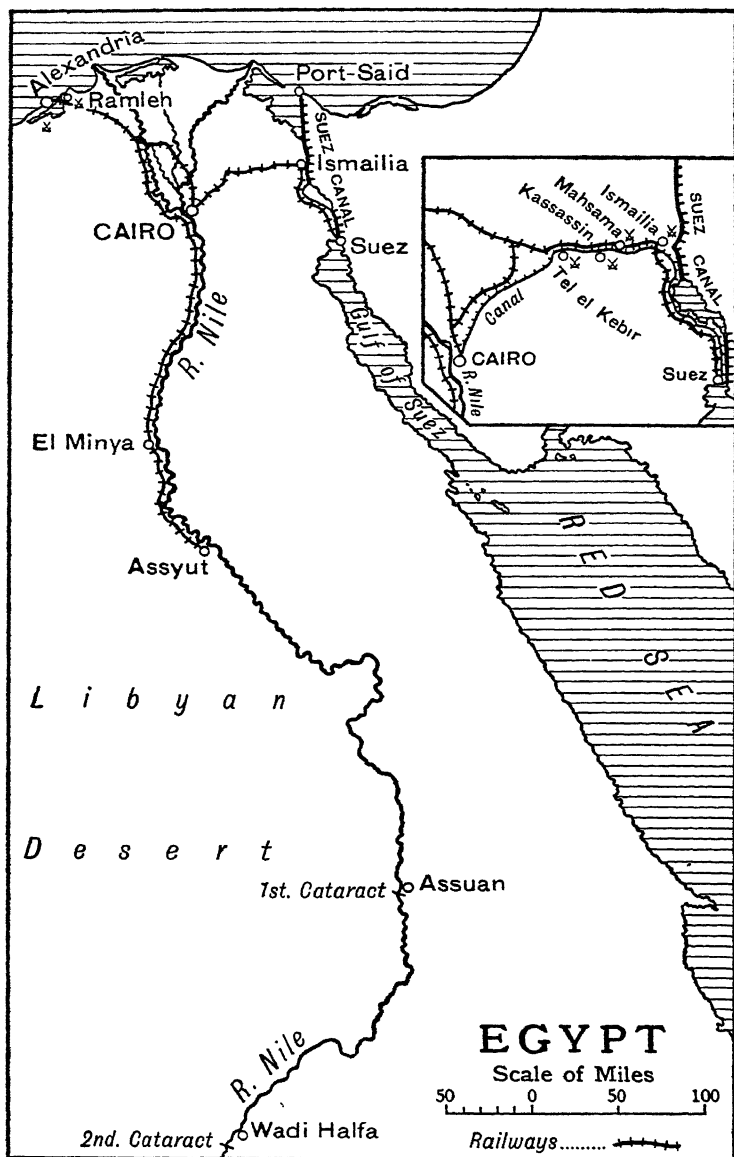
Nicolas, the skipper of our yacht, is in tears about our going. The whole barracks and officers' quarters are besieged with duns clamouring to have their little bills paid, so I told the sentry to let no one in, and stuck up a big notice on the door, "Gone to the war. No tradesman need apply." Went out in the yacht for the last time about 7 p.m. and had a bathe. Then went over to Sleima with Beaumont and dined at the Club, and afterwards went to say good-bye to all the girls, "the Samuels, Agnews, and Roses." Had a very jolly evening, with lots of music and singing. We had supper on the beach at 1 a.m. I inadvertently sat down in the lobster salad. Didn't go to bed at all. Reveille at 4.30 a.m.

Saturday, July 8th

There were a lot of men drunk and absent last night. Luckily only one in my company, H, who are a rare good lot. I left my two ponies at Forster's to be sold. We marched from barracks about 3 p.m. Desperate hot day. Only one man was absent, old Rooney, who was probably drunk. We went on board the *Agincourt* in two tugs about 5 p.m. Our three yachts, *Shooting Star*, *Nora Creina*, and *Kate*, kept sailing round the ship till we started. All the girls on the island came to see us off. We steamed out of the Grand Harbour about 7 p.m. We have got the Admiral's saloon to mess in, and are very comfy. The 96th Band played "Auld Lang Syne" as we passed the Point. Was on watch from 4 till 8 a.m. Stanhope got on board, disguised as a Tommy in the ranks, and another of our fellows was so hotly pursued by a determined creditor he locked himself up in one of the lavatories.

Sunday, July 9th

Old Rooney turned up out of the hold, quite sober, with all his kit, and complete with rifle and sword. How he got on board he has no idea.



Emery Walker Ltd. sc

Friday, July 14th, off Cyprus

The *Salamis* came in this morning with the Chief (Ashburnham), Sir Archibald Alison, Curly Hutton, and the Digger (Ogilvy) on board. Had a jolly bathe off the ship about 7.30 a.m. Seven of us went on shore in one of the ship's boats, and had lunch at the Club with the General, who was very kind. Bought several things and got back to the ship about 6 p.m. Cyprus is a funny-looking place, the inhabitants are chiefly Greeks two-thirds, and Turks one-third.

EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN, 1882

Sunday, July 16th

Arrived at Port Said about 8 a.m., but did not land, as the order came to proceed to Alexandria.

Monday, July 17th

Got to Alexandria 9.30 a.m. Had an uproarious night with the sailors to wind up.

Tuesday, July 18th

We took about 1½ hours getting to shore, and marched from the wharf to the railway station, where we are to be quartered. The heat and flies and dirt were awful. Looted all sorts of things for my room. My servant has made me a first-class tub out of a baking trough. There was an alarm in the middle of the night, and we all had to turn out and stand to our arms for half an hour. The whole city is in ruins, and lots of the houses still burning. Furniture, pianos, mattresses, chairs, and tables, and every imaginable thing are lying about the streets. Charlie Beresford, Provost-Marshal, has shot and flogged about 50 or 60 Arab looters. We took 17 watches, 21 rings, and 12 bracelets off one fellow, and 11 brooches and 9 rings off another, and 14 rings off a woman, who squealed like blazes.

Wednesday, July 19th

On guard all day at the Maharoum Bey Gate. One had to search everyone, male and female, going in or out for

arms and loot. Caught 5 fellows with loot, and sent them off to Charlie Beresford with a note. Had a woman sent in to me for stealing, and packed her off to Provost-Marshall as well. Beresford has been shooting about a dozen Arabs a day for looting and murder. Had rather fun with some Frenchwomen, who wanted me to come out to see after some stolen property, but I could not leave my post. French is very useful here. There is a pile of arms about 6 feet high in the archway of the gate. I took 7 watches and 18 rings off one Arab.

Thursday, July 20th

Drove round the forts in the afternoon with Archer, Friday-Fraser, and Bobby Bower. They are fearfully knocked about by the fleet's guns, and most of their guns are dismounted and the forts in ruins.

Saturday, July 22nd

Got up at 3.30 a.m., and started at 5 and made a reconnaissance towards Ramleh. We only took three companies, made up to 100 strong each. I was the only sub in command of a company. We also had about 30 Mounted Infantry. We marched a mile to a station in Alexandria, and went about 5 miles by train, and then marched a couple more miles to the village of Ramleh, leaving one company, H, on the heights by the waterworks, and another in the station, while the remaining one, under Archer, went down to the bridge, and some sappers, and the Mounted Infantry under Howard Vyse, blew up the railway in two places. It was frightfully hot. We had a bit of a brush with the enemy, but nothing serious, as after our first two volleys, they ran away. Got back to Alexandria about 6 p.m.

Monday, July 24th

Left Alexandria at reveille, 5.30 a.m., by train for Ramleh. We were engaged with the enemy all day. My company was again pretty well to the front. The 38th were telegraphed for from Alexandria, as the enemy appeared to be coming on in force, and a general engage-

ment was expected. They arrived about 3 p.m., but were not needed, as it was only a false alarm. Went back to barracks about 5 p.m. Jimmy Riddell, Holled-Smith, and Spider joined us from leave in a cab in the middle of the fight.

Tuesday, July 25th

We are quartered in some empty Gippy cavalry barracks, which are pretty good, but full of mosquitoes and other objectionable insects, and indescribably filthy. Bitten all over by bugs, mosquitoes, fleas, and sand-flies. They nearly pulled me out of bed.

Wednesday, July 26th

Went on outlying picket for twenty-four hours at Ramleh with H Company. As we were in rather an exposed position, about 5 p.m. I was reinforced by a small naval detachment with a Gatling gun. The sailors had looted a goat from somewhere, which they tied to the wheel of the Gatling gun. Just as I was going round the sentries about 10 p.m. I saw a sailor stuffing something down the goat's throat out of a tin with the end of the scabbard of his cutlass. I said, "Hullo, Jack, what are you doing with that goat?" He gave a grin and said, "I'm stuffing this 'ere tinned milk down 'er throat so as to 'ave fresh milk for breakfast to-morrow morning." About midnight the sailors and Gatling gun were ordered back to their ship, and kindly gave the goat to my men. When my fellows came to milk the goat in the morning they found it was a hc-goat!!! So they ate him. Went round the sentries 4 times during the night.

Sunday, July 30th

Frightfully hot. The sailors all went away the day before yesterday. They were a cheery crowd.

I was in command of the picket one day at Ramleh, and was on the top of the water-tower looking through my glasses to see what I could of the enemy's movements towards the Aboukir forts, when I felt a slap on my back, and on turning round I saw a total stranger in mufti with

a military helmet on. I said, "Who the devil are you?" He said, "I'm Sir Henry Havelock; isn't your name Marling?" I said, "Yes." He then said, "Do you come from Gloucestershire?" I said I did, and he replied, "I stayed with your grandfather when I was standing for Stroud." About three days afterwards I saw him trying to drive a camel and a donkey tandem in the desert. He was a most gallant fellow, but eccentric. There was a story about him that, when he was on the Staff at Aldershot, he was playing billiards one day when he saw the sentry outside the officers' quarters doing something of which he disapproved. He ran out of the billiard-room and tilted at him with a billiard cue, and stretched him on the parade ground. There was a row about it, I believe.

Tuesday, August 1st

On patrol all night from 6 p.m. till 7 a.m. Wednesday morning. We marched out about 2 miles beyond our farthest picket and lay down under a couple of palm trees in the sand all night. We thought the Bedouins were sure to come, as they had attacked the 38th the night before in the same place. So I measured the distance in front of us, and was quite ready to slate them. I had 1 sergeant, 2 corporals, and 16 men with me, and a bugler. They didn't come to me, however, but a body of cavalry about 100 strong tried to rush I Company, which was posted at the end of the causeway about a mile to my right rear. It was so dark and the attack so sudden that some of the company bolted and 4 men actually came running right back to barracks, some 2 miles off. However, all the N.C.O.'s and about 30 men stuck to Beaumont and Ward, and drove them off, but not before the enemy had collared Ward's greatcoat and Beaumont's waterproof. Our old man was very angry, and threatened to shoot the 4 men. Captured 3 donkeys laden with fruit and 2 Arabs.

Saturday, August 5th

Fight with the Egyptians. Poor old Howard Vyse killed. Our total casualties: 1 officer and 1 man killed, 2 wounded

in the Rifles. 38th lost 1 man killed and 1 wounded ; 46th nil. The Marines lost 20 killed and wounded. Pigott is doing very well with the Mounted Infantry.

Sunday, August 6th

Poor Howard Vyse was buried in the Cemetery with House, his groom, about 1 mile outside Alexandria. He was one of the nicest fellows I ever knew, and a first-rate soldier and sportsman. Rifleman Corbett recommended for V.C. for trying to save Howard Vyse.

Wednesday, August 16th

On picket at the water-works with Cramer. Sir Evelyn Wood came out in the morning and shook hands and said "Howdyedo." Sir Garnet Wolseley and all his Staff came out in the afternoon. Spent the evening after dinner with the sailors, who have been sent here again.

Thursday, August 17th

Holbech, my new captain, joined from England in the afternoon.

Friday, August 18th

Parade at 6 a.m., and marched 5 miles down to the wharf, and embarked at 9.30 in the *Euphrates*. Very good quarters. Had a capital breakfast directly we got on board. The 36th are also on board. Met H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught just as we were going on board. The Duke was charming, and stopped to speak to us for a minute or two. The men had to carry their valises, greatcoats, and all equipment, besides 70 rounds of ammunition, and didn't march very well. About 20 fell out. On duty all the afternoon.

Saturday, August 19th

Nobody yet knows our destination. Opinion is divided between Aboukir, Rosetta, Port Said, and Ismailia. Sailed about 12 midnight. The sealed orders were opened about 1.30 a.m., and we are bound for Port Said and thence to Ismailia.

Sunday, August 20th

We got into Port Said about 10 a.m. The regiments with us are three battalions of Guards (Grenadiers, Scots, and Coldstream), 46th Foot, ourselves, and 50th. Also one company of Engineers. We left Port Said about 2 p.m. It's the third time I've been here since the end of March. We tied up for the night about 10 miles from Ismailia, having gone a great pace, and bumped against and nearly swamped all the small craft in the Canal. A very jolly dinner, our last comfortable one for some time, I expect.

We arrived at 10 a.m. in the *Euphrates*, and the next ship in front of us was the Admiral's, Sir Beauchamp Seymour. Old Ferdinand Lesseps, who made the Suez Canal, was on the quay, and went on to the Admiral's ship, and said he had guaranteed the neutrality of the Canal to Arabi Pasha, and that no troops could go down it. The Admiral was very polite, and said he had orders from the British Government to proceed, and he must do so, and offered him a drink, champagne or anything else. Of course, Lesseps had no earthly right to make any promise to Arabi. Lesseps was furious, and left in a rage, and when we steamed down the Canal about 1 p.m. he was dancing on the quay, foaming at the mouth, shaking his fist, and shouting, "Sacrés Anglais." We got to Ismailia and found two of Arabi's trains there. One just got off, but we shot the engine-driver of the rear train and bagged the train. Good bizz !

Monday, August 21st

On fatigue with the company from 2 till 5 p.m. Dinner at the Hôtel de Paris, a very third-rate pothouse, but the only one in the town. As we landed almost first, we scored, for we ordered dinner for twenty-two at 7.30. We also ordered all the meals for the next day to make sure. Holbech and I slept on a bench outside the hotel with our haversacks for pillows.

Tuesday, August 22nd

A great *déjeuner à la fourchette* at 12 noon. It was great fun to see the hungry Guards officers prowling about

trying to get something to eat, but as we'd ordered it all and were seated there it wasn't much good. Went down with Bobby Bower in the afternoon to see the R.H.A. land, also Life Guards. The place simply smells of Generals. Dinner at the hotel at 7 p.m. Sir Henry Havelock came in quite unexpectedly, and came up to me and shook hands with "Well, how's Gloucestershire, Marling?"

Thursday, August 24th

The 72nd and Naval Brigade had a fight yesterday 10 miles from here on the banks of the Canal, and killed and wounded 150 Arabs, and only lost 2 men who were drowned crossing a lake. The Gatlings did great execution. The action was fought so near the Canal that two gunboats stationed there could work their Gatlings with great effect. Our Mounted Infantry, some cavalry and artillery with the 46th, were fighting most of the day about 6 miles off. The Guards marched out to reinforce them about 2.30 p.m. Holbech and I went on picket at 6 p.m., and just as we had posted the sentries about 7 p.m. an order came out for us to come in at once, as we were to march at 9 p.m. So back we went, and bolted some food, and started with four guns (2 R.H.A. and 2 F.A.) at 10 p.m. I carried sword, revolver, waterbottle, glasses, and haversack (containing a towel, soap, pair of socks, cap, flask of whisky, 2 days' ration of biscuits, goggles, cigarette-case, pipe, tobacco, matches, note-book and pencil, two handkerchiefs, and a box of Cockle's pills).

Friday, August 25th

We marched all last night from 9 p.m., with frequent short halts to allow the guns to come up, till 2.30 a.m., when we lay down in the sand and dozed till about 4. We started again and marched till 7.30 a.m. Our men were pushing the guns most of the night. The sand was very deep. We could hear our guns pounding away in front, and came into action about 8 a.m., but as it was artillery on both sides it was pretty safe, though some of their shells made good practice.

Both sides ceased firing about 10 a.m., and as our men were nearly dead for want of water, we were ordered to retire some 3 miles to the Canal. We hadn't even a water-cart. The heat was intense, and the sand very deep, and the men fell out all over the place. We reached the Canal bank about 12 noon. One poor fellow, Ebbs, in my company, after we got in just lay down and died. I'd been carrying his rifle for him for the last mile or two, as he was rather bad, but I never thought he was as far gone as that. I divided the last of my water-bottle between my servant and two other men, and when I got in I was dry. I rushed down to the Canal with Fraser and drank three great canteens full of the muddiest water I ever tasted in my life. The heat was appalling.

We got nothing to eat till evening, when we had a ration of tea and bully beef served out to us. We buried poor Ebbs just after sunset. It was too dark to see to read the Burial Service even if we'd had it, but the only prayer book to be found hadn't got it in. We buried him in the sand by the railway embankment, and I just said the Lord's Prayer over him, and then each of us threw in a handful of sand, and the men shovelled the sand on to him and covered him up. Poor fellow, he was one of the nicest young fellows in the battalion, and was my groom for some time in Natal. I slept on a mule pack-saddle in the open, and thought myself lucky to have that. The place we are at is called Mahouta. I should think we marched over 20 miles the way we came, and the mirage was wonderful. I heard several men say, "There's the b——y water, for Gawd's sake let us go and get a drop, sir"; then they would start running towards the supposed water till they dropped from exhaustion. I had eight men in my company, H, collapse, and carried two rifles for the last mile. I was pretty well cooked myself when we halted. We had to find a fatigue party half an hour after we halted.

Saturday, August 26th

Temperature 104°. We built ourselves a sort of hovel of rushes and mats to protect ourselves from the sun.

We are very short of rations, but my excellent domestic FOUND !! a couple of skinny fowls and promptly wrung their necks, and we had a savoury stew and gave him a share of it.

Sunday, August 27th

Not much like the Sawbath. Was on fatigue all the morning from 8 till 1 cutting the dam Arabi had put up across the railway. They say it took 6,000 men three days to build. I should think it would take us a week to clear away. Holbech is knocked up by the sun and is seedy.

Monday, August 28th

Hotter than ever. 105° in the shade. (We fought all this campaign, as we did the Boer War, in thick black rifle serge.) We do look a lot of dirty ruffians. We've no kit at all except what we stand up in. On picket at 6 p.m. I had just posted the first two sentries when out came an orderly, who told me to come back, as we were to march at once. So in I came, bolted a bit of grub, and the battalion started about 7. We marched till nearly 11, when we reached Mahsama, hearing heavy musketry fire nearly all the way. We got to Arabi's camp near the station, and then lay down till 4 a.m. in the sand. There was the most awful stink from dead Arabs, horses, donkeys, camels, and mules. Old Holbech has gone on the Gilded Staff. We didn't think he'd stick regimental soldiering long.

Tuesday, August 29th

The battalion went on to Kassassin at 4 a.m., but half H and the whole of G, with Bobby Bower, and myself, were left behind to garrison the place. We were on fatigue the whole day from 4 a.m. till 7.30 p.m. We have about 100 men here to guard the station and hospital. The place smells frightfully and the water is dreadful, as the Canal is full of dead Arabs, camels, and horses. Within 50 yards of where we were drinking we pulled out 2 dead Arabs, 1 camel, and a horse.

Wednesday, August 30th

Slept out in the sand on the platform. Sand-flies, mosquitoes, and bugs something awful. We none of us got a wink the whole night. Johnson, in G Company, cooks for us the most wonderful dishes. To-night he made a pudding out of bully beef and dates. Had a bit of a skirmish, and shot 2 Arabs the other side of the Canal before breakfast. A Bedouin got into the hospital with a knife last night and killed a wounded man. A detachment of the 50th came in about 9 p.m.

Thursday, August 31st

About eleven o'clock I borrowed a correspondent's horse and galloped over to General Earle to ask if the 50th mightn't relieve us. He was very kind, and gave me a great drink of whisky and water, which was worth any money, but said that we didn't belong to his Division, but that I might telegraph down in his name to the A.G. 1st Division, which I did as follows: "From General Earle to A.G. 1st Division. A detachment of 50th have arrived at Mahsama. May they relieve the Rifles there, whose headquarters are at the front?" This was a masterpiece of diplomacy, as although we were at the front the 50th were too. However, I didn't mention that fact. In about four hours we got an answer to say "Yes." The 50th officers were horribly disgusted when we told them.

The war correspondent, Cameron, dined with us in the evening. The Arab prisoners were very troublesome in the night, so we shut them all up in a railway truck, and told the sentry to shoot the first one that tried to escape.

Friday, September 1st

Temperature 102° in the shade. About 3 p.m. we heard we could go up by train, which was a blessing, although it was only a cattle truck. We left about 6, and arrived at Kassassin, where the battalion was, at 8 p.m. Our light baggage has at last arrived. We have been exactly a week without a change or covering of any sort except what we stood up in.

Saturday, September 9th

Fight at Kassassin. We (Rifles) lost 2 killed and 23 wounded. Firing began at 7 a.m., and we were shelled by the enemy for nearly three hours. The truth is, I think our outpost and cavalry scouting must have been very slack, as the first thing we knew of the enemy's advance was hearing heavy firing, and then some 20 shells pitched into our camp, which was between the railway embankment and the Canal. Those of us not on duty were either asleep, in their pyjamas, or washing in the (so-called) "Sweet-water" Canal. One shell pitched close to my tent, but didn't burst. Wilkins, our Quartermaster, picked up a live shell which fell near his stores, and threw it into the Canal, a jolly plucky act. The alarm sounded, and we all dressed as quickly as possible and advanced to drive back the enemy. The firing, both rifle and gun, was quite hot for some time. One of our corporals near me was the first man hit, in the face. We advanced about 3 or 4 miles until we could see Arabi's lines at Tel-el-Kebir. The heat was intense, over 100° in the shade. H Company was in extended order. A shell passed over our heads, and I turned round to see it pitch about 200 yards behind right under an ammunition mule led by two of our men. I saw the old moke on its back with its four feet kicking in the air. I said, "Well, it's all up with that old moke," when I saw another shell pitch apparently right under his back, and up got the mule and galloped off yelling, with his tail in the air, apparently none the worse. One of the two men was wounded.

Tuesday, September 12th

A frightfully hot day. About 3 p.m. the order came to be ready to move the same evening. The tents were struck at dusk, and packed by the railway embankment with our baggage. We left all the camp fires burning to deceive the enemy. About 6.30 p.m. the regiment fell in, and we marched about 7 miles across the desert straight for Tel-el-Kebir. We halted about 10.30 p.m. and lay down in the sand till 1.30 a.m., when we started again and got

rather mixed up. We reached the lines of Tel-el-Kebir about 4.15 a.m. Not a shot was fired till we were within 400 yards of their entrenchments, and then away to our right front I heard four or five single shots, and then suddenly their whole entrenchments burst into one line of fire, rockets, bullets, and shells came down like hail. We were supposed to be in support of the Highlanders, but by the time we got to the second trench we were all together. The 74th had a very hot time of it, and some of their men came right back through us. Baker took the left half of H and I the right, and went straight ahead. When we got to the trench it was full of Highlanders. I jumped down into the ditch and a man in my Company, Hall by name, gave me a leg up the parapet and pushed me up. I drew my sword as the men were hanging a little behind the parapet, and hallo'd to them to come on, and jumped or rather fell down the other side with an officer in one of the Highland regiments, it was too dark to see which, on to a dead Gippy.

The black Sudanese fought like blazes and our men like Trojans, and the Gippies ran like hares. There was very little quarter given, it was most of it bayonet work when we once got inside. I had rather a shave of being shot by some of our own fellows from behind. By this time day was breaking, and we pushed straight on through Arabi's camp into the desert beyond in pursuit. The plain was covered for miles with fleeing Arabs and Gippies, mostly dressed in white. About 7 a.m. we halted and formed up, as we were all over the place. The Cavalry, R.H.A., and R.A. came galloping by to continue the pursuit, and gave us a hearty cheer, and we cheered them back. One of the R.A. put a shell right into the rear carriage of a train in which some Arabs were fleeing. It was full of ammunition and exploded. I saw this myself through my glasses.

We next marched down to the Canal bridge, where Arabi had a second camp. Everywhere there were hundreds of camels, horses, and tents, rich silks, saddles, piles of loaves, sheep, and carpets lying about just as they'd left them.

It was a most complete success. There wasn't a single hitch in the whole business. Wyatt Rawson, Naval A.D.C., was our guide, and did his work splendidly. He led us to an inch. Poor fellow, he was one of the first hit, mortally wounded in the lungs. I collared four sheep and six camels. I gave three of the former to the men in my company, who promptly cut their throats with their swords and ate them half raw, and the other we ate ourselves.

The Indian Cavalry, Mountain Battery, Beloochis, and 72nd, under General McPherson, went along the Canal bank to attack Arabi's right, while the rest of us, 74th, 75th, 79th, 42nd, 46th, *60th Rifles*, 87th, 84th, Marines, and 18th Royal Irish, went straight at his centre and left. The Guards were in reserve, as also were 200 sailors with 6 Gatlings. The Highland regiments were under Sir Archibald Alison, the 46th and ourselves under Ashburnham, and the 18th, 84th, and 87th under Graham. The Cavalry and R.H.A. were on the right under Drury Lowe. The R.A., about 40 guns, were in the centre, as also was Sir Garnet, on foot. The Rifles had about 20 casualties. We slept on the battlefield that night. I luckily got hold of an Arab soldier's greatcoat, which I slept in and got badly bitten.

Sir Garnet deserves the greatest credit for the way he planned the attack, and the men for the way they carried it out. We captured 60 guns, took several hundred prisoners, and killed about 3,000 of them. I shan't forget our night march from Kassassin across the desert in a hurry. Sir Garnet Wolseley's total casualties were 47 killed, 382 wounded, 30 missing.

September 14th

The 72nd marched straight on after the fight yesterday to Zagazig, and the Guards went by train this afternoon. We left Tel-el-Kebir about 11 a.m., but after going about 3 miles it was so hot we halted till 4 p.m. and then pushed straight on along the railway till 10.30 p.m. I thought we were never going to stop. At last, as no one knew

whereabouts we were, it was decided to halt on the railway embankment for the night. Pasha and I slept in a ploughed field close to the line, but I couldn't get comfortable, as a great clod kept getting into the small of my back. We'd nothing to eat, but the Guards very kindly sent in a bottle of brandy and a box of biscuits, which, however, didn't go far amongst eight of us.

September 15th

We pushed on about 6 a.m. to Zagazig, some 5 miles. We lay out in a ploughed field outside the town close to the Nile without any tents or baggage of any kind. The dew in the morning when we woke up was awful, and we were wet through.

Saturday, September 16th

A dreadfully hot day. We are the most dirty-looking lot of devils. We've no baggage of any description, and have not changed our clothes since Tuesday. Have just heard Arabi has given himself up at Cairo. The cavalry and M.I. under Drury Lowe made a splendid forced march to Cairo (60 miles) on the evening of the 14th, and the whole army surrendered to about 650 men, principally 4th D.G.'s. Got a pony from a sailor who looted it at Tel-el-Kebir. The place where we are encamped is within 50 yards of and below the level of the Nile, and very damp.

September 17th

Left by train at 6 p.m. Got to Benha 10.30 p.m. and marched $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to an empty palace of the Khedive's on the Nile. When we got there the place stank so most of us decided to sleep out in the open in the garden. Not a chair or table of any description, and everything indescribably filthy. Quite cold at night.

At Cairo the end of September

The Duke of Connaught or Sir Garnet Wolseley, I forget which, gave a great dinner to the Staff and Brigadiers,

and after the Queen and the usual toasts, and everyone was pretty happy, the Duke got up and said there was one more toast he would like to propose, as the Colonel of the Rifle Brigade, and that was the health of "that fine old regimental officer, Colonel Sir Cromer Ashburnham, on whom everyone is delighted to see Her Majesty has conferred a well-earned K.C.B." Shouts of applause, and about a dozen glasses broken. Our old man got up, and returned thanks as follows: "I'm much obliged for the kind way His Royal Highness has proposed the toast of my health. I have been in the Rifles over thirty years, and owe everything to the Regiment. I never wore a red coat, I never was on the Staff, I hate the Staff, d——n 'em," and he subsided under the table. Shouts of applause and more glasses broken. There were present Wolseley, Brackenbury, Alison, Hamley, Maurice, Adey, Buller, Hutton, Evelyn Wood, Clery, Herbert Stewart, and, in fact, the whole of the "Wolseley gang," as it was called in those days.

Went up to Cairo by train and got blown up. There were two train-loads of powder and shells in a siding in Cairo railway station when the train with the 3/60th Rifles pulled in about 3.40 p.m. The men were actually getting out of the train and forming up by companies on the platform when a terrific explosion took place, and the whole glass roof of the station fell in on our heads. Our regimental doctor was badly injured, and 2 or 3 of our men were hurt. We got outside the station in double-quick time, and formed up in the open space outside. It was never really found out whether the rebels did it on purpose or whether it was caused accidentally by sparks from the engine. The regiment marched through Cairo over the Kasr-el-Nil bridge and bivouacked at Ghezireh, leaving one company to guard the station. Two British Army Service Corps and 20 natives were blown to bits. My company was left in Cairo for the night, and I slept, or rather didn't sleep, as I had to visit the sentries, in a street between Shepheard's Hotel and the station.

Sir Henry Havelock turned up at the station, jumped on

one of the engines, and took a train-load of powder and shells out of the station.

Saturday, September 30th

Grand Review and march past of all the troops for the Khedive (Tewfik) in Abdin Square. In the evening the Khedive gave a reception to officers of the army of occupation. It was rather amusing. It began at 9 p.m. in the garden, and at the back of Abdin Palace at the end of two alleys or avenues in the garden was a large barrel of beer and boxes of cigars and cigarettes. There were also lashings of champagne inside the palace, and more beer, whisky, and brandy.

After the battle of Tel-el-Kebir I looted out of the citadel at Cairo a helmet, a breast-plate, and back-piece that belonged to Napoleon's Cuirassiers of the Guard when they were in Egypt in 1800.

October 1st

The day after the Review two companies under Major Cramer were sent on detachment to Ismailia. The officers and men were quartered in the Khedive's Palace there. It took us two days to get it entirely cleaned and disinfected.

October 25th

I was sent down to Suez on a Board selling a lot of surplus war stores, and was billeted in the hotel there for a week. A Court-martial was sitting on the fellows who had murdered Professor Palmer and another Englishman who had been sent down into Arabia to buy camels at the commencement of the '82 Campaign. They were furnished with £2,000, and the wily Arabs at once knocked them on the head and bagged the money. They were caught and brought in chains up to Suez, and I saw eight of them sitting in one of the passages of the hotel. I think four of them were eventually hanged.

November

In November I was sent to sit on a Court-martial at Port Said, and went with a subaltern of the Black Watch,

who was stationed there, to a brasserie in the evening. The place was full, but we found a table in the corner with only one Frenchman sitting at it. In those days everyone drank lager beer. We gave our order to the waiter, but it was a long time before the beer was brought. The Frenchman had his beer brought to him, and the subaltern of the Black Watch, a great gaunt fellow of 6 feet 2 inches, put out his hand and drank it, saying, "*A votre santé, monsieur.*" The Frenchman looked considerably surprised. Still our beer did not come. The Frenchman, not to be outdone, ordered two bocks of beer. When they came my Highland friend again put out his huge hands, seized both glasses and drank them off saying, "*A votre santé, monsieur.*" The poor Frenchman thought we were mad. When our beer at last arrived I said to my pal, "Give him our beer, and we will order some more," which we did, and finished the evening in great friendliness. The Frenchman wound up by sitting on the Highlander's knee and putting his arms round his neck, and kissing him on both cheeks, thus establishing the *entente cordiale*.

January

1883

I went up on three days' leave from Ismailia to Cairo for a ball given by Lord Dufferin, who was then High Commissioner in Egypt, at the Opera House, Cairo. There were three Highland Regiments there, and three eightsome reels were danced by 4 officers in kilts from each regiment—Black Watch, Gordon Highlanders, and Cameron Highlanders—with 4 ladies in each, mostly the wives or daughters of officers, in low dresses and tartan sashes. In those days there were boxes all round the opera, the Khedive's box next the stage, and the boxes of the other Pashas all near the stage in order of rank. All their wives and harem ladies had their *yashmaks* on. In addition to this there was a muslin curtain in front of each box, and a eunuch sitting at the back. As the pipes got louder and louder, and everyone was kicking their legs about, the feelings of the poor harem ladies became too much for

them, never having seen men in kilts and women in low dresses dancing together before, and in their excitement they kept poking their fingers through the muslin screen till it fell down, when they were forcibly pulled back by the eunuchs.

I had another go of dysentery and low fever at Ismailia, and got very seedy. In January I was sent to a hospital ship at Alexandria. They wanted to send me home, but I wouldn't go, as there was a rumour there might be another campaign, so I was sent to a German hospital kept by some German sisters. Joe Aylmer, 19th Hussars, was there with me too. From there we were sent to Ramleh, a delightful little place on the sea.

March

In March the detachment went back to Cairo, and in April I started on my first leave for home.

April 24th

There must have been about 25 subalterns who embarked at Suez on the P. & O. *Poona*. Some of them had 14 years' service and had fought in 4 campaigns. I'm afraid we were a great nuisance to the Captain. None of us had any respectable clothes. There was a subaltern on board called De Pledge, who had a most disgraceful swash-buckler hat, and one day, when our ship was signalling to another ship, we pinned his hat on to the flags and bribed the signalman with a bottle of beer. When the flags were run up there was De Pledge's disgraceful old hat flying in the breeze at the end of the flags, and the other ship could not make out what the message was. The skipper was very annoyed, and threatened to put us in irons. We stopped at Malta on April 30th on our way back. We arrived at 4 p.m. and had a cheery dinner at the Club. Our ship was to sail at 5 a.m., and on our way down to the harbour about 3 a.m. we passed a Maltese policeman, who said something that Bobby Napier didn't like, and he at once seized the policeman and tied him up to a near-by lamp-post, after which we legged it to the ship as hard as ever we could. In those days there was

considerable friction between the Maltese policemen and the British subalterns. If you hit a Maltese policeman the Maltese court gave you a month's imprisonment, and the War Office gave you a month's leave to do it in, and said no more about it.

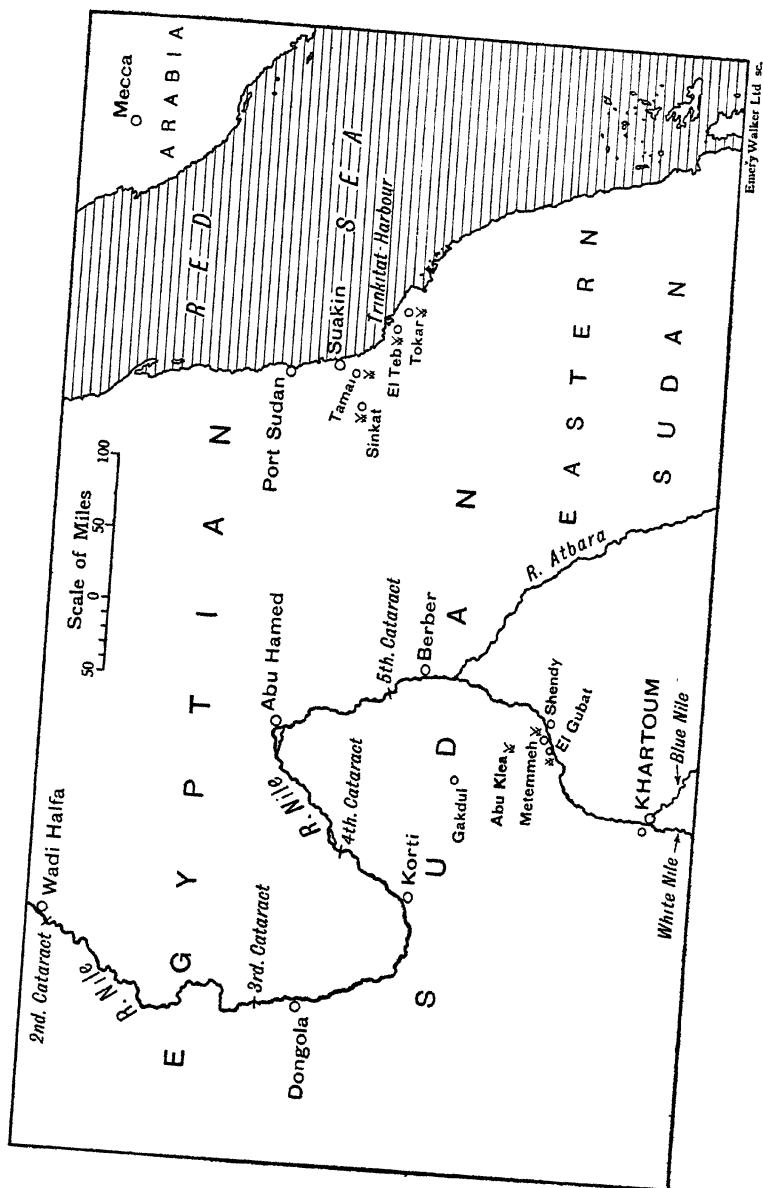
We got to Gibraltar on May 5th.

There were two mem-sahibs coming home from India under the Captain's charge, and the last night before we got into Plymouth one of them, a large handsome woman about thirty, had been celebrating all the afternoon. They sat one each side of the Captain, who was at the end of a long table with his back to the companion-ladder. She lurched into her seat just after the fish was finished, and looked at the Captain with a very glassy eye. She then took a French plum off a dish in front of her, and hit the Captain in the eye with it, and said, "What a funny fat old man you are." This was too much for the Captain, who beckoned to the ship's doctor, sitting at the other end of the table, and said, "Madam, I don't think you are very well," and the doctor and the chief steward hauled her out of the saloon and locked her up in her cabin, where she broke a lot of glass and cut her hand. The doctor had to bind it up. Next morning she was very subdued, and probably had a No. 1 head.

May 10th

On Monday, May 10th, we got to Plymouth in the wildest spirits. How good a glass of English beer tasted, and how beautiful and green all the lovely West Country looked after nearly three years of South African veldt and Egyptian desert. Except for three months in Malta we had spent all our time in single bell tents, and very often no tents at all, and the temperature varied from 105° in the shade to 10° above zero, with torrential rains, snow, sleet, and hail. Never mind, it was worth it all to be home again.

I was met at Stonehouse station by my grandfather, father and mother, and a large number of tenants and workpeople, who presented me with two addresses.



After a few days with my people I went back to London to get an entirely new kit. I had grown out of everything, both of mufti and uniform. All the officers who were on leave from Egypt were told by the Colonel, Sir Cromer Ashburnham, to attend a levée at St. James's Palace. The arrangements were very different then from what they are now. I was told there were four royalties, to each of whom I had to make a bow. I made a bad start, and if possible a worse ending, because the official who handed our cards in got our names mixed up. There was a parson in front of me, and he went by as Lieutenant Marling, King's Royal Rifle Corps, and I went by as the Rev. Ebenezer Brown. After I had made my four bows more or less badly, I discovered to my horror H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, our Colonel-in-Chief, was standing fifth, and my Colonel, Sir Cromer Ashburnham, who was one of Queen Victoria's A.D.C.'s and had the entrée, was standing watching me go by. I was so horrified by this that I turned my back on the Commander-in-Chief and fled out of the circle. How the old man did chaff me afterwards for having turned my back on the Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment.

Of course we went down to the Derby, a whole party of us. Three of us jumped into an empty railway carriage and were immediately followed by three confidence men, who, as soon as the train had started, began to play the three-card trick. I lost about a pound, and one of our party lost £20. The one who lost £20 only had about £20 in his pocket, and naturally wanted some money to bet with and spend at Epsom and on his lunch, so he said to the man, "Here's a tenner, and if you will come to my rooms to-night I will give you the rest." The confidence man said, "All right, Captain," and turned up in the evening, when he was given the remaining £10. I won't give his name, as for many years he has been a married man with a family and also an M.P.

We had a most festive season in London. I hired a private hansom with two horses and a very smart cabby, and neither he nor his horses had much rest day or night.

The Regimental Dinner was on the night of the "Oaks," and there was an enormous gathering. The old Duke of Cambridge was in the chair, and everyone got extremely festive. After dinner, as soon as the Queen's health had been proposed, H.R.H. made his speech. There being no reporters there he fairly let himself go, and said exactly what he thought about Wolseley and short service. Old Lord Templetown, who was one of the Honorary Colonels of the regiment, was sitting next the Duke. He wore a wig, and having done himself very well, he went fast asleep after dinner with his head nearly on the Duke's shoulder, and his wig fell off into the Duke's dessert plate. The Duke looked down at him and said, "Ah, I have been too long; my old friend Lord Templetown is older than I am, and cannot drink so much," and he picked up his wig and put it on his head back to front, at which there were shouts of laughter.

After dinner Bobby Bower, McGrigor, and myself had a box at the Pavilion, and then went to a restaurant in Leicester Square. Coming out at closing time Bobby Bower challenged me to a race round Leicester Square, which in those days was a rubbish heap. So we got hold of two hansom cabbies, gave them each ten shillings, took the horses out of the cabs, and got on them bareback with the harness, and had a race three times round the Square. It was a great race, and Bobby beat me by a short head. I can see him now beating his hansom-cab horse with one of his pumps. He was afterwards Chief Constable of Yorkshire, and an excellent Chief Constable too, and one of the best-looking and nicest fellows I ever knew. Of course we went to Ascot all four days. On one race I won £20. We went to the Aquarium one night to see Zazel shot out of a cannon.

We went nearly every Saturday to Hurlingham, and I remember once lunching with old Sir Charles McGrigor, the banker, Pig McGrigor's father, in Queen's Gate. After lunch we got into three hansoms, each of us with a girl who had been at the lunch-party, and had a hansom-cab race down to Hurlingham. I forget who won.

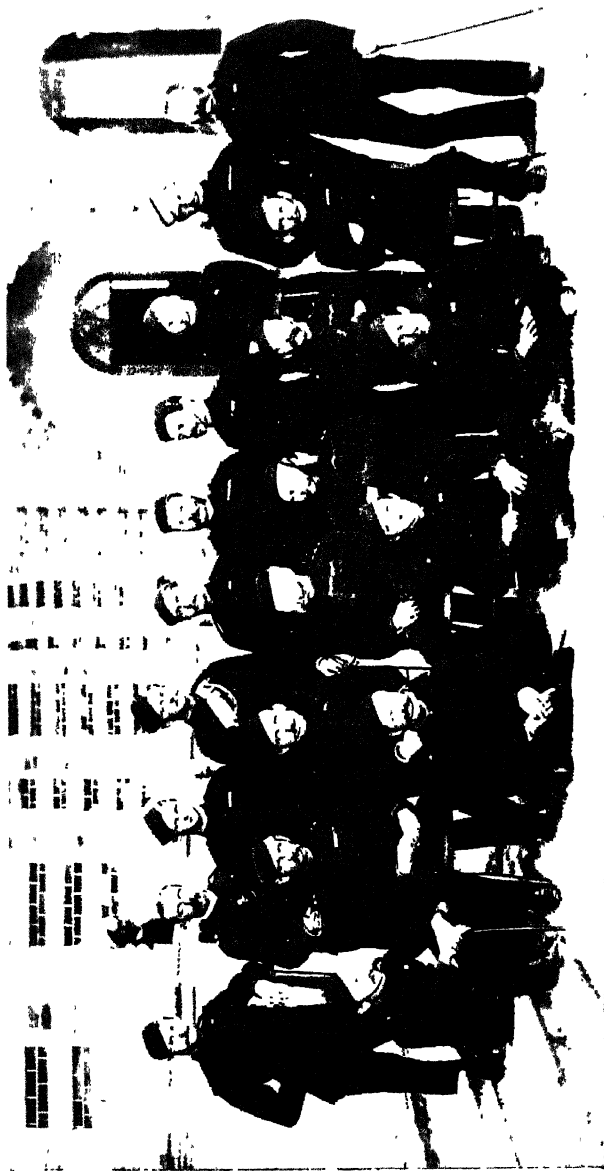
June

Gilbert Abbot, who was at Harrow with me, asked if I would like to see a cock-fight, and I said, "Rather," so I went down to stay with his people at the Priory, Abbots Leigh, about two miles the Somersetshire side of Clifton Suspension Bridge. The cock-fight took place on a ship in the Bristol Channel. As far as I remember there were five mains fought, and I finished up a winner of £5. I know I was in a great fright that my grandfather might hear of it, as cock-fighting, of course, was illegal.

About July 22nd we were all recalled to Egypt, owing to a severe outbreak of cholera. I think it was just as well for me, as I had spent all my ready money and a good deal more, but Cox & Co., the Army agents, were obliging about an overdraft, and the dear old Capital & Counties Bank (now Lloyds) at Stroud never turned its back on me even in the worst financial crisis.

Ten of us left London one night, caught a Messageries boat at Marseilles, and arrived in Egypt on August 1st, when our leave was up. We stopped six hours at Naples on the way.

We were met by a Staff Officer at Alexandria, who told us to proceed at once to Suez, where the 3/60th and the 42nd Black Watch were in a cholera camp. We got to Suez that night, and found the battalion in tents about 2 miles out of Suez and camped in the desert on the banks of the Suez Canal. The heat was appalling, and about 10 of our men died. Everywhere the Gippy station-masters were smelling disinfectant and terrified of cholera. Before the regiment left Cairo a corporal and 3 men were on guard over some stores. They mounted guard at 6 p.m., and when they were relieved in the morning the corporal and one man were dead of cholera. The battalion stayed in the cholera camp till the end of August. Every time a man died we shifted camp 1 or 2 miles, so by the end of the month we got very nearly to Ismailia. The railway line from Suez to Ismailia passed the back of our camp, but they would not stop except at a station, and never would draw up near the camp. One night I was



OFFICERS 3RD BATTALION KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS, CAIRO, 1883.

Left to Right. Back Row.—Lieut. Myers, Major Parry Okeden, Lieut. Ryder, Lieut. Bower, Lieut. Buchanan Riddell, Lieut. and Q.M. Wilkins, Capt. Archer, Lieut. Pilkington, Capt. Piggot, Capt. and Paymaster Orange, *Middle Row.*—Major Craumer, Lieut. and Adjutant McGilgor, Col. Sir Grover Ashburnham, K.C.B., Lieut.-Col. Ogilvy, Capt. Anderson, Lieut. Baker. *Front Row.*—Lieut. Ganning, Lieut. Marling, Lieut. Beaumont.

sent down to tell the train to stop at the back of the camp. I started off on a pony, and rode to a small station about 3 miles down the line. The Gippy station-master said it was not safe to stop the train at the camp. However, when the train arrived, about midnight, I got on the engine with my revolver, and when we got within a mile of the camp I put it to the engine-driver's head, and said if he didn't stop I should shoot him. It had the desired effect, and we pulled up at the back of our camp. I got off, and whoever was going on in the train got on.

Something like 80,000 people died in and round Cairo in six weeks. The Khedive, Tewfik, behaved very well, and visited the hospitals regularly, and so of course did the British doctors and officers, but most of the Egyptian doctors and officers bolted.

CAIRO

September, October, November, December

There was not room for all the Rifles in Abdin Barracks, so my company, H, and one other were sent to Kasr-el-Nil Barracks, and we messed with the Black Watch. I think it was one of the most enjoyable four months I ever spent. I did a four months' garrison course, and my examination for captain. We played polo three days a week, and there were race meetings about once a month. I had three very good ponies, two of which were called Moses and Aaron. I had a pal called Justice Speed in the Black Watch who was fond of racing, and we decided in our youthful wisdom that either Moses or Aaron was good enough to win one of the pony races. In those days there were no professional jockeys, all the riding was done by officers. We had a private trial to see which was the best, Moses or Aaron, and Moses won pretty easily by two lengths. When the race came off I rode Aaron and Speed rode Moses, and out of a field of seven Moses was last and Aaron last but one. So we were no richer for that race.

I dined with the Black Watch on St. Andrew's night in their mess at Kasr-el-Nil, and an uncommonly wet night it was. We sat down forty-two to dinner. They had a

fearsome custom of sending round a quaich in the middle of dinner. A quaich is a small silver bowl holding about a port wineglassful of raw whisky, and everyone who hadn't dined there on St. Andrew's night before had to take it by the two handles and drink it straight off, turn it up, and kiss the bottom. This finished most of us off, at least that and the pipers. The pipe major and 8 pipers kept on marching round the table playing the pipes. By the end of dinner I could not make out how many there were; sometimes I counted 8 pipers, and sometimes a dozen. It was all most confusing. After dinner a lot of us rode down into Cairo and the bazaars on donkeys, and how any of us got home I don't know. All I know is that my faithful servant, Saich, who served me well and truly for nine years, till I went to India, woke me from heavy slumber at 7 a.m. next morning and said, "I don't know where you was last night, sir, but your cap's all battered in and your jacket's all torn, your overall is rent down the knee, and you've a court-martial at 8 on a man for being drunk!!!!" My grandfather, Sir Samuel Marling, died in October 1883. He was very much beloved and respected in the county, and there was an enormous crowd at his funeral. One of his nieces was going to be married and he had sent to London for a dozen pieces of jewellery to choose from. He came out of the counting-house at Ebley Mill into my father's office with his arms full of these jewel cases, and fell down dead of heart failure.

In December the Colonel asked me if I would like to go to the Mounted Infantry in place of Riddell, who wanted to go to the Egyptian Army, where the pay was much better. I jumped at the offer at once, and went out to Abbassieh the last day of December 1883.

There was one company of Mounted Infantry there, formed of a sergeant, corporal, bugler, and 27 Riflemen; the same number from the Black Watch, the Gordon Highlanders, and the 35th. We were commanded by a local Captain called Humphreys, who had had an extraordinary career. He had been twelve years in the 108th, in the ranks, and rose to be sergeant-major, when he was

given a commission. Payne, in the Gordon Highlanders, was another subaltern, Freddy Thornton of the 35th, and Livingstone in the Black Watch. We lived in the Zaffarin Palace at Abbassieh, where old Ismail Pasha, the previous Khedive, had kept his harem. We messed with the Sussex Regiment.

The Mounted Infantry were mounted on cast Waler horses from the cavalry. There were a battery of Horse Artillery, the 19th Hussars, and the Egyptian Cavalry which had just been re-formed and were commanded by Kitchener (afterwards Field-Marshal Lord), and a Veterinary Officer called Beech, afterwards given a commission in the 20th Hussars, one of the most gallant men I have ever met.

1884

At the end of January 1884 General Charles Gordon arrived in Cairo, and started for Khartoum early in February. The night he started for Khartoum I happened to be at the Cairo railway station to see a pal off. Gordon had been dining with Sir Evelyn Wood that night, so Colonel Grenfell (afterwards Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell) told me. Sir Evelyn had a dinner-party to meet him, which included a very old friend of his, Sir Gerald Graham, V.C., who had been in the R.E. with him, and Nubar Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister. Colonel Grenfell told me that after dinner Gordon took off his evening tail coat and gave it to Sir Evelyn's butler, saying that he wouldn't want it again. I wonder if he had a presentiment, poor old fellow, as to what was to be his fate. As far as I remember he was seen off by Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir Gerald Graham, Colonel Grenfell, and, I think, Nubar Pasha. He was accompanied by Colonel Stewart, 11th Hussars, who was going to Khartoum with him, and who was afterwards treacherously murdered by the Arabs somewhere near Berber in 1884.

Colonel (afterwards Sir John) Ardagh, K.C.B., R.E., told me an extraordinary story about Gordon. He and Gordon were brother officers in the Sappers. He said

Gordon had challenged Nubar Pasha, who for many years was Prime Minister in Egypt, to a duel, on the ground that he (Nubar) had made some insulting remarks about a man called Vivian in our Diplomatic Service in 1879 or 1880. On being asked what in the world it had to do with him, Gordon replied, "Vivian is a Commander of the Bath and so am I, and Nubar Pasha has insulted our Order. If he (Nubar) does not make an ample apology, he will have to fight me ! ! !"

January

Played polo three days a week. I used to drive a tandem to Ghezireh, and take my two ponies out and play them four chukkas at polo.

All January I was learning Mounted Infantry drill with my Riflemen at Abbassieh, and what with polo, cricket and racing had a most enjoyable time.

February

About the beginning of February there was a strong rumour that a force would be sent down to Suakin to avenge Valentine Baker's defeat, and to relieve the garrison at Tokar.

CHAPTER IV

SUAKIN CAMPAIGN, 1884

1884

Wednesday, February 13th

A telegram has just arrived ordering us (Mounted Infantry), 19th Hussars, 60th Rifles, 42nd, 75th, and a Camel Battery to Suakin.

February 14th

The old Colonel of the Sussex Regiment, when the order for the troops detailed for the Suakin Campaign came out and his regiment was not for it, swore dreadfully, and said no one got a chance unless they wore a d——d green jacket (meaning a Rifleman) or a b——y petticoat (meaning a Highlander).

Very busy getting everything ready. We handed over our English horses to the Egyptian Army, and got 110 ponies from them, such brutes most of 'em to look at, but I fancy they are better than they look ; also saddlery and bridles, and got their rotten ones in exchange.

Friday, February 15th

At stables from 7 a.m. to 1 p.m. off and on, everything anyhow. Inspected by General Sir Frederick Stephenson at 5 p.m. Corporal Gilbert was rather drunk, and I put him under arrest. The men turned out jolly well, and the General was very pleased. Sandy Fortescue came to see me off, and gave me his watch, as mine wouldn't go, and no end of a pair of brown staff gauntlets ; most kind of him. An awful job getting the ponies, they were all stallions, into the trucks, ten in each. Moses, my pony, had to be lifted in bodily. We had a sentry in each truck, and four of us got into a carriage and put Livingstone in the guard's van to keep an eye on the horses.

We all got out at Zagazig to look at the horses, and sent Freddy Thornton to relieve Livingstone in the guard's van, and relieved the men in the trucks. They had a pretty uncomfortable ride. Gardner fell off the train, poor chap. I'm afraid he must have been killed. We telegraphed from the first station, but of course hadn't time to stop.

Saturday, February 16th

Got a wire to say Gardner picked up dead by side of line. The sentry in the next truck said one of the horses got loose and knocked him off. Got to Suez at 5 a.m. Had to jump the ponies out of the trucks. We had to leave Thornton and the Sussex M.I. behind, as there was no room on the *Orontes*, which had no horse fittings whatsoever. We just tied the horses up to the ship's rail, where they fought and bit one another worse than ever. It's just two years since I was on board this ship coming up from the Cape. The Chief Engineer came up and said he remembered me.

Sunday, February 17th

Seven of the horses got loose and galloped up and down the deck. One nearly knocked me over, and another all but jumped overboard. One fell down the companion, and, wonderful to say, was not damaged except for a few bits of skin knocked off.

Tuesday, February 19th

Got to Trinkittat about 5.30 p.m. Anchored 2 miles from shore.

TRINKITTAT

Saturday, February 23rd

Up at 5 a.m. Went on shore about 7 a.m. with 14 horses. Slade pointed me out our camp, and we had about 50 horses picketed on the lines at 3.30, when the General's A.D.C. came galloping up and said we were to shift. The Staff are like that sometimes. So after working like beavers all day we had to move, and every-

thing was anyhow, and it was dark before we were half settled. Thornton came off about 6 p.m. with some tents, and he and I and the doctor slept in one. The horses made the most frightful row all night. Slept in my boots and clothes. All the drinking water for men and horses was condensed from the Red Sea. I have seen it come into the canvas horse troughs so hot that although the horses were almost mad with thirst we had to take them away for ten minutes to let it cool.

Tuesday, February 26th

Up at 5 a.m. and on reconnoitring duty round Fort Baker till 1 p.m. The enemy blazed away at us a good deal about 1,200 yards off. Dined with Pig McGrigor at the Rifles' mess. When I got back to my tent I found our fellows had only just begun dinner, so I sat down again and had some mutton and stout.

About 1.30 the Commissariat were driving a flock of 50 sheep through our camp. We bagged one and tied it up to the pole of my tent. Just as we were sitting down to lunch up came the Commissariat officer to ask if we knew anything about it. Humphreys, the C.O., said "No," which was quite true, as *he* knew nothing about it. Just then a terrific "Baa, baa" came from my tent, which was next door, from the old sheep which was tied up there. Tableau. We asked the Commissariat officer to stay to lunch, filled him up with whisky and port, and kept the sheep, which was struck off the roll, I believe, as having been killed by a kick from a camel!!!

We had mutton chops for dinner and gave the rest to my men. The old sheep was very tough.

February 27th

Charlie Douglas, who was A.D.C. to General Davies at Abbassieh, when it was thought that General Davies was not going down to Suakin, got leave to come with Graham's force as a transport officer. He was a great pal of mine, and when we got to Trinkittat we found him up to his waist in the Red Sea thumping mules to the shore. His General came down after all and took him on again as

A.D.C., but he had no horse, and an A.D.C. on foot is not much use. The next night a horse was missing from our lines, and, as the police say, "from information received," I went to General Davies's camp and found our missing quad in Charlie Douglas's tent. He and his servant had just finished hogging his mane and cutting his tail, and were busy filling in the M.I. number on his hoofs. Humphreys, our C.O., was very angry, and poor Charlie was hauled up before his own General and got a rare wiggling. Humphreys wanted to have him court-martialled, and said people in the old days were hung for horse stealing. I nearly died of laughing, and at last persuaded Humphreys to let him off, and eventually General Davies mounted him on one of his own horses. Charlie had to write a very humble letter of apology to Humphreys. I thought of my sheep and the Commissariat officer, and whether I might not have been hung for sheep stealing.

Thursday, February 28th

The following G.O. was issued this day :

No. 3. "The mounted troops will operate outside the square. In case of attack the cavalry must avoid masking, or galloping in the line of fire in any way, and keeping generally clear of the infantry action. When the enemy is in retreat the cavalry will follow in pursuit at the discretion of the O.C. Cavalry Brigade, who will exercise all necessary precautions, keeping his men well in hand and falling back if any serious resistance is made or on reaching any ground difficult for cavalry to move over."

Met Plumer. He was then a Captain (afterwards Field-Marshal Lord Plumer), and a very kind friend he has been to me, and one of the best.

February 29th

Started again at 8 a.m. We (M.I.) were sent away on the extreme left front to reconnoitre. The *Sphinx* fired three shells, one of which all but hit us. We got close to El Teb about 11 a.m. I was sent up to reconnoitre, but they never fired at us, although I went quite near. At

last the enemy began to fire shell, and the action began in earnest about 11.30 a.m. We were $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles on the left front of the square. Humphreys sent me forward to seize a little hill overlooking one of the enemy's forts, and we rode up to within about 30 yards of it, and I dismounted two-thirds of the men and blazed away at the Arabs for about half an hour, when the rest of the M.I. who were on my left rear retired, and I was left alone in my glory with 25 men of the Rifles M.I. about a mile from anyone except the Arabs, who, seeing me all alone, came swarming out, some on camels and some on foot, and tried to get round my flank and cut me off. I just had time to get the men into the saddle and off before we were surrounded. I think we must have killed a good many from the hill. I took a rifle and had a few shots myself, and think I hit one. After this we galloped off after the rest of our fellows, who were going round to where the square was, and we formed up on its left flank and dismounted two men out of three and blazed away at a lot of Arabs behind a house. This was about 1.15 p.m. The square advanced very slowly, and after taking a small fort and turning the two Krupp guns in it against the enemy (the Gippy gunners were chained to the guns) halted for a short time. I went into the square for about five minutes to get some more ammunition, as my men had fired away nearly all theirs, and then went back to the M.I. The Sudanese were awfully plucky, and repeatedly tried to rush the square, and one actually got in, but was at once bayoneted. You would see a single nigger come out of his hole and, brandishing his spear, dash on the square, and be rolled over by a perfect storm of bullets about twenty yards from it.

About 2 p.m. we stormed the entrenchments in square, and at half-past it was all over. I forgot to say the cavalry were sent round their left flank about 1 p.m., but they charged too soon, and one squadron, Barrow's, was badly cut up. The 19th lost 38 killed and wounded, and 1 officer killed and 1 wounded. The 10th lost 2 officers killed, and 5 men killed and 8 wounded.

One of the M.I., called Dunster, went to take a spear

from a nigger, when the beggar jumped up and stuck him in the back; but our chap didn't care a bit, but just went back about 8 yards, pulled out a cartridge, and shot him through the head. Our (60th Rifles) Quartermaster, Wilkins, was one of the first men killed, shot through the heart. He was a very gallant officer. He was our sergeant-major in the first Boer War.

We buried 2,010 of the niggers, so their loss must have been nearly 3,000. We killed nearly all the wounded, as it wasn't safe to leave them, as they would knife you like a shot. The water at Teb was beastly.

We had 3,500 men altogether. The regiments present were: 75th, 42nd, 65th, 89th, half battalion 60th Rifles, 250 19th Hussars, 300 of the 10th Hussars, a Camel Battery, some sailors with their Gatlings, and 120 Mounted Infantry.

Our loss was 34 killed and 142 wounded.

Graham commanded the whole force, Buller, infantry, and Stewart, cavalry and us.

Captain Wilson, R.N.,¹ rushed at two Sudanese who were attacking his machine gun. He ran his sword into the first one, and being tailor-made it broke off short. He then shoved the jagged end into the other one's face and spoilt his beauty. He got a V.C. for this.

We watered our horses at the wells about 2.40 p.m., and then I went off with a small party to see if we could find which way the enemy had retreated. Two of our men gave two wounded Fuzzie-wuzzies water. The Sudanese stabbed one of them.

About the centre of the Arab position there was an old sugar mill with a large boiler into which some Arabs had crept, thinking it was bullet-proof. As I rode up on my pony about 3 p.m. with a dozen men of the M.I., a party of Highlanders and Riflemen were pulling the Fuzzie-wuzzies out of the boiler and laying them in a row on the sand. When they had pulled out the fifth fellow they laid him in a line with the others, and after lying there quite still for half a minute he suddenly jumped up, pulled a knife out of his belt, seized a Highlander who was

¹ Afterwards Admiral of the Fleet Sir Arthur Wilson.

standing near, and began carving away at his neck with the knife. Rainsford, in the Commissariat, shot him dead with his revolver. The men were very wary about the next three, and put a bullet into each as they pulled him out. The ninth fellow we pulled out was smothered in blood and almost naked. He looked so dead they didn't shoot him, but laid him with the others. After he had been lying quite still for about two minutes, and they were looking to see whether there were any more men in the boiler, the man suddenly jumped up and ran like a hare, and the men began shooting at him all over the place, with the only result that they wounded one of our own men.

I was sitting on my pony looking at all this and laughing, and started to ride after the man. It was rather like pig-sticking in India, and I had to sit down and ride as hard as I could for a mile, as he kept dodging about among the bushes, and jinking just like a wild boar, and I could hear the poor beggar panting like anything. By this time I had out-distanced the rest of the Mounted Infantry by about 100 yards, except my bugler, who kept shouting out to me to be careful, and pulled out his revolver to shoot the man. I turned round to tell him to put his revolver back, as he was quite as likely to shoot me as the native. The Arab suddenly fell exhausted, and picked a piece of mimosa from a bush, and held it out to me as token of surrender. I tied him up to my stirrup leather and took him back, as I thought he might be useful to get some information out of. He was the only prisoner we took in the battle, except one small boy.

I met Keggie Slade, whose brother was missing in the 10th. I don't know how many miles we didn't go that afternoon, but just as it was getting dusk I found him,¹ and Probyn, and Freeman, 19th Hussars, and a

¹ I only knew he was Slade, as I had never seen him before, from the fact that they had turned out his pockets and there were two or three envelopes lying near with "Major Montagu Slade, 10th Royal Hussars" on them. My brother many years afterwards married his niece Lucia, who was the only daughter of Major-General Sir John Slade, R.A.

Sergeant Cox of the 10th Hussars. Keggie put his brother on his own pony, and I lent him my mackintosh to cover him. Poor fellow, he had fourteen stabs in him, and they had taken off his boots and stripped all the gold lace off his breeches. I got back to Teb about 7 p.m. dead beat.

About 9 p.m., just as I was dropping off to sleep, I heard one of my men called Barnes come and lie down about 10 yards from me, and a sleepy voice said, "Hullo, Barney, where have you been?" And I heard Barnes reply, "I've been snipe-shooting, and got five of 'em," meaning Fuzzie-wuzzies.

March 1st

Up at 6 a.m. and started for Tokar about 9 a.m. I was sent off with a party to the left to reconnoitre. It was frightfully hot, and we hadn't a drop of water except some muddy filth that I had in my bottle. Got in sight of Tokar about 2 p.m.

The square halted in front of Tokar at 3.30 p.m. and cheered like blazes, and the garrison came out and presented the General with a flag. The water was horrible, much worse than at Teb, and quite hot; there were only three little wells about 30 feet deep each, for all the horses and men. We had a little Kop soup and some biscuits, and I was just lying down in the sand when someone shouted out, "Here's the camel," and sure enough there it was with our barrel of grub on it. I jumped up and drank two bottles of beer straight off and fell fast asleep in 10 minutes with my pipe in my mouth. Jolly good work of old Lance-Corporal Diamond¹ to get up to us that night. Gave him some stuff for himself.

Sunday, March 2nd

Started at 8 a.m. to reconnoitre some villages beyond Tokar. I was sent with my fellows on to a long range of hills to the left front. It was rather jumpy work at first

¹ Corporal Diamond had about seventeen years' service, and I think this was his fourth campaign with the Rifles: Zulu War; first Boer War; Egypt, 1882; Suakin, 1884.

amongst the bushes. Caught a nigger who had been wounded in the shoulder with buckshot. The rest of the M.I. and cavalry went into the villages and looted them. Got back to our bivouac at 1.30 p.m. Payne arrived about the same time with fourteen goats and sheep, and some fowls on his saddle bow. After lunch Freddy and I rode out about 5 miles to some villages that had not been looted in the morning, but found very little except grain.

As we rode back in the cool of the evening we came across a calf, which we drove in front of us for $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles beautifully, till we got close to camp, when we had rather a job; but at last, after about six men had fallen on their faces trying to catch him, he was fixed and tied to an ammunition box. But in another minute there was a shout, and the calf had slipped his halter and bolted. I jumped on Moses again, and Cross and I had a tremendous hunt in the bush. Twice I leant over my pony and caught him by the tail, but it was so slippery that it slipped through my hand before I could get off. At last I shot him with my revolver. We had a great dinner that night of goat, calf, and fowls and whisky.

Extract from despatch by Captain Humphreys, O.C. Mounted Infantry, on the action at El Teb on February 29th, 1884.

"I would also mention Lieutenant Marling, 3rd King's Royal Rifles, as a very dashing young officer, who, although he has been but a short time in the Mounted Infantry, handled his men very ably, and carried out the orders given him with great coolness and dash.

"I cannot speak too highly of the conduct generally during the expedition of the Non-Com. officers and men under my command. They were cool under fire, and made very steady shooting, doing the enemy considerable damage."

March 4th

All the troops but two regiments went yesterday. Commanded the rear-guard all the way to Teb, where

Livingstone relieved me with his Division. Stopped to water our horses at the wells for ten minutes. Payne and I rode over our battlefield, but nearly all the niggers had been buried. On our way back we went right over the ground where Baker's army had been cut up. It was a most dreadful sight. In one spot was a heap of, I should think, 200 corpses about 50 yards square. The Gippy of those days was the most contemptible soldier possible. Poor General Gordon called them "hens."

Thursday, March 6th

My birthday, twenty-three to-day. Since I joined, in November 1880, I have spent one birthday on the borders of the Transvaal at Laing's Nek, the next at Zanzibar, and one in Egypt. I wonder where the next will be or if there will be a next one. Life is pretty cheap just now.

Lunched on board the *Rinaldo* with Humphreys. Nice stewardess. In the afternoon Murray and I rowed off in a little boat to the *Dryad*, to see if the mail had arrived. The sailor officers on board were most hospitable, and we sat in the wardroom and read all the papers and had iced drinks.

Old Colonel Webster, 19th Hussars, was bathing one afternoon in the Red Sea. The water was about up to his chest. A lot of us young subalterns who had just finished bathing and were skylarking on the sand, shouted out, "Look out, Colonel, *shark*," and dashed into the sea pretending to rescue him. The old man fled for his life shouting, "Fire, help, murder!" and even when he got on to the sand never stopped running till he fell quite exhausted in his tent some 200 yards away, and yelled for brandy. How we laughed!

Saturday, March 8th

Humphreys and I embarked on the *Osiris* about 8 a.m. Up at 5 a.m. and got the last of the horses on about 6 p.m. A lot of 19th Hussars were on board too—Johnny Hanford, Flood, Joe Aylmer, Dolly Walker, etc.

Sunday, March 9th

Started at daybreak, and got to Suakin about 12 noon, and began to disembark about 7 p.m. We just chucked the ponies into the sea, and a dismounted party caught them as they got to shore.

March 10th

Got everything ready to start for Tamai. The 42nd went out 7 miles in that direction and built a zeriba.

The night before we went up to Tamai, Paine and I dined with Houston Stewart, R.N., on board his ship. We all got very merry, and at 2 a.m. were rowed ashore by Houston Stewart and another sailor officer, who had both dined uncommonly well. Poor Houston Stewart remarked, "I'm going up to Tamai with our gun detachment, and as my father's an Admiral I may get something out of it." Poor fellow, he was killed on his gun, fighting to the last when the square was broken at Tamai two days afterwards. Douglas Giles, who had been in a Native Cavalry Regiment in India, and had been on Valentine Baker's Staff, was one of our party, and was full of old wine, and when we ran the boat on to the beach and got out he thought he was in Piccadilly, and insisted that the red light on one of the steamers was the red light in Perkin's, the chemist's shop just below the Naval and Military Club, and said he wanted a pick-me-up, and waded up to his knees in the Red Sea to get one. He was a wonderful artist, and painted a large picture for my father, which was in the Royal Academy in 1887, of the Battle of Tamai. He also painted the cavalry advance on Kimberley, and no end of hunting and racing pictures, and had a big studio at Newmarket afterwards, and made a lot of money. He also had a studio in Tite Street, Chelsea.

March 11th

Very hot. Bathed in the Red Sea at 8 a.m. Started at 5.30 p.m. for Tamai. Commanded advance guard. It was very hard to keep the track through the bush. Got to the zeriba about 12 midnight.

March 12th

Only one pint of water served out for officers and men. It was all brought up on camels from Suakin and smelt horribly. Started at 8 a.m. with Keggie Slade and Colonel Ardagh to reconnoitre. When we had gone some 3 miles we got sight of the enemy's scouts on camels on a ridge to our left front. After we had advanced 6 miles I found myself with 20 men in a wide bushy plain in front of the enemy's position, and their scouts began firing at us from a small hill, so I sent 2 men round each side, and Sergeant Pitman, Hunter, and I galloped up to the top, and the enemy's scouts bolted off the far side. From the top we could see right to the foot of the hills, where Osman Digna was supposed to be. Colonel Ardagh, Keggie Slade, and Humphreys joined me. Just as we were thinking of going back out came the enemy in full force in two great columns with a lot of skirmishers. I should say there were over 5,000 of them. After this we withdrew and got back to the zeriba about 2 p.m., having done some 20 miles. As we got there we found all the infantry moving out with the intention of fighting that afternoon, so we only just had time to water the horses, and back we went again to where we had been in the morning. However, it was too late to fight that night, and after exchanging a few shots, the infantry bivouacked there for the night, and ourselves and the cavalry went back to the zeriba, and got there about 8.30 p.m., having done 40 miles since the morning. The horses only got one gallon of water each, and we and the men got about two pints each, and awful filth too.

March 13th

Up at 4 a.m. The infantry were still in their zeriba when we got up to them about 6.30 a.m. Was at once sent to the front by General Stewart to find out where the enemy were. At first I went to the left and down into the ravine, but as we were in danger of getting cut off we returned to the edge of the gully again, and got into action some 800 yards on the left front of the



LIEUTENANT P. S. MARLING, 60TH KING'S ROYAL RIFLES, WINNING THE VICTORIA CROSS
AT THE BATTLE OF TAMAI (EASTERN SUDAN), MARCH 13TH, 1881.

From the oil painting by Douglas Giles, exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1887.

square. I only had 20 men with me, and only about 14 of these were available for firing. The rest of the M.I. and all the 10th Hussars were in support. Daddy Paine was away on my left, and Humphreys sent up Freddy Thornton with 20 men to reinforce me. I sent back word to Brigadier-General Stewart to say the ravine was full of Fuzzie-wuzzies. The ravine was about 200 to 500 yards wide in places, 20 to 50 feet deep, and full of bushes. I thought there were some 6,000 Fuzzie-wuzzies, but the bush was so thick one could only guess. I went again to look over the edge of the ravine with Freddy Thornton and some 20 men dismounted. An Arab about 20 feet below us shoved up his long gun and shot Private Morley, M.I., who was about 3 feet from me, in the stomach, and about 2,000 niggers scrambled up the side of the ravine. I emptied my revolver into the brown of them.

My orderly brought up my horse and put Morley up in front of me, but after going with him a short way he fell off, I couldn't hold him on. I then got off and put him across my saddle, and held him on with another fellow, Hunter, a Rifleman and a right gallant fellow. Private Cliff, Sussex M.I., led the horse. We got him back about 200 yards to a place not quite so dangerous, and I went into the square to get a stretcher to put Morley on. There wasn't much peace or safety there. It had been broken by the Arabs, and was in an awful mess.

I remember seeing Colville who was wounded by a bullet in the thigh, shouting to some men, saying, "D——n it, men, don't run away from a lot of bare-backed savages." His boot was full of blood, and the next minute he collapsed fainting off his horse. I stood over him with my revolver till I could get a couple of Tommies to look after him. I saw the square was no place for me, and went off to my own men. (Private Morley died next day, poor fellow.)

What saved Davies' square was the dismounted fire of the Mounted Infantry and 10th Hussars, and especially of Buller's square, which came up nearly in line with Davies' square, and poured in such a hot fire that the Arabs with-

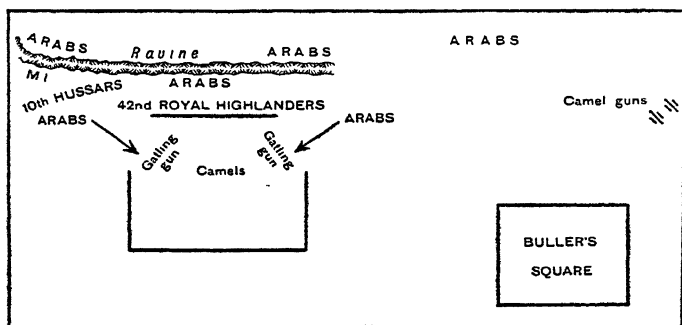
drew, though very sullenly, to the hills the other side of the nullah about 11.30 a.m.

I was told an extraordinary story, that General Graham had ordered the front face of the square (Black Watch) to charge. The Arabs also charged, and rushed in both sides of the front face in the gaps left each side, and killed nearly all the sailors with the Gatlings. I never heard that General Graham denied this. The sailors stuck to their guns right well. Poor Houston Stewart was actually killed on his machine gun. The Arabs then turned round on to the serrefile and rear-rank of the Black Watch, and with their two-handed swords and spears inflicted the most frightful wounds, mostly on their bare legs. The 42nd had over 100 killed and wounded, nearly all fearful cuts on their knees from two-handed swords. Poor old Stoutie Elliot was killed. All the niggers who got into the square were killed. I think they lost 1,200 or more. The Black Watch were *very* bitter about Graham, and who can blame them?

Herbert Stewart then sent me back across the ravine again. Men rather jumpy. There were a good few niggers still in the ravine; one jumped up out of a bush and rushed at a man who was dismounted. The man slewed his horse round between him and the nigger, who gave a tremendous cut at him with his two-handed sword and overbalanced himself, and they both fell under the horse. Another M.I. man, about 3 yards off, shot at the nigger but missed him, and hit his own pal in the shoulder. Another M.I. rushed up and bayoneted the nigger as they were fighting together under the horse's belly. I had my revolver out, but was afraid to fire for fear of hitting my own man.

Joe C-t-r, a right good fellow, who was a gunner subaltern and Bimbashi in the Egyptian Artillery, and in command of two small camel guns, was in action on the right of Buller's square, and shelling the enemy. When Davies' square was broken and Buller wanted to advance his own square, he sent an orderly to tell Joe C-t-r to cease fire. Off went the mounted orderly with the message,

and just as he got back to Buller "bang, bang" went Joe's two guns again. Buller d——d the orderly and sent his Brigade-Major, Jack St. Aubyn, in the Guards (afterwards Lord St. Levan), to tell him to stop at once and get his guns back on the right rear of his square out of the way. Off went Jack (who was rather deaf) at full gallop, delivered the message and returned, but the guns still continued firing. Buller, in a towering rage, then galloped off himself to Joe, who by this time, as the square kept advancing slowly, halting every now and then to fire volleys, was about 500 yards off, and said, "D——n you, why the hell don't you obey orders, you d——d idiot; will you stop firing?" Joe said, "Very sorry, sir, but the guns are loaded now, and must go off," and "bang, bang" they went again, right under Buller's nose. The General in a perfect fury called him several kinds of a fool, and galloped off, pursued by Joe shouting, "But I'm not really a fool, General, indeed I'm not."



When Graham's square was re-formed, I was sent out to reconnoitre across the big ravine. Just before we got to the edge of the ravine there was a large mimosa bush round which a sergeant of the Black Watch was crawling on his hands and knees, and I couldn't make out what he was doing. I shouted to him, but he paid no attention. His face had a lot of blood on it, and I thought he had gone off his head. On looking through the bush I saw a Fuzzie-

wuzzie also on his hands and knees. The bush was about 25 feet in diameter. The Fuzzie-wuzzie was very badly wounded, and was crawling round the bush after the sergeant, jabbing at his legs with his spear. I was fumbling at my holster to get out my revolver, when the native suddenly turned round and began to crawl the other way, and met the sergeant face to face, who hadn't observed that he had turned. The sergeant had his finger on the trigger of his rifle, pulled it, and blew the Fuzzie-wuzzie's head off.

Extract from report by Captain Humphreys, Mounted Infantry, on the action at Tamai, March 13th, 1884

"I would here mention a circumstance which afterwards came to my knowledge, and with regard to which I shall have the honour to make a special report. Just as the rebels made their attack, and when my men under Marling and Thornton were about to retire, Private Morley, of Lieutenant Thornton's Division, fell wounded by a bullet; the men were already running to their horses, and the rebels were close upon them, but Lieutenant Marling, who had seen Private Morley fall, went promptly to his assistance, and dismounting, with two men who also behaved most nobly (Privates Hunter, 3rd K.R.R., and Cliff, 1st R.S.), placed the wounded man on his (Marling's) horse, and succeeded in bringing him off out of the very midst of the savages to a place of safety, thus placing their own lives in the greatest peril."

March 14th

Started before 5 a.m. Most of the horses pretty beat by this time. We got up to the edge of the ravine about 6.30 a.m., and I was sent by General Stewart across the nullah to see that all the ground beyond it was clear, and then to go on and protect the infantry watering parties at the stream. It was rather jumpy work at first. For 2 or 3 miles beyond where the square was broken the dead and wounded enemy were lying in ones and two and threes under the bushes. I counted six under one bush. The men stood 50 yards off, and just wanged a volley into them, and went

on firing as long as they saw an arm or a leg move. One of our fellows gave a wounded Arab a drink out of his bottle, and the Arab tried to and did wound him slightly with his knife. We weren't taking any more risks. They were told by their mullahs (priests) that if they killed a hated Christian they would go to the 1,000 hours in Paradise. I joined Payne near the water, and sent a note to General Stewart saying where we were and what we had done. We watered our horses, and went on to find Osman Digna's big village.

I was leading Division, and after going $\frac{1}{2}$ mile over the most villainous ground, we came to it, and then I went on and found two more villages beyond. These we thoroughly looted, broke all the rifles, and set fire to every hut, and soon had a most glorious blaze. Meanwhile, Humphreys had fired the big village with all the powder, shells, etc., behind us, and we thought it time to clear out, which we did. There was the most terrific explosion from the powder and shells. It was rather a grand finale to the whole business, like Crystal Palace fireworks. I told Stewart what I had done, and he was very pleased and laughed, and said I was a most bloodthirsty young fellow.

I bagged Osman Digna's State chair, which I gave to my mother, and which has been in the ballroom at Stanley Park ever since. I sat in it the other day, and thought of old times.

Then we recrossed the ravine, and we (Cavalry and M.I.) got the welcome order to go right into Suakin independently. The horses were nearly mad with thirst. I was pretty beat, and oh! so dirty. Went straight to Sudreau's and had a bottle of beer. None of our kit had arrived, so we couldn't clean ourselves. Dined at Sudreau's, and had no end of a dinner.

Saturday, March 16th

Did two bathes in Red Sea.

Very jolly being back in Suakin. Everyone most kind, congratulating me on my good luck.

Sudreau was a most enterprising fellow, half Greek,

half Italian, and had chartered a boat at Suez, which he stocked full of liquor and stores, and put up a large marquee on the beach and started a restaurant. He must have made a small fortune, as in those days we were nearly always hungry and always thirsty.

Tuesday, March 18th

Started at 8 a.m. with 19th Hussars and 75th Gordon Highlanders. Took our tents and gear with us. A hot march of 14 miles to Handouk. Got in at 2 p.m. Only one small well. Water filthy, and black as ink. Built ourselves a zeriba at the foot of a hill.

Wednesday, March 19th

The Arab ponies (all stallions) we took over from the Egyptian Cavalry at Cairo on February 14th have stuck it well considering the weights they have to carry and the scarcity of water, and that some of the M.I. were not great riders. I saw three men fall off in the 35th before we got out of camp one day. General Stewart loved the M.I., and although a cavalry man himself, he always put us (M.I.) in front of the 10th and 19th Hussars; he said he liked our long rifles. In those days, except at close range, the cavalry shooting was rotten. Payne's Division or my Riflemen nearly always led. I never saw better fellows than our Riflemen; keen as mustard, they would follow me anywhere, a right good lot. Daddy Payne had a very good sergeant, Pitman, 75th Gordon Highlanders.

Last night there was an alarm about 2 a.m., and a lot of natives, men, women, and children, suddenly appeared from heaven knows where. They said (according to our interpreter) they had been marching for months from the interior of Africa, and wanted to go to Mecca. They said they belonged to a tribe, the name of which sounded like Cocoatina. One woman had a baby about 5 a.m. and walked in with it at 9 a.m. 14 miles to Suakin.

Our interpreter is an awful funk. The morning after the Battle of Tamai I was commanding the advance scouting party, and had him with me to interpret in case

we took any prisoners. He tried to leg it, and I tied his wrist up to one of my men, and had to threaten to shoot him if he ran away. He was one-third Gippy, one-third Greek, one third-God knows what.

The Mounted Infantry went on to Otao.

They gave us two more clasps to our Egyptian medal. One for "Suakim," and put the two battles El Teb and Tamai on the other clasp, although El Teb was fought on February 29th and Tamai on March 13th. The two places were 80 miles apart and after El Teb the whole force of 3,500 men had to be re-embarked at Trinkitat and disembarked at Suakin. Such a thing as putting two distinct battles on one clasp has never been done before. You might as well put Alma and Balaclava on one clasp.

Tuesday, March 20th

General Stewart sent me off with 22 Rifles (M.I.) to reconnoitre up a pass near Tamanib. Scrub and bush very thick. I saw a big Khoran (Pow) bustard, and got my Farrier's carbine and jumped off to shoot it. Just as I drew a bead on it at about 60 yards it moved off in the thick bush. I stalked it and got within 100 yards or so when the brute moved off again. I tried another stalk, and got within 150 yards, and was just going to take a pot shot when General Stewart and his Staff appeared over a slight rise 100 yards the other side of the bustard directly in line of fire and had a very narrow escape. Tableau. Lord, how they laughed to see the O.C. Advanced Guard on his knees drawing a bead on them. General Stewart is the best chap in the world. I said if I got a Pow I would send it him, but he said, "Send me half." These big bustard weigh 15 lb., I believe, or more. They stand 3 feet high. We went on with Stewart for about 8 or 10 miles, and had a bit of a fight, but only saw about 60 or 70 niggers.

Monday, March 24th

Great uncertainty as to what is to be done. The Liberal Government, as usual, will not make up their great

minds. There is a rumour we are to march across the desert from here to Berber, and I heard one Tommy say, "Gawd 'elp us, it'll be as 'ot as 'ell." We ought really to go right across by the desert route to help Gordon, but old Gladstone, they say, won't let us, or buy sufficient camels. As usual, the transport is not nearly sufficient. I don't really think there will be much fighting till we get to Berber. We have given them two good hidings. Osman Digna has had enough fighting for quite a time.

Wednesday, March 26th

Reconnoitred 10 or 12 miles towards Tamanib. About noon we found a lot of the enemy in very hilly rocky country. Mounted Infantry as usual in front. The niggers opened fire on us at once, about 12.30. Cavalry in support of M.I. The ground hopeless for mounted men. We eventually worked round both flanks, and the niggers retired slowly, disputing every rock and hillock. The infantry were miles behind. About 3.45 Stewart ordered us to retire to the zeriba. Horses (they are really only Arab ponies 14.1 or 14.2 hands high) have stuck it wonderfully well. They only got very little water this morning. These ponies are carrying from 17 to 18 stone.

Saturday, March 29th

Expeditionary Force being broken up. General Graham published a highly complimentary order, saying what fine fellows the M.I. and cavalry were.

To the Mounted Infantry

"The Cavalry Brigade being about to be broken up, the Brigadier-General takes the opportunity of sincerely thanking Captain Humphreys and every officer and man of the Mounted Infantry for their services while forming part of the Brigade. From a specially selected body of men much must always be expected, and the corps has more than fulfilled these expectations by its brilliant conduct throughout. Whilst their self-reliance and intelligence in the performance of their duties have always

been conspicuous, their behaviour has been exemplary.

"The Brigadier would hope, should it ever fall to his lot to enjoy another command, that such a body of men as those to whom he now wishes good-bye and every good fortune, may be at his disposal.

"Herbert Stewart."

10th Hussars embarked in *Jumna*. We bet they'd get off first.

Sunday, March 30th

No end of a farewell lunch and dinner. Dined with my C.O., dear old Colonel Ashburnham (Sir Cromer). Everyone most kind and congratulatory. The two men deserve the V.C., just as much or more than me. I hope they will get it. Everyone very festive and drank my health.

I was acting Quartermaster for the M.I., and had to hand over 4 camels, 2 revolvers, 2 cacolets (litters carried each side a camel for the wounded), and got a receipt for them from the Commissariat. Nearly a year afterwards, up the Nile, I got a letter from the War Office demanding payment for 4 camels, 2 revolvers, and 2 cacolets, to which I replied I knew nothing about them. The War Office then wrote out and said, "To show you had these things we enclose your receipt," which I promptly burnt, so they could do nothing. The correspondence went on for over a year, and then fizzled out, as I kept asking for my receipt, which of course they couldn't produce.

The War Office would always try and do the unfortunate officer out of anything if they could.

March 31st

Farewell lunch with sailors at Sudreau's Restaurant. At 3 p.m. Captain Mann, R.N., said he would take me off in his gig to our ship. We went down to the little wooden pier, and there was a beautiful man-of-war's gig, spotlessly clean, all ready for the skipper, with a White Ensign. Just then up turned Sir Cromer Ashburnham, my Colonel,

who said, "I've been made Governor of the Red Sea Littoral, and I'll take you off in my State barge, young fellow," and the other side of the pier was a dirty old tub rowed by two nearly naked niggers, with a draggled Gippy flag trailing in the water over the stern. The contrast was too ludicrous. Lord ! how Mann laughed, and all the sailormen in the gig grinned. Of course I had to go with my Colonel, and we were nearly upset before we got to my ship, as the old Chief would steer, and ran into the anchor chain of another ship. With difficulty we got alongside our hooker. The old man came aboard and had a drink, and so I bade him good-bye. He was always very kind to me.

We got back to Cairo about April 4th. It was extraordinary how cold it was going up the Red Sea. There was a tremendous wind, and it was much too cold to sleep on deck, even with a greatcoat on. I remember a naval lieutenant and myself were on watch together, and we had hot cocoa at 2 a.m. to warm us up.

When we got back to Cairo Daddy Payne started home on leave, and I was made Adjutant. There was to be a race meeting at the beginning of May, and Humphreys and I were very busy riding gallops on our respective studs. We had arranged to go down one morning and ride some training gallops on the racecourse at Ghezireh at 6 a.m.

The night before some of my kind friends had given me a dinner to celebrate my V.C., and I didn't get home till very late, and I overslept myself, and Humphreys went down by himself. He was riding a grey pony of Hallum Parr's, called John Peel. He took the pony over one of the jumps, which consisted of a thick mud wall about 3 feet high, with a palm tree stretched along the top. The pony hit the palm tree very hard and came down on his nose and knees. Humphreys came off over his shoulder on to the back of his head.

When I was sitting at breakfast at Abbassieh about 9 a.m. an orderly came galloping up to say that Humphreys had been killed. I got on a pony and galloped all the way from Abbassieh to Ghezireh as hard as I could, and found

poor Humphreys lying in a little tent on the racecourse opposite the stand. He was quite sensible, but complained that he had no feeling in his feet and not much in his hands. There was a doctor with him and a hospital orderly. I don't think he realised how bad he was, but he said he was afraid he wouldn't be able to ride at the meeting, and asked me to ride some of his ponies. I came back in the afternoon, and we got poor Humphreys on to a water-bed, and made him as comfortable as we could, and got two orderlies to look after him day and night, as it was impossible to move him. Poor chap, it was extraordinary that he lived for three days; the doctor told me he had broken his neck quite low down. We buried him in the cemetery at Cairo, and I marched all my Mounted Infantry down to the funeral.

It was a very sad ending to what I think would have been a brilliant career, as he had been promised a Brevet Majority and a C.B. for the wonderful work he did in the Suakin Campaign. We never quite found out whether he had any people. I remember his telling me one night that he was the son of a gamekeeper. He was a very good friend to me, and I was fearfully cut up at his death.

I need hardly say that the race meeting was cancelled.

At the end of June Curly Hutton, Brevet Major in the 60th Rifles (afterwards Lieut.-General Sir Edward Hutton, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.), came out to take over the command of the M.I., now raised to two companies with 100 men in each, and made me his Adjutant. He and his delightful wife have been good friends to me ever since.

In July there was a big parade of all the troops of the Army of Occupation in Egypt stationed in Cairo at 6 p.m. General Sir Frederick Stephenson, commanding the troops, presented me with the V.C., and I was given leave home about the middle of July.

A curious thing happened. About July 12th I gave a farewell dinner-party to twelve of my best friends at the Khedival Club, Cairo. In the afternoon a great pal of mine suddenly turned up on a week's leave from Assouan, where he had been on duty. I met him at

Shepherd's Hotel, and invited him to dinner, forgetting that he would make us thirteen. We sat down to dinner at 8 p.m., and Billy Taylor, in the 19th Hussars, who had been our Cavalry Brigade Major at Suakin, and who was very busy at the Egyptian War Office, came in just after we had sat down. Before the end of dinner a message came for him that he was urgently wanted at the War Office, and he had to get up and go and was the first to leave the table. Of the thirteen of us who sat down to dinner he was the only one who didn't go up the Nile in the Khartoum Expedition for the relief of General Gordon, and he died of typhoid in Cairo in November. Of the rest of the party four were wounded, either in the Desert or River Column.

To my great delight I got away home on leave July 15th. I was staying with my father and mother at Stanley House, when I was woke up about 1 a.m. after a big dinner-party by the butler saying that Stanley Mill was on fire. The mill was completely destroyed, and I got severely burnt trying to put it out, and cut my hand somewhat badly, and had my arm in a sling for a month. It was a mercy in disguise, as I hadn't been home three weeks before I was telegraphed for to go back to Egypt to rejoin the M.I., who were being raised to four companies all under Curly Hutton, and turned into a Camel Corps.

I left England on a P. & O. boat at the end of September.

CHAPTER V

THE NILE CAMPAIGN, 1884-1885

1884

Sunday, October 26th

Got into Wadi Halfa at 9.30 a.m. Found Curly Hutton¹ and the Mounted Infantry Camel Corps. In those days the railway only went as far as Assiut.

There was an extraordinary fellow called Stewart in charge of 30 men of the Gordon Highlanders in our Mounted Infantry Company. He was known far and wide by the nickname of Bimbash. He was the best looter I ever knew, and would have stolen the gold stopping out of his grandmother's back teeth. He boarded the post boat at Wadi Halfa, on which was Gough, the Second-in-Command of the Mounted Infantry, and stole a leg of mutton out of the pantry for our mess. Gough, hearing the cook's yells, went to his assistance, on which Bimbash promptly hit him on the head with the leg of mutton, not knowing he was the new Second-in-Command of the Mounted Infantry. When Bimbash left Cairo he had hardly any kit except what he stood up in. By the time he got to Assouan he had looted so much kit from his brother officers that he stole Bobby Bower's kit-bag to put the stolen kit into. He was absolutely undefeated.

I think it was in 1885, when we were all back in Cairo, that he made fierce love to old Nubar Pasha's daughter, quite a good-looking girl. Nubar, who was the Egyptian Prime Minister, demanded Bimbash's intentions, and what his means were. To which Bimbash replied: "I am an officer in the Gordon Highlanders; I have my good claymore, and a castle in Ayrshire." Needless to say,

¹ Curly Hutton was a great Rifleman, and the Father of the Mounted Infantry.

Nubar turned him down. He afterwards married Lady Elizabeth Romilly's daughter.

October 27th

Dined with Freddy (Lord Frederick) Fitzgerald on Buller's dahabieh. Al dinner with fizz. We start to-morrow.

We had a mounted parade, at first at a walk, and did fours, right and left and wheeling, and only about six men fell off. Then Curly Hutton sounded the trot, and in two minutes the air was thick with Tommies flying about at every angle. Twenty-three camels got loose and went off with their tails in the air, towards the setting sun, and we never got back five of them. Curly Hutton came off on his head.

October 28th

On duty. Started at 2 p.m. Hutton, Sewell, Pigott, Carden, Stanniel, Snow, and self, with about 50 men. We got to Smith's camp about 7 p.m. Bivouacked near some rocks. Poor Hutton got knocked up by the sun. Very cold at night. Did 12 miles.

November 6th

Rouse at 4 a.m. Started at 5.30 a.m. This early rising is getting monotonous. By 9 a.m. Carden and I had shot four and a half brace of sand grouse. Only did 7 miles to a place called Absarat, where we camped about 9 a.m. for the day to rest the camels. Shaved off my four days' beard, and got my hair clipped quite close like a convict. Bathed and cleaned myself up thoroughly. One of my only slippers slid off a rock into the Nile, but I thought of the crocodiles, and didn't go in to get it.

November 10th

Arrived opposite Dongola at 9.30 a.m. Had to wait 2 hours for the boats, and then only four came. Had the most fearful job to get the camels in. Got six in my boat (one on his back, where he remained). The Nile is about 1,200 yards wide here. Got a very bad cold.

November 12th

Didn't go on parade. Cold no better. The War Office are a weird lot. They have sent us out two farrier sergeants and two shoeing smiths to shoe the camels !!! and two rough-riding sergeants from the cavalry to teach us how to ride camels. One of them told me he had never seen a camel, not even in the Zoo, till he got to Egypt.

November 17th

Gymkhana meeting at 4 p.m. I rode Moses in two pony races, and got third each time, the last time out of a field of twenty-two. In the camel race my camel bolted off the course with me nearly into the Nile. There were three pony races, one camel race for officers, one men's camel race, and one three-legged race for men. Altogether a jolly afternoon.

November 25th

Such a hustle all the morning. Up at 5 a.m. Struck tents at 9, and then one sat about on one's hunkers all day in the sun till 4.30 p.m. Paraded at 4.45 p.m. Wolseley was there to see us off with all the staff and General Earle. Marched till 11 p.m., when the moon went down. Did 18 miles. I was so tired I fell asleep on my camel. Lay down on my sheep-skin and saddle cover, put on my greatcoat, and fell fast asleep till 5.30 a.m.

November 26th

Passed Handak about 5 p.m. and halted 4 miles beyond in a lovely grove of palms on the banks of the Nile. It was just like the Healtheries on a Wednesday night, only without any little darlings. Bivouacked again. Did about 30 miles.

November 27th

All day getting tents pitched and camps formed. Daddy Payne and I are in a mountain tent together. Wolseley has ordered us to send all our ponies back. Sir Herbert Stewart is going to take Moses on for me.

November 28th

Had a real good sleep last night. This place is called

Shabadood. The M.I. Camel Corps were inspected, and marched past Lord Wolseley to the tune of "The Campbells (Camels) are Coming." When we went by at a trot about ten men fell off. Wolseley ordered all our spurs to be taken off. Being M.I., and thinking no small beer of ourselves, we wore the largest possible spurs. There was nearly a mutiny at the order. Fancy wearing spurs on a camel !!

December 11th

Marched till 11 a.m., when we encamped on the bank of the Nile in a grove of trees near a little village called Galudieh. Did 18 miles. To bed almost by daylight.

December 12th

Did 21 miles.

December 13th

Marched 20 miles to Debbah.

December 14th

Reveille at 4 a.m. Marched 19 miles.

Arrived at Korti on 15th.

When the Light Cavalry Corps were marching across one of the bends of the Nile they started at 6 a.m. one morning and were to bivouac half-way. They were carrying their water supply in mussocks behind their saddles on their camels. They started again next morning, expecting to reach the Nile again that night, but the guide they had with them lost the way. They had run out of water, and the men got it into their heads that the guide had betrayed them, and they got up in the night and cut his head off. This story was told me, both by Eustace Knox, who was afterwards Adjutant of the 18th Hussars, and also by Brabazon, in the 10th Hussars. After considerable wanderings they eventually reached the Nile, having been nearly thirty hours without water.

December 20th

Sewell, the Adjutant, came to tell me I had to hold myself in readiness to start down the river with 2 men of

the M.I. and 4 Bashibazouks to bring up a Nugger (boat) full of ammunition. We have hardly any here. Off at 2.15 p.m. with Riflemen Gaffin and Blackman and an interpreter. Trotted to Ambukol, where the Hashif (headman) was away, and after some bother got hold of four skalliways on camels. Went on 5 miles, and halted on the bank for the night. Wrapped myself in my cloak on the sand, and although I tried to keep awake soon fell asleep. The interpreter woke me about 1 a.m. in a horrid funk, and said the Bashibazouks were arguing as to whether they should knock us on the head and go over to the Mahdi with our arms and camels, or whether it would pay them better to stick to us. I didn't go to sleep any more that night.

Sunday, December 21st

Had a long hot march to Abdum, where I found the Heavies encamped. Binning was with them. They were no end hospitable, and gave me a first-rate feed, with whisky and a cigar afterwards, an unheard-of luxury. Sat next the Duke of Beaufort's son, Podge Somerset. Did about 30 miles along the bank. Saw three buck, and missed one at 120 yards.

Monday, December 22nd

Got into Debbeh at 5 p.m., having done 35 miles. Found that the ammunition had been sent up in a steamer. Telegraphed to Gough to tell him that I should start back to-morrow. Slept in a tent belonging to Galwey, a doctor, the first time for two weeks I've slept under cover of any kind. Galwey (afterwards Sir Thomas Galwey, P.M.O. to Egyptian Army and also in India under Lord Kitchener), a right good fellow, both as doctor and sportsman. He once owned a horse that ran fourth for the National.

Wednesday, December 24th

Got back to Korti by half-past eleven, having done 120 miles in three and a half days.

December 25th, Christmas Day

Slept in the open as usual last night. Went to church parade at 7.15 a.m. Wolseley, Buller, and everyone there. At present we have the Camel Corps, M.I., 2½ squadrons 19th Hussars, 38th Regiment, most of 35th Regiment, one company of Sappers, besides A.M.C. and Commissariat.

Dinner at 6, whisky and a plum pudding stuffed with dates. After dinner there was a big camp fire, the best I've ever seen. A trooper in the Blues made a ripping stump speech.

December 26th

Brigade parade at 6 a.m.

Monday, December 29th

At last we have got our orders, and are to go to Gakdul, 101 miles from here, on the desert route to Shendi. They have taken away every spare camel we have, and there is only just one per man.

Tuesday, December 30th

We are not allowed a single spare baggage camel. We take seven days' rations for men and five days for the camels, all of which we carry on our own camels, besides our supply of water for four days in mussocks (goat-skins). Marched till 7 p.m., when we halted for one and a half hours, and then on again all night till 9 a.m. Wednesday morning. We only watered our camels every other day before we started.

Wednesday, December 31st

Officers and men had *one pint* each of water served out to them. It was measured out like liquid gold. Also one pint for their dinners at 1.30. Marched again till 6.30 p.m. Tea and halted till 8, and then on again till 1.30 a.m., when we reached the wells at Hamboki. Very little water in the wells, and even that pretty brackish.

Friday, January 2nd

We got to the entrance of Gakdul ravine about 5.30 a.m., and halted till it was light half an hour. We had to dis-

mount and walk, the ground was so bad. Heaps of water. Three big cavities in the rocks. Rocks 253 feet high. The cavities where the water lay were about 20 feet in diameter, one above the other.

Started back at 7.30 p.m. We are leading back the Guards' camels to bring the 35th back on. Each of my men had to lead two camels, besides riding his own. We have not nearly camels enough. This comes of Gladstone's vacillating policy. We ought to have had enough camels to make a dash straight on to Matemmeh and then to Khartoum. No news from Gordon. This expedition should have started from Korti the middle of November. The Nile is getting lower every day. Soon no steamer will be able to get up.

January

The Greek traders were extraordinarily pushing fellows. They'd sell you anything from a tin of sardines or a pot of jam to bootlaces and cigarettes, at a price, and take any risk to make money. Two of them started to go to Khartoum with twelve camel-loads of stores, timing themselves to reach Khartoum about the same time as we did. Of course the Mahdi bagged the lot, and cut a right hand and a left foot off each of them.

Saturday, January 3rd

We had a sleep from 11 p.m. till 2 a.m. A most lovely night, quite the pleasantest we've had yet, but bitterly cold. Off at 2.30 a.m. Stopped at Howeiwat at 2 a.m. next day. Slept till 5.30 a.m. We lie out every night, just like animals, in the open. The only preparation we made was to scratch a hole in the sand to fit one's hip and thigh into.

Sunday, January 4th

Off at 6 a.m. till 10.30 a.m., when we breakfasted and left C Company under Dick Fetherstonhaugh. Everyone in good spirits at thoughts of getting back to Korti and plenty of water and a wash. We had to take on a

lot of camels from C Company, so my men are now leading three besides their own.

January 5th

Have run out of nearly all our rations. The camels have nothing left at all. Got back to Korti at 2 p.m. Wolseley came out to meet us, and told Gough that we were the finest lot of men he'd ever seen, and could march from one end of Africa to the other. What with watering and stables didn't get up to one's tent till 5.30 p.m. Lord Frederick Fitzgerald came to ask me to dine with Buller. Had a good tub and such a feed. Fizz *ad lib.* and about seven courses. Gough dined there too. To bed at 9.30, and had such a sleep, the first for seven days.

January 8th

Started from Korti at 1 p.m. The camels kept breaking down. I don't think they will stick it, they are already losing condition, and consequently getting fearfully sore backs ; some of them have holes you can put your fist into.

Sunday, January 11th

Camels breaking down in all directions, and the native drivers falling down and shrieking for water. Got to Abu Halfa wells at 4.30 p.m. Not too much water and full of sand.

Monday, January 12th

Marched at 5.30 a.m. and got back to Gakdul wells at 11 a.m., some 12 miles. The Guards have worked like blazes since we left here, and have made water-troughs and roads and all sorts of games.

Tuesday, January 13th

Had a talk with General Stewart in the evening. He says we shall be at Matemmeh Sunday. Hope we shall have a fight there. It's about time we had some excitement. We very soon had all the excitement we wanted and a good bit more.

Wednesday, January 14th

Watered camels at 7.45 a.m. They have only 9 lb. dhurra to take them to Shendy, 76 miles, in about four days. We started about 2 p.m., and did nearly 10 miles, and bivouacked.

Thursday, January 15th

Very hot. Did about 23 miles. Halted at dusk. The Naval Brigade Camel Corps were very funny. One day I was talking to Charlie Beresford (Lord Charles) during a halt on the march. His bosun came up and reported to him, "I've caulked all them sick camel seams, sir." I said, "What on earth does he mean?" "Oh," he said, "he's been stuffing oakum and tar into the camels' sore backs."

Friday, January 16th

Did about 17 miles to within 5 miles of Abouklea, where we saw no end of Arabs with flags of every colour under the sun—white, green, red, etc. We saw them about 2 p.m. We built a zereba and A Company were in a small fort made of biscuit boxes and bully-beef tins on the left flank of the zereba. Morse was on a hill with 50 men on our left front. We were fired at all night from the hills on our right. There were four alarms and we had to stand to our arms. Their infernal tom-toms kept beating all night. No fires were allowed to be lit after dark. Three men, some horses, and several camels were hit.

Our camels are getting fearful sores on their humps. I could put my fist into some of the holes, and they get full of the most loathsome maggots. We rode in big wooden saddles covered with red leather, and had stirrups. The saddles weighed 30 lb. As the camels lost condition from hard work, insufficient food, and very little water, their humps got smaller and smaller, and the saddles didn't fit. From 7.45 a.m. January 14th to 4 p.m. January 20th our camels never got a drop of water, and only 9 lb. of dhurra. No wonder they got thin, poor devils. My own poor camel, on which I must have ridden

well over 1,000 miles, did some 200 miles after it was wounded.

January 17th

We stood to our arms at 3.30 a.m. till it was light. Had some breakfast, which we had to leave in the middle, and form up in front of the zereba about 7.30 a.m. There was a pretty heavy fire and several men were hit, poor Gough, our C.O., by a spent bullet in the head. Barrow commands the M.I. now. The square formed up and we advanced about 3 miles under a brisk fire from front and right. Sent out skirmishers to front and flanks. My company, A, and half B, with the Guards formed the front face; C and D Companies and the Heavies the left. I'm certain it is a fatal mistake having detachments from about forty different regiments (especially cavalry totally unused to the long rifle) to form a square. The guns, baggage, and camels, etc., were in the centre. Norton, who commanded the gunners, fired about six rounds per gun at 2,000 yards range, and made very good practice. I distinctly saw several shells pitch right into the niggers, and we saw most of them, as we thought, trekking away to the hills on the left. Phipps, 7th Hussars, who commanded our skirmishers with Johnny Campbell, sent in Martyr to say that they had all gone. We saw their flags left, as we thought, sticking in the ground by themselves. I was close to Herbert Stewart and he said, "There's old Phippy, he'll have some of those flags in a minute." Suddenly we saw the flags begin to move, and a dense column of some 4,000 niggers, who had been concealed in a deep gully about 800 yards to our left front, advanced rapidly towards us. We in the square shouted to the skirmishers to lie down and we would fire over them, as if anyone would lie down with 4,000 — Fuzzy-wuzzies prancing behind them with 6-foot spears. Old Johnny Campbell shouted, "No, no, run like hell," and he was quite right too.

The skirmishers came running in, and only got into the square about 250 yards in front of the enemy, preventing



LIEUTENANT P. S. MARLING, V.C., AT THE BATTLE OF ABUKLEA,
JANUARY 17TH, 1885.

Bayuda Desert, Sudan, Gordon Relief Expedition to Khartoum.

us firing till the niggers were comparatively close. These Arabs could run as fast as a pony could gallop. They came right on, but were met by such a fire that they turned to the left rear corner, where the Heavies were. These gave way, and the niggers broke that corner and came right through the camels on to the rear of our face of the square (the front one). We turned our rear rank round, and the men were fighting back to back, but it was touch and go. Every nigger who got inside was killed. The poor old camels saved us to a great extent. We lost 9 officers and 66 men killed, and 105 wounded. The square was broken and knocked sideways. The sight and smell were horrible, burning flesh, and dead and dying men, camels, and horses. Burnaby, who was riding my pony Moses, was killed, and poor Moses stabbed and cut to pieces. I cut a bit off his poor old tail as a memento. When the fight was over I found my left sleeve was drenched in blood from the shoulder to the wrist, whose blood I don't know. Dixon of the Royals was wounded. Bound up his knee with my only spare handkerchief. Old Saich, my servant, shot 3 niggers with my scatter-gun. We re-formed the square and marched on, and the 19th Hussars were sent out to find the wells, and I was sent in command of skirmishers to cover the front of the square. I thought we should never find the wells; they were 4 miles from where we fought—4 such miles! At 5 p.m. a lot of us went back to the zereba to bring up all camels, stores, and men left there. Everyone dead beat, and the most awful confusion. A bitter cold night. All night long we were loading up camels.

Lord St. Vincent was Adjutant of the Heavy Cavalry Camel Corps. He was badly shot in the square early in the fight, and was hoisted into a cacolet (litter) one side of a camel, and a wounded corporal-major in the Blues was put in a cacolet on the other side. When the Arabs broke into the left rear face of the square through the Heavies they stabbed the camel, which fell down on St. Vincent, and this no doubt saved his life for the time

(he died at Abouklea wells seven days later); the Arabs stabbed the wounded corporal-major to death, as he was on the top side of the camel. St. Vincent told me one Arab put his foot in his mouth as he lay under the camel with only his face sticking out.

Sunday, January 18th

At the zereba.

Reveille at 3 a.m. Each man had to lead 4 camels. The convoy was a mile long, with a rearguard of only 14 men and an advance one of the same. We were all rather jumpy. If we had been attacked by 200 niggers it would have been all U.P. At last we got back to the Abouklea wells. Breakfast and half an hour's sleep. Started at 3 p.m. and marched all night.

Monday, January 19th

Last night was one of the worst I ever spent. We came through the most frightful scrub, and there was the utmost confusion. If there had been an attack, not one of us would have got off. The column was nearly 2 miles long, and the baggage camels, Guards, M.I., guns, Heavies, Marines, and sailors were all mixed up together. I could *not* keep awake, and kept falling asleep on my camel, besides utterly losing both myself and the company twice. I should think we lost 40 or 50 camels. We had a robber called Aligoba as guide. Halted at 9 a.m.

The enemy was discovered in force $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in front. A Company was sent to the left front to try and find out what was going on; the 19th Hussars were out as well, but their horses were dead beat.

We stayed out about an hour, and when we got back to the main body we found that all the camels were tied down in a circle, and a laager made with the saddles and boxes round them. The niggers began shooting at us about 9.30 a.m. Payne, Stewart, and I had a little bully and biscuit to eat, and then I was so dead tired that I fell asleep in spite of the firing. My camel was hit when I was lying behind it. When

I woke up about 11.30 there was a tremendous hot fire, and men were being hit all round. Lance-Corporal Thorward, of my Division, was hit in the back whilst I was speaking to him hardly a yard off; Wareham badly wounded in the head; Winter in the face; all close to me. Poor Sir Herbert Stewart was hit in the groin badly about 12 noon. I went up to see him, and he shook hands and wished me luck, but clearly thought it was all U.P.

About 1 p.m. A Company got the order to go out and keep down the enemy's fire on our left, which was annoying us very much, so out we went, and one of our men was hit at once. We nearly silenced their fire, but when we went back it was as bad as ever. At last, as the enemy did not seem likely to attack us where we were, about 2 p.m. we got the welcome order to move out. As the square formed up the fire was hotter than ever. Off we moved. It was just like a forlorn hope; we went slow march, Boscawen of the Guards (afterwards Lord Falmouth) commanded us. We moved slowly, oh, so slowly, first to the right and then to the left, all this time under a heavy fire. The men were falling fast. A bullet came right between Stewart and me, and killed a Marine 2 yards behind us. About 1,200 yards all round our front we could see clouds of the enemy.

Things were getting desperate; it was now past four, and in two hours we had only advanced about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The camels in the square impeded us very much. The men behaved A1. At last, about 4.30 p.m., there was a shout of relief, "Here they come," and down came two columns, one straight for the left face, where my company was, and the other for the left front, where the Marines and Guards were. I could have shouted for joy when I saw them coming on; it was the only thing that could save us, as we were bound to have water that night.¹ Down they came with their flags flying, but they never got within 50 yards of the square, we gave them such a reception. By Jove, the men did buck up. If only Buller had been with us. Now that poor Stewart is wounded there is no head.

¹ There wasn't a pint per man left.

Sir Charles Wilson is rather an old woman who doesn't know anything about drill, and funks the responsibility, and Boscawen, though an awfully good chap personally, has not much experience. Actually, when the enemy was beaten off and the enemy's cavalry was still threatening our rear, he was going to march away the front face of the square to water, although the river was 3 miles off and for all that we knew, the enemy might be between us and it. Gough used such language about it, and Johnny Campbell went to Wilson and expostulated, and it was stopped, though not before the front face had got 100 yards from the rest of the square. The joke of the whole thing is that everyone gives their opinion and advice in the freest manner, from the junior subaltern upwards, and the man who gets Wilson's or Boscawen's ear last, his advice is followed.

We marched on for another mile and got to the top of a ridge. By this time it was quite dark, except for a very small crescent moon, the second night of it, and there below us we saw the Nile shining. I shall never forget it as long as I live. I had such a drink. Everyone was thoroughly exhausted, and after eating a bit of bully and biscuit I lay down just as I was and fell fast asleep. Saich had brought me a greatcoat, but I lent it to the wounded; they were in the most dreadful plight. We had to leave all our dead on the field. About 2 a.m. there was an alarm, and I awoke bitterly cold, my teeth chattering so that I could hardly speak. We stood to our arms for half an hour, and then Sewell like a brick lent me a blanket, under which three of us, Stewart, Payne, and self, got and lay as close together as possible. I was in the middle of the three and so kept warmest. The other two were trying to pull the blanket off one another half the time.

January 19th

Cameron, the correspondent of the *Standard*, was killed about 10 a.m., as he was opening a tin of sardines.

Sankey Herbert was shot through the head dead about 1 p.m. Bennet Burleigh, the celebrated War Correspondent

of the *Daily Telegraph*, and I buried him about 2.30 p.m., at least we got two Tommies to scratch a shallow hole in the sand and covered him up. He had on a pair of new brown field boots, which he got up by the last post before we left Korti. Bennet Burleigh wanted to take these boots, as his own were worn out, and he said it was a sin to waste a good pair of boots on a dead man. I, being young and more squeamish in those days, protested, and said, "D——n it, Burleigh, you can't take the boots off poor old Sankey," and so we buried him. Next day, when we came back from Matemmeh to pick up the wounded, and stores, and camels, I passed the spot where we had buried Sankey, and there were his poor old feet in a pair of Tommy's grey socks sticking out of the sand. When I saw Burleigh about two hours afterwards he had on a new pair of field boots which, however, were too tight for his fat calves, and he had slit them up behind. Both officers' and men's boots were getting in a very bad state. I don't think there were a dozen spare pairs of boots in the whole column.

Charlie Crutchley, afterwards Major-General Sir Charles Crutchley, was very badly wounded in the thigh.

January 20th

Woke nearly frozen about 5 a.m. and stood to our arms. It's cruel hard luck on poor Sir Herbert Stewart; no better officer ever stepped. He is a fearful loss, as now he is wounded and Burnaby killed we have no real boss, although Boscawen is a right gallant fellow and really did A.1 yesterday in a very difficult position. We are now run by a Committee—Wilson, Boscawen, two Barrows, Charlie Beresford, and David Airlie.

Started at 6.30 a.m. and occupied a village on high ground overlooking the Nile. We had the wounded brought up there. From there we could just see the zereba, about 3 miles off, but whether occupied by our men or niggers we could not tell. It was a very anxious time. We started for them about 9.30 a.m., and had a good deal of shooting at the niggers on the way. They showed in

large numbers above Matemmeh. We got to the zereba about twelve noon. The poor fellows gave us such a cheer. It had been a terrible night for them. Got all the camels loaded up, and started back at 3.15 p.m. in square with the General and Crutchley in stretchers in the centre, and the camels on our right rear; each soldier leading 12, and the camel boys about 20.

Someone who had been over the field reported that our dead had been stripped naked of everything but their socks, and mutilated.

We took the camels down to water at once. I never saw such a scene. The curious part of it is they were more hungry than thirsty. Poor beggars, they were over seven days without water and four without food. All the 19th Hussars' horses were fifty-six hours, and 20 of them seventy-two hours without a single drop of water. Beech, their vet., told me himself. The 19th under Barrow were a fine corps. Had my first square meal for four days—bacon, bully, jam, brandy, tea, and biscuits. Also had a wash, and took off my boots, the first of either since Gakdul. Those infernal tom-toms went all night. The Guards Camel Corps were a very fine lot, and did right well.

Wednesday, January 21st

Paraded in the dark at 5 a.m. to go and attack Matemmeh, some 4 miles off. We passed through two small villages on the way, and found ourselves on a long level flat to the right front of the town near the river. We advanced to about 1,000 yards, and could see a lot of flags in front, and thought they were going to make another rush. We went on a little so as to get between the town and the river. We were in square, and they opened a smart fire on us, and we discovered that the walls were loopholed. We fired some common shell into the town, but we are very short of it, and only have three small seven-pounder screw-guns that go on camels. Suddenly "fizz" went a shell just over the square, to our intense surprise, and then a second that pitched short,

and a third that fell right into our midst, striking a camel, but fortunately doing no further damage. Just as we were debating what we should do four steamers appeared on our right rear, and proved to have come from Gordon. Nothing could have been more opportune, as we were having a very nasty time of it. They landed some native troops and four guns, and commenced shelling the town.

Nothing could have been more disgraceful than the dispositions made for the attack. We were actually marched up in square to within 800 yards of a loopholed town with guns, and kept paraded in front of it without advancing for over three hours, and when we were retired we did so two-deep from the flank, presenting to the enemy the largest target possible. I wish to goodness Buller was up here. After shelling the town some more we finally retired about 2 p.m. with a loss of 1 sergeant killed and 1 officer and 1 man wounded. I think the niggers are short of ammunition. Poor Poe (afterwards Sir William Hutcheson Poe, a right gallant fellow—he would wear a red coat), the Major commanding the Marines' Camel Corps, was badly wounded in the thigh. Charlie Townshend (afterwards Major-General Sir Charles Townshend, K.C.B., the hero of Kut) was his subaltern. We really went out to take Matemmeh, but after our failure to do so the Staff called it a reconnaissance in force !

Friday, January 23rd

Felt very seedy, and by noon was so bad with frightful pains in my tummy that I had to lie down. A and B Companies started back at dusk with 600 baggage camels to bring up provisions, etc., from Gakdul, but Robertson, our doctor, said I was not to go. I had such pains that sometimes I could hardly stand upright. The doctor said I probably had a lot of sand and mud in my interior from the bad water.

Saturday, January 24th

Very seedy all day. Hardly stirred out of my straw shelter. Sir Charles Wilson started with two steamers for

Khartoum. He had with him Wortley, Trafford, and 20 men of the Sussex Regiment in red coats and 230 of Gordon's troops.

Charlie Beresford was very angry with Wilson, and said he could not get him to make up his mind about anything, and that he ought to have started off for Khartoum to relieve General Gordon on January 22nd. Wilson did not actually start till about 8.30 a.m. on January 24th.

Monday, January 26th

Much better. The authorities want me to take charge of the smallest of Gordon's steamers and 150 of his skalli-wag troops. Hard at work all day getting dhurra over from the island. I am living with Dick Fetherstonhaugh and the Rifle Company at present. Archie Miles's arm is rather bad. Snow's leg is bad too. Poor Poe has had his leg taken off, also Crutchley. Sir Herbert is better, in fact we hope out of danger. He is on my steamer. Stanniel (21st Fusiliers) had sunstroke.

The names of Gordon's four steamers were : *Bordein*, *Tewfikieh*, *Talahawiyeh*, and *El Safieh*.

The Admiral, Kashm el Mus Pasha, was on the *Tewfikieh*, a splendid old fellow.

Why I was selected to command the *Safieh* I know not ; perhaps the Staff thought as I had been riding one of the ships of the desert for several months I could command any other kind of ship. A more disreputable craft I have never seen. I was given 8 Mounted Infantry Riflemen and a farrier-sergeant as crew. The latter I made boat-swain. In addition I found on board a Turkish captain, 1 Sudanese gunner, 1 native carpenter, and 10 black crew with their wives and a dozen children. If you put eight men one side and six the other the boat heeled over in the most alarming manner. The funnel was riddled with bullets like the top of a pepper-pot, and the sides were boarded 4 feet above the deck with rough planks with loopholes cut in them. The engine was a mass of scrap-iron, and the powder for the only gun was piled up loose against the engine-room wall with the fuses lying about on

it. The gun itself was tied to a wooden block on deck with bits of wire and rope. Its bore was about 2 inches, and there were no sights. I only fired it once, and that was January 27th, when I was ordered to go down the Nile and assist at a very mild attempt to attack Matemmeh from the land by bombarding it with my gun from the Nile. We cocked the gun's nose in the air as far as possible in order to make it carry the distance, and loaded it to the muzzle with powder and old iron, stones, and bits of wire. I bravely stood as far as possible away, and gave the order to fire. There was a deafening report, and the gun broke loose from its moorings and disappeared over the side into the Nile, and two men fell overboard, and nearly got eaten by a crocodile before we hauled them on board again.

Charlie Crutchley was the adjutant of the Guards' Camel Corps in the Gordon Relief Expedition to Khartoum 1884-1885. He was one of the most delightful and cheery persons, and a very smart officer.

After he was wounded at El Gubat, he lay out all that day with bullets constantly flying over and past him. He was left with a guard in the zereba when the rest of us went to fight our way down to the Nile to get water. Next morning we came back, and he was carried in a stretcher down to the river some 4 or 5 miles. There his leg was amputated high up above the knee. In about ten days he was put in a stretcher with a relay of native carriers and taken back nearly 200 miles across the desert to Korti. Five miles out from Matemmeh the escort of some 300 men was attacked by nearly 1,000 Fuzzie-wuzzies, and the head of his stretcher was shot away from under him, and twice during the journey in the night the carriers dropped him going over rough ground. The heat and flies by day and the cold by night were most trying, and there were hardly any medical comforts. On arriving at Korti a fresh operation had to be performed, as the constant going backwards and forwards on the stretcher had worn the bone two inches through the flap of flesh. Nothing but his pluck pulled him through. When his

wound was more or less healed he was put in a small steamer to be taken down to Cairo. The steamer ran on the rocks and he was thrown like a sack of potatoes into a small boat and landed on a sandbank. Eventually, after many weeks, he reached Cairo and then England. The next time I saw him he was as cheery as ever in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot.

Tuesday, January 27th

Our provisions are running very short here. I don't think we have got eight days' left.

Sunday, February 1st

This morning Stuart Wortley appeared with the worst of news. It appears from his account that they reached Khartoum in the steamers, and found it in possession of the Mahdi, but could not find out whether Gordon was alive or not. They were received with such a fire they had to retreat, and on their return both steamers were wrecked, one at the bottom of the cataracts. Sir Charles Wilson and Trafford, with the 20 Sussex men and 250 Gordon's troops, were on an island about 35 miles from here, Wortley himself having got down in the dark in a small boat. From what we can gather some Bey opened the gates of Khartoum treacherously by night and let in the Mahdi's men. There is a rumour that Gordon is still alive with a few troops in the R.C. Church. Poor old fellow, it will be very hard if he is bowled out with help so near at hand.

The two steamers are an irreparable loss to us, and the "committee" here are at their wits' end. At dusk we sent back a convoy of 1,000 camels with most of the sick and wounded; the latter, poor fellows, will have an awful time of it in litters on camels. C and D Companies M.I. went with them, also some Guards and Heavies, to the number of about 350.

Charlie Beresford started at 2 p.m. with one of our remaining steamers to bring Wilson and the rest down Bobby Bower and 16 of my men and some more of A

Company went with him, also 2 Gardner guns, and 45 sailors.

Monday, February 2nd

Felt awfully down on one's luck last night about poor old Gordon, and the whole business. I do wish Buller was up.

Tuesday, February 3rd

Went on my steamer 6 miles up the Nile. Heard heavy firing up-river about 8 a.m., probably Beresford. Bought forty scatter-gun cartridges from Kincaid Smith at 1s. apiece. He keeps saying he wants to go home, and that none of us will ever get back.

Wednesday, February 4th

Charlie Beresford came back about 6 p.m., having got everyone, including Wilson, safely off—a fine performance. They had a warmish time by all accounts. They got 34 miles up the river and found the enemy in a fort with guns on the left bank, about a mile below the island where Wilson, etc., were. The enemy put a shell through their boiler which blew up and scalded several men. They had to anchor about 500 yards off the fort, and were blazing away all day. The Gardners (2) fired 5,000 rounds, and each of my men 250. One sailor was killed, and 1 R.N. officer, Vanconet, wounded, besides about 20 of Gordon's natives. We kept up such a fire that they could not run the gun up into the embrasure to fire it. Got the boiler mended by 7 a.m. next day, started back, and got here by dusk.

Friday, February 6th

Shot $4\frac{1}{2}$ brace of birds in a little over an hour: 1 duck (lost 2 in river), 3 teal, 4 large stone plovers, 1 snipe.

Tuesday, February 10th

A messenger has just come in to say that the Mahdi's army is advancing on both banks. Reconnoitred the

Khartoum end of the island. Brought over 100 men of the Sussex in the afternoon. They are to remain on the island.

Wednesday, February 11th

Went up the river some 8 miles in my steamer with Verner and Poore to meet a spy who had got some news. Landed on the right bank near a village. The spy came all right, also an old woman, sinfully ugly. On our way down we landed near another village. I went to loot some water-melons and nearly got potted for my pains. I had a couple of shots and shot one Arab. Got back about 3 p.m., and found the convoy had arrived. Also Buller, thank goodness, and six companies of the Royal Irish. They had *marched* the whole way from Korti, 190 miles in eleven days, a very fine performance. The general idea is we shall go back almost at once.

Thursday, February 12th

Hard at work most of the day getting Gordon's niggers over from the island. All except 100 fighting Bashi-bazouks are to be sent back to-night to Korti, also a convoy of wounded. Took my scatter-gun and got a couple of shots on the island and bagged $1\frac{1}{2}$ brace of a kind of teal.

Friday, February 13th

A convoy of sick and wounded went out early this morning, the General and Crutchley went with them. About 1 p.m. two orderlies of the 19th came galloping in to say the convoy had been attacked. One troop of Hussars and two companies of the 18th sent out to help them. About 3 p.m. Bobby and Charlie Grenfell arrived to say the convoy had got on all right and beaten off the niggers. Our loss was 1 marine and 1 native killed and 6 men wounded. In the middle of the fight the Light Camel Corps appeared, and we poured a volley into them, fortunately hitting no one. The Lights then went back to Abouklea.

About 5 p.m. we took the principal machinery out of my steamer and the other one and sank them. We also destroyed all the stores we could not carry with us. I was

on fatigue at it nearly all night, throwing things into the Nile, amongst them 12,000 lb. of bully beef, no end of flour, also five boxes of rockets and heaps of other things. The whole beach looked as though there had been a shipwreck, it was so strewn with broken boxes. Also broke up and threw into Nile 150 saddles. Nile falling fast.

Saturday, February 14th

Got off very well about 6.30 a.m. We marched about 10 miles and never fired a shot. We certainly expected to have to fight. We all marched, four men's kit on one camel. No Valentines. Wonder what they are doing at home? Hunting at Berkeley, I expect.

Sunday, February 15th

Marched 16 miles to Abouklea, which we reached about noon.

Monday, February 16th

This is a most unpleasant hole. We get three pints of water per day, which is thicker than peasoup, and tastes like boiled flat-irons. A decent wash is utterly impossible. The dust covers everything.

The niggers began to show on the hills on our left and in the bushes in front about 1 p.m. At 5 p.m. I went on picket on the left flank, and had just put out the sentries when they opened a tremendous fire on us from the hills. All the camels were hurriedly got together, and the saddles made into a zereba with the camels outside them. My picket was withdrawn, after being out three-quarters of an hour. The hot fire lasted about one and a half hours. We had 3 men killed, 3 officers and 24 men wounded. Our sergeant-major, Horwood, was killed, and poor Tommy Walsh dangerously wounded. They fired at us all night.

Tuesday, February 17th

At 8.30 a.m. I went out grazing camels, and the fire again got pretty warm for about an hour. We were fighting all day, and kept the niggers off.

Thursday, February 19th

The niggers showed up again about 7 a.m., and we heard six explosions of gunpowder about 2,000 yards off.

Saturday, February 21st

It's extraordinary how well the men keep. There's practically no sickness, although we have had no fresh vegetables for 5 months except a few wild onions.

Sunday, February 22nd

Payne, Martyr, and I went out with 50 men to protect the convoy. Went about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the battlefield. Our camels are dying in numbers every day. My own was so weak it could not get up with me on it.¹ Buller ordered a Church parade at 4 p.m. Two or three bullets from a long range nearly hit our Padre.² I think most of us prayed we might get back all right. I know I did. As my camel was dying we shot him and eat part of his hump, and gave the rest to my men. It was horribly tough and full of maggots, but a change from the everlasting bully beef.

Monday, February 23rd

We leave to-night at dusk. Three thousand of the enemy reported to have arrived to reinforce the niggers. We sent away nearly the whole of our camels, all the baggage, sick, and wounded at 2 p.m., so as not to be hampered with them going through the Pass, which is some 6 miles long. We fell in at 5.30 p.m. Sussex in front, M.I. on each flank, and 18th Royal Irish in rear. We moved off in perfect silence, leaving all our fires lit, and a bugler in camp to blow "Last Post." We filled up the wells before we left. No pipes or lights of any kind were allowed till we were well through the Pass. We got off at 7.30 p.m., and it took us three and a half hours to get well clear of the Pass, and then we found the convoy

¹ It had done over 1,300 miles, including 200 miles since it was wounded on January 19th, when I was lying behind it.

² I do not think we should have had a Church parade unless the General thought we were in a very tight place.

2 good miles out in the open desert. Lay down with sword and revolver on till 4 a.m.

Tuesday, February 24th

Started at 6 a.m., and marched till 10 a.m. Started again at 5.45 p.m., and marched till 2 a.m. to Gebel-el-Noos, a frightfully hard march through deep drift sand, and up and down hills. I thought we should never get in. The men grouched a good bit. Gough is quite off his head, and got no end damned by Buller. Didn't get settled down till about 3.30 a.m. Boots all in holes and feet very sore.

Wednesday, February 25th

Started at 4.30 p.m. and marched till 7, when Gough halted us without any orders, and gave the men tea. Buller came up in a great rage, and suspended him from the command. On again at 8.30 p.m. The men of the Royal Irish fell out a lot. Poor fellows, they have had a very rough time. Dear old Father Brindle borrowed the Adjutant's pony and went out and hauled in 17 of his flock. I believe he said he would excommunicate them if they wouldn't come in. Buller said he was d——d if he'd wait for anyone and so jeopardise the safety of the whole force. However, most of them got in by midnight. One rather good joke :

A wounded sailor was going by on a baggage camel so dead beat it could hardly move, and our men began chaffing him and saying, "Hullo, Jack, that's a b——y fine craft you're on," till Jack turned round and said, "The b——r wants a new set of boilers," at which there was much laughter. The sailor had a shot wound in his arm, and a spear stab in his side, and he rode 190 miles like this. Stout fellow !

Thursday, February 26th

After going 7 miles we found a lot of water sent out to meet us from Gadkul. Each man got two quarts. Very hot. Marched into Gakdul at noon, regularly sewn up, with both feet right through the soles of my boots. Found some Greek stores and bought a lot for our mess, which I boss now.

Sunday, March 1st

Light cavalry left for Magaga. M.I. left, again in post of honour as rear-guard. All we want is to get out of this infernal desert. David Airlie, 10th Hussars, Earl of Airlie, came to dinner. Airlie was a very gallant and most capable officer, and was killed in the Boer War when in command of the 12th Lancers. The men call Gladstone the M.O.G. (Murderer of Gordon) instead of the G.O.M. (Grand Old Man).

March 4th

Started at 3 a.m. and marched till 9, then halted till 2 p.m., and marched right on in the heat till we got to Magaga wells at 6.30 p.m. The men were very beat. 30 miles in twenty-four hours. The Light Cavalry had very kindly got tea ready for the men and a stew, and some tea for the officers.

March 5th

Slept nearly all day, dead tired and feet very sore.

March 6th

Twenty-four to-day. What a hole to spend one's birthday in. My twentieth was at Mount Prospect Camp, Transvaal; twenty-first at Zanzibar; twenty-second at Alexandria in hospital; twenty-third near Suakin; twenty-fourth Magaga, in the Bayuda Desert. Punch Hardinge (afterwards Lord Hardinge) was marching in a pair of red Arab slippers tied on with string, and there wasn't a sound pair of boots among the 400 of us, and our breeches were even worse. I started with a pair of Tautz's (the famous breeches-maker of the day) best breeches, but they were completely worn out, and the seat and legs were patched with red leather from our camel saddles and bits of commissariat sacking.

March 11th

Left Magaga wells.

March 16th

Reveille at 3.30 a.m. After a march of 8 miles reached Korti at 7 a.m. Bobby Bower and I are the only two in A Company who have legged it 190 miles from Matemmeh to Korti. Beech's boots that I had borrowed wore out completely two days before getting in, and my toes were sticking out of them. Had such a bathe in the Nile, and a shave, and went round to see all one's pals, who seemed very glad to see one. Bimbash Stewart and I dined with Sir Redvers Buller in the evening. Lashings of fizz. Bimbash got very tight, and I was quite happy. At the end of dinner Bimbash began telling stories, and digging Buller in the ribs and saying, "That's so, wasn't it, General?" At last Buller said, "Damn you, Bimbash," and gave him a shove, and Bimbash fell over backwards, chair and all, on to the sand. The only other fellow there was Freddy Fitzgerald (Lord Frederick Fitzgerald, 60th Rifles, the Duke of Leinster's brother), Buller's A.D.C. We dined on the banks of the Nile under a grove of palm trees in the moonlight.

March 17th

We are six officers in a sort of tent, and I didn't wake up till 8 o'clock.

Out of 500 camels we started with from Korti in December 1884, which cost about £15 apiece, we in the M.I. had only 95 left, and they sold for about 8 dollars each. Poor brutes, they were utterly worn out.

I take off my hat to Tommy every time. The men under the most desperate fighting, untold hardships, with only three pints of filthy water a day, 1 lb. of bully beef, and 1 lb. biscuits, have behaved extraordinarily well. There has been no crime. I'll back the British soldier against anyone in the world.

March 22nd

We leave to-morrow at daybreak. Struck our tents and sent them on to Tani at 4 p.m., and sat about on our kit like tenants at an Irish eviction.

March 23rd

Got to Tani at 9.30 a.m. Tani is 3 miles north of Ambukol, on the Nile. One thing, there is no dust. Sir James Dormer is in command, with Frank Rhodes as A.D.C. A and D Companies M.I. are to be here, with Phipps in command, and Alderson as acting Adjutant and Quartermaster.

When we were waiting at Tani an emissary came in from the Mahdi to say if we would all become good Mussulmen the Mahdi would spare our lives. He then went on to say the Mahdi could stop the Nile flowing, put out fires, and bring down rain. Old Jimmy Dormer, commonly known as "Loving Jimmy," having listened with apparent attention, suddenly took his glass eye out of its socket, then put it on the camp table in front of him, threw it in the air, caught it, and put it back in his eye, and said quietly to the astonished Fuzzie-wuzzie, "I've no doubt your Mahdi is a wonderful fellow, but he can't do this." The fellow turned tail, and fled into the desert towards the setting sun. Frank Rhodes, Cecil's brother, was there, myself, and another Staff Officer, an N.C.O. and 2 orderlies.

March 25th

Began building houses for our men, each 40 feet by 15 feet inside measurement, walls about 15 inches thick. It is an awful grind. We have to make our own bricks and find the material for them; hew and carry stones often from a distance; cut the wood for the doors and windows, which, as none is allowed to be cut within a mile of camp, is no catch; and in fact do every mortal thing from planning the concern to putting on the roof. We make the bricks of clay or mud in wooden moulds, 9 inches long by 4 inches wide by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep.

April 3rd

Bought a pony for £28. Very scarce and dear here, and not much for the money, but one must have one to get exercise on or go shooting. Mine is not a bad beast, only very poor. I don't suppose he has been fed for a

month ; in fact, his late owner admitted as much. He's a fizzer to lep.

May 28th

Hurrah ! we are off at last down the Nile. Left Tani at 7.30 a.m. Had great fun last night with about twenty rockets Joe Carter had. We let them all off by way of a grand fantasia. The first thing this morning, about 5 a.m., D Company went off on camels, and about 6 a.m. all the niggers for miles round assembled about the camp waiting for us to move off to clean up the camp ; a lot didn't even wait for that. I dropped one with a stone at 10 yards who went into my hut. He didn't get up again, it caught him the most awful smack on the ankle. We (A Company), Daddy, Bimbash, Weatherly, and self, went in boats (7), 12 men in each. Mine leaked like a sieve, and we had to bail all the while ; still, it was very good fun. We did 21 miles by 2 p.m., and I shot and bagged two wild geese on the way. Gave one to my crew. The seat of my only pair of trousers gave utterly, and am now more ragged than ever. Lovely night under the palms with a full moon. We sailed a good part of the night, 2-7 a.m.

Friday, May 29th

Got to Debbah about noon. Went up with Daddy Payne to see General Dormer, and lunched with him. A piping hot day. Off again at 3.30 p.m.

Saturday, May 30th

Did a lot of sailing ; it's great fun in the boats. Corporal Holbrook and I take it turn about generally to steer. The boat is a fizzer, and gives most of the others the go-by. I lie on a rug on my charpoy in the stern with an umbrella up, and smoke, read, and snooze in the most comfortable way, while my servant keeps his eye open for duck or other eatable birds. The leak is much better. The first day we bailed out about 50 stable bucketfuls. Stopped for the night about 4.45 p.m. Heaps of white ants in one's bed. Bathed. We leave a guard

in the boat, and just lie down in the sand and sleep where we halt. We have no tents.

Monday, June 1st

Got to Dongola at 3.30 p.m., and went into rest camp on the bank. Started off again in a boat with Bimbash to get the mail, but stuck before we had gone 500 yards, so sent boat back with niggers and walked on till we came to 19th Hussar's mess, where we found Barrow, Charlie Douglas, Dolly Walker, and several more. Such a drink of bottled beer, the first for eight months. Rode on to the post office tent and got our letters. Went to see General Buller, who asked us to dinner at 7.30 p.m.

Friday, June 5th

Left Dongola at 2.30 p.m. We had ten ammunition boxes handed over to us at Dongola full of Maria Theresa dollars, and the receipt stated "Received 10 ammunition boxes said to contain Maria Theresa dollars." We handed them over on June 14th and got a similar receipt. When the boxes were eventually opened by the Paymaster at Wadi Halfa they were found to contain nothing but ammunition. Nobody ever knew what became of the money. All I know is that anyhow my men didn't get it, no more did I. A Maria Theresa dollar is nearly as big as a five-shilling piece, and is worth approximately 4s. In those days it was about the only currency in the Sudan.

Saturday, June 6th

Picked up General Dormer, Frank Rhodes, and Colonel White, V.C. (afterwards General Sir George White, V.C., who commanded in Ladysmith), off a Nugger, and took them on to our boat. Lunched and dined with them.

Wednesday, June 10th

Temperature 105°. Got to Kaibe at 11 a.m., a most filthy hole. We had a good breeze coming, but suddenly both the thwarts of my boat gave way, and the mast nearly went over the side; as it was cracked about 10

feet along, we had to haul down the sails and row the rest of the way. Handed over all our boats (seven), and had our kit, etc., portaged by camels past the cataract, about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, and we were told we should have to march the rest of the way, about 140 miles, to railhead, at which we were very sick. A most filthy, hot, dusty rest-camp. However, at 4.30 p.m. we suddenly got an order to go on in boats. Daddy was away drawing rations, so I got five boats, and we were off by 5.45 p.m. before the powers that be could change their minds.

Ingram Tidswell, in the Royal Dragoons (Heavy Cavalry Camel Corps), whose brother was a friend of mine, and lived at Haresfield Court, Gloucestershire, when they got to Abu Simmel on the Nile on the way home found a large box of stores which had been sent out from England, and they had a great banquet on the banks of the Nile in front of the temple. Amongst the stores were all sorts of tinned and potted things, including a tin of potted mushrooms. The story went that he ate about a dozen of these mushrooms and died of acute ptomaine poisoning. Anyhow, poor fellow, he died there, and was buried on the banks of the Nile 20 feet above the highest water-mark. When the barrage was made many years afterwards it raised the height of the Nile 30 feet, and his body was dug up and reburied in one of the side temples of the Abu Simmel Temple.

When my wife and I went up the Nile in 1927 we saw his tomb, and his name and the inscription on it, in this side temple. It was a curious thing that a Protestant should be buried in an Egyptian temple.

Saturday, June 13th

Frightfully rocky, rapids and cataracts all over the place. Deuced nearly scuppered on a rock about 5 p.m. Ran smack on one in a cataract, and all but turned turtle; the wonder is the boat wasn't smashed. Fifteen minutes afterwards we came to another very ticklish bit, and just as we were turning in the middle of it to avoid a rock, and all pulling like blazes, the stroke oar broke in two at

the rowlock ! Two of our boats got holes knocked in them. 3 men were drowned.

Sunday, June 14th

Got into Abu at 8.30 a.m. Breakfasted with General Grenfell, and left at 10 a.m. Temperature 112°. Heat intense, but cooler at night.

Tuesday, June 16th

Quite like old times in the desert. Got off at 4 a.m., and marched the 10 miles into Tanjor Road in the middle of the desert by 8 a.m. Found Surtees there, who did us well. Went on again at 4 p.m. The heat was intense, and very few of the men had water-bottles. I hadn't, and there were none on the camels. The track was very deep sand most of the way. We did the 11 miles into railhead by 7.50 p.m. Was thoroughly beat and frightfully dry. Lysons and Algie Bewick asked Bobby and me to dine, and did us down to the ground with champagne, whisky, and soda. To bed about 10.30 p.m. It was the funniest thing suddenly to see the red lights of a train in the middle of the desert, and hear the familiar old whistle.

June 17th

Off by the morning train for Wady Halfa at 5 a.m. At last one feels that one's labours are really at an end. It is a most rotten old line, or rather the engines are to blame. The train runs off the rails about three times a week. As it was going up rather a steep incline we failed to reach the top, and ran back about 100 yards. We all had to get out and push and walk to the top of the hill.

Reached Wady Halfa at 10 a.m. Maxwell Sherston met us. Such a breakfast at the restaurant. In the evening he and I went to tea with two nursing sisters, Miss Grey and Miss Gerrard, the latter very pretty. The first glimpse of a white woman for nine months !!!

July 15th

CAIRO ! Got into Kasr-el-Nil at 8 a.m. Joe Carter and I went and lived at Shepherd's Hotel and had a real

bath, hair-cut, and shave. Six of us had such a dinner in the evening at the Khedival Club, fizz in magnums, iced !!!

July 16th

No one turned up till lunch-time, and everyone had adventures to tell. It is heavenly to have a real bath again. Large dinner-party given us at restaurant in Esbekieh gardens in the open. Bobby Bower very festive, and beat a policeman. Some went to a gambling saloon, and some to a Nautch, and some to the Bazaar.

July 17th

Apparently no one has reported their arrival to H.Q., and no one seems to care.

July 30th

About the end of July the Mounted Infantry was broken up, and I received orders to rejoin the half battalion of my regiment at Alexandria. I was told privately, by Sir James Dormer, Chief of Staff, that the Mounted Infantry would be re-formed in about a month under Brevet Lieut.-Colonel Barrow, brother to the Colonel of the 19th Hussars; it was to consist of two companies, and I was to be made a local Captain and command one of them, but that I would have to go back and rejoin the half battalion 60th Rifles, which was then quartered at Alexandria, the other half being at Cyprus. I therefore went down to Alexandria, and had a very pleasant month with the regiment. After months in the desert sea bathing was delightful.

September

At the end of August I got an order to return to Cairo to help restart the Mounted Infantry. Forte Nason (26th Cameronians) was made Adjutant, one of my oldest and best friends. He was at Harrow with me, and I am glad to say he is still above ground. We started playing polo again and racing, and also had a good deal of cricket. In

November Barrow was sent up the Nile with one company Mounted Infantry, and had a fight at Ginnis, the first fight I had missed in Egypt for over three years. I was appointed member of the Remount Committee, and used to go about buying horses.

November and December

We had a delightful winter, polo in full swing again, and plenty of dances and every sort of amusement for the young. Everybody was most extraordinarily kind. General Sir Frederick Stephenson, commanding all the troops in Egypt, was a most delightful person, and extremely kind to me. He had been in the Guards in the Crimea and was liked by everybody.

Old Colborne (the Honble. John) commonly known as "Dishonest John," was a rum card. He was a kind of correspondent. There was a fancy dress ball given by the General one night in Cairo, and Colborne went as a Crusader or something; anyhow, he had a helmet on. He got so merry we had to take him home, and then he said he was very thirsty, but couldn't get his helmet off, so we poured whisky and soda down his vizier, and he was nearly asphyxiated, and we had to prize his helmet off with a tin-opener.

We live in the old Harem Quarters, Zaffarin Palace, Abbassieh. As a local Captain I draw quite a decent screw. In the M.I. I get a Cavalry Captain's pay, 10s. a day, 5s. a day command pay, 3s. a day Khedival allowance, free quarters and rations and light allowance, which was much better than the 6s. 8d. I drew as a subaltern in the Rifles. I also was given three chargers and forage and stabling for three ponies besides. We used to try all our M.I. ponies at polo, and some of them were quite good. When I joined as a Second Lieutenant in 1880 my princely pay was 5s. 3d. a day till July 1881, when I became a Lieutenant, and got 6s. 8d. When I was a Captain with 14 years' service my pay was still only 10s. a day.

There was a lot of artificial water in the gardens of

Zaffarin Palace, where some of Ismail's (the old Khedive) harem used to be lodged. He had a quaint idea of humour, and one of his amusements was to send his harem ladies out, each one in a boat with a eunuch on this water, and he would look on from one of the first-floor windows. At a given signal the eunuchs pulled the plug out from the bottom of each boat, which gradually sank. As the water was only from 4 to 5 feet deep there was really no danger. The principal eunuch who still lived in a back room in Zaffarin Palace used to tell us how the lovely ladies shrieked as the boat gradually sank, and old Ismail used to roar with laughter.

I remember dining one night with a pal at the Khedival Club in Cairo. In those days we all dined at one long table, holding about twenty-five. Opposite to me was a Pasha in a long black coat and a red tarboosh. He had a fearful scar at the base of his right thumb. I whispered to my pal, who was in the Egyptian Army, "Look at that fellow's thumb." He kicked me under the table, and I didn't say any more, but the scar quite fascinated me, and I could hardly take my eyes off it all dinner. When the Gippy had gone out I asked my pal again, and he told me the following story: He said that the name of the Pasha was Gigli, or some name like that, and that when old Ismail Pasha was Khedive of Egypt in the 'seventies, and was getting to the end of his tether, he borrowed £10,000 Turkish pounds from his foster-brother. In about twelve months he tried to borrow some more, but his foster-brother said, "You haven't repaid the first 10,000," and they had a row. About three months later Ismail wrote to his foster-brother and said he would repay him, and asked him to make it up, and come and have coffee and sherbet in his dahabieh at Kasr-el-Nil. They went down into the cabin to have some refreshments, and our friend who sat opposite to me at dinner bowstrung the foster-brother, who, in his struggles, got his thumb into his mouth and nearly bit it off. Old Ismail then put his foster-brother into a sack with a lot of stones, and dumped him into the Nile. He also bagged all his property.

The winter of 1885-1886 the Khedive, Tewfik, gave a big ball, to which we had to go in full uniform.

On leaving the ball about 2 a.m. Montgomery, a Commander in the Navy, and I went into a brasserie in the Esbekieh Road to have a bock of beer, with which in those days when we were all young and thirsty we generally topped up the evening's amusement. On entering the café we found three Frenchmen paying court to the Hebe, who presided at the bar. Her name was Bertha. Montgomery ordered two bocks of beer. As he was lifting his to his lips one of the Frenchmen jogged his elbow. Montgomery turned round and told him to look out what he was doing. Whereupon the Frenchman said something about "*les sacrés Anglais*" and gave him another dig in the ribs and upset half his beer down the front of his beautiful naval frock coat. Montgomery swung round, caught the Frenchman and the other who was next him, and banged their heads together with a fearful crash. It all happened in a second before I could take any part. The two Frenchmen collapsed on the floor. Montgomery then seized the third Frenchman by the scruff of his neck and the seat of his breeches, and, saying he was too small to hit, threw him out through the open door of the café, and when he got up he had no skin on one side of his face. The Egyptian gendarmerie patrol which was just passing came in, and we explained what had happened. A British Military Police Patrol also turned up. The sergeant of the patrol took all our names and we departed, the three Frenchmen in a cab, considerably the worse for wear.

Next day I happened to be at the Headquarters Staff Office in Cairo talking to the A.A.G., Sandwith, when he said, "Look here, my boy, what were you and Montgomery doing last night?" and I told him exactly what had happened, and how the Frenchmen had insulted us. He laughed immoderately, and said, "Would you like to see them? They have come to lodge an official complaint, and want to fight a duel with you and Montgomery." I said, "All right, we'll fight 'em, and as we are the challenged

party I suppose we have choice of weapons ? ” S. then said, “ You aren’t allowed to fight duels, you young hothead, there’s going to be a d——d row over this with the French Consul-General.” S. then lifted up a curtain over a small pane of glass in the door of his office, and motioned me to look through. I saw our three friends of the previous night, or rather that morning ; the two who had had their heads bumped together were all swollen up and could hardly see out of their eyes, and the one who had been thrown into the street had his face swathed in bandages. Just then Montgomery himself, who had been sent for, came in and confirmed my statement as to what had happened, and that the Frenchmen had started the row by upsetting his beer. He added that he would fight them one after the other with one hand tied behind his back. This answer was, I believe, conveyed to our friends, but it didn’t suit their book at all, and as Montgomery had to leave Egypt to rejoin his ship, nothing more happened, and two of the Frenchmen had to leave for France almost at once.

Montgomery would have been a bad man to tackle even with one hand, as he was middle-weight boxing champion of the Navy, and had also won the Royal Albert Gold Medal for saving life at sea. He afterwards commanded the Royal yacht.

1886

When we were in Alexandria in 1886, on our return from the Khedival ball about 2 a.m., my pal, who was violently in love with a daughter of the Italian Consul, who was staying in the same hotel, thought it was a suitable time to pay his lady love a visit, and crept down to her room, which was about three doors from where he and I were sleeping, opened the door quietly, and crept in on tiptoe and murmured her name, which I believe was Marietta, but received no reply. So he put his hand under the mosquito net, and laid it on a great bristly moustache, and a loud voice said, “ Who is there ? ” He fell over some boots with spurs on them which were in the doorway

at the top of some backstairs, and which fell with a horrible clatter to the bottom. He rushed back to our room just as I was falling asleep, jumped into bed and pulled the bedclothes over his head, and said I should have to swear an alibi, and lay there quaking with fear. I was convulsed with laughter.

When I came down to breakfast in the morning about 9 a.m. I saw several new faces, and heard that an Army doctor had come down from Cairo to sit on some Board, and the hotel was so full that my friend's lady love had to turn out of her room and double up with her mother. When I went out into the garden after breakfast to smoke a cigarette the doctor came up to me and asked what sort of an hotel it was, as someone had come into his bedroom and tried to steal his watch from under his pillow. To put him off the scent I told him there had been one or two robberies in the hotel before. My pal was so nervous he left by the first train, although his leave was not up for two days.

There was a standing order, which no one obeyed, against officers gambling. In Cairo about 1885-1886 the great place to go to was Cass's. It was a long room on the first floor approached by a narrow, straight, steep staircase. Old Cass was, I think, more or less honest. He had a row with three Greeks, and told the Boab (doorkeeper) they were not to be admitted again. They kept away for a bit, and turned up one night when a lot of us were gambling in the saloon. The Boab, who was a huge black Sudanese, about 6 feet 2, stood at the top of the stairs outside the door with a belt stuck full of pistols and knives. The three Greeks came up the stairs and the doorkeeper said they could not come in. The first Greek stabbed him in the leg. The nigger pulled out a pistol and shot him dead. The second Greek rushed at him, and stabbed him in the abdomen, and the Boab shot him too. The third Greek ran away. The Boab stepped back into the gambling saloon and collapsed on a divan by the door smothered in blood. There was an Army doctor there gambling who was going on leave

next day, and had come in to try and make some money to pay for his passage, when the doorkeeper staggered in mortally wounded. The doctor got out of the window and slid down a gutter-pipe into the street. A police patrol hearing the shots was coming down the street and caught him thinking he was the murderer, and his leave was stopped. The rest of us bolted down the stairs. The doorkeeper died in about twenty minutes after he was stabbed.

I went up to Minieh, buying remounts for the M.I. and Cavalry. We were allowed to spend £25 on each Arab horse. Valentine Baker Pasha, who was still commanding the Egyptian Gendarmerie, sent a *hookem* (order) to the Governor of Minieh Province to have all the horses in the Province collected for me to see in the market-place at Minieh. I went up with Beech, the vet., who afterwards got a troop in the 20th Hussars, and an interpreter, a farrier sergeant, and three Mounted Infantry men. I took 500 sovereigns up with me, which I carried in a belt round my waist. There was no hotel in Minieh, so we put up with the Greek Consul. On one side of the square was the State Prison, and the Governor of the jail, thinking to propitiate us, asked if we would like to go over the prison. Seeing people in uniform, a lot of the unfortunate prisoners were putting their hands out of the barred windows and crying out for bread, and pardon. Beech and I went into a big room on the right of the entrance hall, where there were about 80 prisoners, and each had a chain round their waists, to which their right arms and left legs were attached. I said to the Governor, "Have you got any murderers here?" He said, "Oh yes, there are fifty-five in this room." I said, "Show us the worst of them," and he pointed to one fellow and said, "This fellow was had up for murdering his brother." I asked the man why he had murdered his brother, and he said, "He had a lot of money which he kept in a box buried, and I watched him one night and saw him go into a field and dig up something, and I crept up behind him and killed him with an iron hoe and took the box with his treasure." I then asked

another fellow what he was in for, and he said, "I was very fond of my cousin's wife who was a very beautiful *bint* (woman), and so I killed him and took his wife. She liked me much the best." Some of the prisoners had been in this prison awaiting trial for over a year, I was told.

We bought fourteen horses the first day, and paid for them in gold, at an average of £22 apiece. That night about 1 a.m. I woke up, I know not why, and saw a native trying to get in at the window. Beech and I were sleeping in a room on the first floor. I jumped out of bed, seized my revolver from under the pillow, and rushed to the window. The native fell off the sill into the street, dropping his knife, and bolted round the corner, before I had time to get a shot at him. I suppose one of the sellers had told him about the gold in my belt. Next day we bought sixteen more horses and put them into three coal trucks at the station, and we were to leave by the 10 p.m. train. Whilst we were having dinner with the Greek Consul the interpreter came rushing up from the station saying that all the horses were loose and eating one another. We dashed off to the station, and found that about three in each truck had slipped their head collars and got loose. We had a rare job with them, as they were all stallions and fighting one another. We sat on the side of the trucks and each horse that was trying to get out we hit between the ears with a loaded whip, which soon quieted them. We gave each of them a little water and nothing else till we got back to Cairo to prevent them getting too bobbery.

April

I was granted three months' leave home. A very cheery party of us started from Alexandria on an Austro-Lloyd boat to go to Venice. Miss Thompson (afterwards Lady Butler, the artist) was one of our party, and Colville of the Guards another, and two delightful American women whose names I forget. We spent three most enjoyable days in Venice. Miss Thompson showed me her sketch-books on board ship, and, to show the trouble she took over her pictures, she had over 100 sketches of camels' legs. After a

delightful three days in Venice Colville and I started for home. I had a small mummy in a tin uniform case, which I had smuggled out of Egypt from one of the temples.

When we got to Chiasso, the frontier between Italy and Switzerland, my faithful servant Saich, by this time a civilian, came to call me, saying that the Custom House people wanted my keys. I gave him the keys, and told him to get me a cup of coffee. As he didn't come back I got out to look for him in my pyjamas, and an old ulster and a pair of shoes. About 20 yards down the platform I saw two gendarmes and about a dozen people and my servant in the middle fighting. I ran up to see what the row was. What had happened was this: they had opened my uniform case, and found what they thought was a corpse. My servant could not speak a word of anything except English and a few swear words in Arabic and Kaffir, so he could offer no explanation and was seized by the gendarmes. He struggled violently and hit one of them on the nose. My Italian wasn't much better than my servant's, but I could talk French, and German more or less, and I explained about the corpse. There was a man standing by who looked like an Englishman, and when I asked him he said, "Yes, I am Vice-Consul here." I said, "Well, you're the very fellow I want then," and explained matters to him. He said, "It's a very serious matter assaulting the police," and I said, "Explain to them that I am extremely sorry, and that I am good for a five-pound note." The Vice-Consul was a good fellow, and mercifully I had the money on me in English gold. I handed it over to him, and my servant and I hurried back to the train, which we just caught. I think we got off cheap, but I never got my cup of coffee. I gave the mummy to my father, and it is now in the ball-room at Stanley Park.

I had a most pleasant week in Paris, and a very good season in London. In those days there was pony racing at Ranelagh and at Hurlingham, and a cousin of mine, Willie Marling, in the Gloucestershire Militia, had a very good thoroughbred pony called Niniche, which I rode for

him. Racing at Hurlingham was rather like racing round a tea-cup, I think four laps went to a mile. I won the Pavilion Cup at Hurlingham, and the Hurlingham Cup, and on June 7th Niniche also won the Ranelagh Club Steeplechase. There were three very fine cups given for these races, and I have got them on my sideboard now. Ding Macdougall, in the 3rd D.G.'s, who was one of the crack soldier jockeys in India, and rode the favourite in each race against me, was quite annoyed, and I heard him ask a pal, "Who the d——d Rifleman was."

I got to Cairo on August 1st. We had a very good winter season, and I won several races. In those palmy days I could get up and ride 9-7 with ease. I won the Cairo Hurdle Race, the Ghezireh Stakes, and the Khedive's Handicap, and got second and third in about ten other races.

About August our Fleet, with the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Eddy and Prince George (our present King) on board, came into Alexandria Harbour, and the Khedive gave a great ball at Alexandria in their honour, to which we were invited. There was a week of festivities, two days' racing, and a regatta. I got a week's leave, and went down with a pal with three racing ponies. We were both as usual in a state of impecuniosity, but we thought we would make a bit playing whist at the Club and racing. The first night at whist we played steadily till 1 a.m. and I lost five rubbers out of seven, and we only won one race, so that at the end of the week, so far from having made our fortunes, we only just paid our expenses.

The night of the Khedival ball we were dining with some people, as usual in mess kit (there was a standing order we always had to wear mess kit in the evening wherever you went, so that in case you got knocked on the head or knifed your assailant couldn't plead he didn't know you were a British officer of the Army of Occupation). We came back to our hotel, the Beau Séjour at Ramleh, to change into levee dress, and found the old English Judge, Wallace by name, as usual drinking brandy and soda in the hall. He went up to his room on the first floor to get

some more cigarettes, and came rushing down saying there was a burglar under his bed. We began to chaff him, and said it was only the black dog belonging to the hotel, and how many B. and S. had he had? But he stuck to it, and so my pal and I went up to his room. We looked under his bed, and saw a long black tin uniform case in which he kept his robes, and a native's legs sticking out behind it. I jumped on the bed, which had mosquito nets on it, and was up against the wall. My pal pulled out the bed from the wall, and I made a grab at the native, but he was all smothered in oil, so that I couldn't get a hold on him. He rushed out from under the bed, upset my pal, and made for the door, knocking over the candle. The old judge, who was standing in the doorway, slammed the door and we were left nearly in the dark. The judge started to shout, "Fire! Help! Murder!" and the old Italian landlady and some people came rushing up, and after a most amusing hunt we caught the native. He hadn't got a rag on, and was smothered in oil. He turned out to be a discharged servant of the hotel. The old Italian landlady rushed at him and clawed his face, calling him every kind of abusive name in Italian and Arabic. He got two years.

December

There were manœuvres out in the desert near Abbassieh, which were attended by all the foreign attachés, who were on their way to the big manœuvres in India at Delhi. I was told off to look after the French attaché, as I talked French indifferently well, and also mounted him. Unfortunately he fell off. The 19th Hussars gave a big dinner that night to all the foreign attachés and the Staff, to which I was invited, and sat by my Frenchman, who was a very pleasant fellow. The German attaché, Von Hagenau, who distinguished himself in the Franco-German War in 1870-1871, sat opposite and began to chaff him about his fall in the morning, and before anyone could interfere the Frenchman flew at him across the table and nearly got him by the throat. A pal of mine was looking after Von

Hagenau, and for the rest of the evening he and I had to do our utmost to keep the two warriors apart in different corners of the ante-room. At 2 a.m. they were both pretty well on, and by 2.30 were swearing eternal friendship in one another's arms. I had to be on parade at 5.30 a.m. next morning, and at 3 a.m., by way of a gentle hint, I asked if they would have any more to drink before going to bed, and they both said they would have beer. So we all had beer, and I packed them together into an *arabeia* (native carriage), and they drove off in the most friendly way with their arms round one another's necks.

1886-1887

In December 1886 I had a week's leave, and went snipe and duck shooting with a pal down to Tel-el-Kebir, where we had very good sport. One morning I got a telegram saying His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge had been graciously pleased to offer me a troop in the 18th Hussars, and this I accepted. I went home in February 1887, and the Mounted Infantry was reduced from two companies to one on my leaving.

My kind friends gave me a great dinner before I left. I think we sat down thirty to dinner.

I left Cairo in February.

CHAPTER VI

IRELAND AND ALDERSHOT, 1887-1889

ON arriving at home I found a letter from the Adjutant of the 18th, Eustace Knox, saying that the regiment was quartered at Tipperary, and would be going to Aldershot in May for Queen Victoria's Jubilee Review, and he thought it would be much nicer for me to get my Riding School and Recruits' Drill over at Cahir.

I went straight down to Gloucestershire to see my father and mother, and bought one good hunter and hired another, and had a month's hunting with the Berkeley,¹ and then went over to Ireland, giving up a month of my leave, as the Adjutant had suggested.

Knox became one of my greatest friends, and was one of the best Adjutants I have ever seen. He had a very extraordinary career. His old father, Colonel Richard Knox (afterwards General) commanded the 18th Hussars for twenty years, and his eldest brother had been Adjutant of the Regiment, and he had another brother in a Native Cavalry Regiment in India. Knox, who was the youngest of the family, was most anxious to get a commission in the 18th, but his father said he could not afford to have any more sons in the Army, so he enlisted under his second name of Challoner in the 18th after both his father and brother had left, and got a commission in three and a half years, and became Adjutant and then Colonel.

I arrived at Cahir, Tipperary, the Headquarters of the 18th, on March 20th. Harry Parker was the Colonel, and was very kind to me. He had a house 5 miles from Cahir, and rented some 4 miles of salmon fishing there, and used to come into barracks about three days

¹ In 1887 Lord Fitzhardinge ("The Giant") gave me the Berkeley Hunt button, and in the same year I was made a Magistrate for Gloucestershire.

a week. Cahir was a rare place for sport, and we could hunt six days a week, and Baby Birch, a subaltern commanding the troop at Fethard, ran a drag on Sundays. Ireland was an extraordinary place in those days. Nobody seemed to have an idea in the world beyond whisky and horses, and hunting and shooting; they didn't care a bit about hounds, which they said got in the way. Although I was on Recruits' Drill and Riding School, I was allowed to hunt two days a week. I had brought no horses over with me from England, as I was told they would be no use in Ireland, but my brother officers were very good in mounting me.

The first day I went out with the Tipperary hounds, of which Dick Burke was Master and Willie Riall was secretary. Baby Birch mounted me on a horse called Mr. Nobody, which, although I didn't know it, was a notorious kicker. When Willie Riall came up to me and said, "Half a crown, please, for the cap," and I was fumbling in my pocket for the money, Mr. Nobody gave his horse an appalling kick. Everyone laughed, and all Willie Riall said was, "Sure, I'm the fule not to know that auld schamer." This was my first introduction to hunting in Ireland.

Lady Margaret Charteris had a place, Cahir Park, just the other side the road from barracks, and was very kind in letting us fish her water.

Our recruits came dribbling in at an average of about two or three a week. In those days there were only three religions in the Army—Church of England, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic. My sergeant-major (Buckley) asked one of the recruits what his religion was. He said he didn't know, but his mother was an Anabaptist. The sergeant-major said, "We can't have any of those fancy religions here, so I shall put you down for Church of England," and he had to parade with the Church of England party, and got rather bored with it. So he came to the sergeant-major and said he was a Jew (well knowing there was no Jewish synagogue within miles), and it was against his conscience to go to the Church of England parade. The sergeant-major said, "All right. You will parade just

the same, but you needn't go to the service." When the Church parade marched off he had a corporal mounted and told him he was to march the man on foot in his tunic, overalls, boots and spurs, 5 miles to a certain milestone and 5 miles back. The corporal was extremely annoyed at having to pull his horse out on a Sunday, and made things very uncomfortable for the trooper. After he had marched 10 miles on two Sundays he came to the sergeant-major and said he had found out that he was Church of England after all.

We had our Point-to-Point races in the middle of April. Dick Burke, the Master, won the Hunt Race, and Denis Daly the 18th Hussars Race. I finished amongst the "also rans," or rather I didn't finish.

The first week in May the Tipperary Hunt came over to play us at cricket on our ground in barracks. I don't think some of them had ever played cricket before, and they had apparently bought some of their gear at a local shop in Tipperary, as two of them turned out in elastic belts with crossed bats and a ball on the buckle like what schoolboys used to wear. I cannot remember all who played for them, but Dick Burke did, and his brother, whom we used to call "Mr. Sponge," and St. George, who was a barrister, and we let Denis Daly play for them. Denis was not what you would call a top-hole cricketer, so he gave my farrier-sergeant who was bowling half a crown to bowl him half volleys to leg. Needless to say we won easily, and they all dined with us in the evening at mess, and everybody got extremely festive, except Dick Burke, Knox, the Adjutant, and myself.

About 11 p.m. they sat down to play loo. At 12.30 a.m. grilled bones and whisky punch were brought in. At 2 a.m. more grilled bones and more whisky punch, and about 4 a.m. most of the Tipperary Hunt were under the table or asleep on the sofas. Dick Burke said to me, "Captain, I never was in barracks before; if every night was like to-night I'd be dead." I suppose he thought we always sat up till 3 in the morning having grilled bones and drinking whisky punch. At four o'clock Burke had a bright idea,

and said, "Boys, would you like a hunt?" To which all those who were not under the table or asleep said, "Rather." So a mounted orderly was sent off to the kennels to tell the hounds to be at Slievenamon mountain at ten o'clock. Our coach came round at 8 a.m., and off we started. I don't suppose the hounds had been out of the kennels except for exercise for over a fortnight, as we stopped hunting the middle of April. We hunted a stag on Slievenamon mountain all day. I was so tired that night I nearly fell asleep at mess.

When we were coming home from hunting one evening in April, near a place called Darcy's Cross, as I turned out of a lane into the main road I saw a knot of about a dozen corner boys, one of whom was belabouring with a stick a fellow who was lying on the ground foaming at the mouth. I pulled up to ask the way, and said, "What on earth are you doing to that fellow?" And he said, "Begorra, Captain, it's Pat Casey, and he's thrown a fit," just as they talked of "throwin' a lep." The man who was being beaten suddenly got up and walked off, apparently cured.

I had a pal called Parry Okeden in the Rifles who had a brother in the 18th. Parry Okeden had been on the staff for some nine years, and as he was coming up for command he had to go back to regimental duty with the King's Royal Rifles. He was a delightful fellow, and everybody liked him. His brother officers in chaff sent him the following memo.: "After nine years' service on the Staff Lieut.-Colonel Parry Okeden is returned to duty with his regiment, absolutely destitute of all military knowledge. Reference is kindly permitted to the hall porter at the Naval and Military Club, and the ticket collector at Waterloo, and several delightful ladies in Piccadilly."

About the 10th of May we started to march to Waterford *en route* for Avonmouth and Aldershot.

We embarked at Waterford in a fearful old tub, and got to Avonmouth next day. Most of the men were sick. We were billeted at the George Hotel, Bristol, the first night, and the Pump Hotel, Bath, the second night. When we paraded outside the Pump Hotel at 8 a.m. next morning,

my shoeing-smith had an appalling black eye, having had an altercation with a civilian the night before as to who won the Battle of Waterloo. My fellow said it was Nelson, and the civilian said it was a bloke called Bill Adams. My sergeant-major told me that the civilian had been taken to hospital.

We had a delightful march, and got to Aldershot about May 20th, and went into tents at the North Camp.

My good friend Curly Hutton had told me I ought to go and express my thanks to the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, for promoting me to a troop in the cavalry from the 60th Rifles, so I accordingly went up to the Horse Guards at 1.30 p.m. on the Monday in Ascot Week, when His Royal Highness held his levee. As I was about the youngest Captain in the Army the porter told me I should not get to see the Duke before five o'clock, so I went and had an excellent lunch at the Naval and Military Club, and went in to see the Duke about 5.30, and found Colonel Pemberton, his military secretary, who had been Colonel of the 3/60th Rifles, and whom I knew. After shaking hands the Duke said to me, "What do you want?" I said, "I don't want anything, sir; I only came to express my thanks to you for promoting me to a troop in the 18th Hussars from the King's Royal Rifle Corps, but I was very sorry to leave the old Regiment, of which you are Colonel-in-Chief." The Duke said, "I was very glad to do anything for an officer of my old regiment. Colonel Pemberton has told me all about you." He then looked at me again, and said, "And what do you want?" "I don't want anything, sir; I was only coming to express my thanks," I repeated. He said, "Wonderful. You don't want anything. I have seen over fifty officers to-day, and you are the first one who has not asked me for anything." He couldn't believe that anyone would come to see him unless they wanted something, either for themselves or their relations.

It was hard work at Aldershot, especially as we had been quartered at Tipperary for two years, with detachments all over the place, but Knox, who was a

wonder, soon got everything in apple-pie order. We drove the coach to Epsom and Ascot, and other race meetings near, and had a really good season in London. The Queen's Jubilee Procession in London and the Review at Aldershot took place, in both of which the regiment took its part, and we had some very good cricket.

In August we went on a fortnight's Flying Column, as they called manœuvres in those days, and the regiment got great kudos for the good work they did. In those days we had to go to manœuvres in our gold-laced tunics, and busbies, and gold-laced pants, which was very ruinous, as our gold-laced tunics cost thirty guineas apiece. Most people had two, if not three, tunics, and only wore their best ones at levees and Court balls, the second one for ordinary parades, and the third one (if they had one), on which the lace was generally nearly black, for manœuvres. What with perspiring very freely, and the dust in the Long Valley, and a shower of rain on the top of it, one's tunic lasted no time.

We had some very good fellows in the regiment : Harry Parker, the Colonel ; La Terrière (the Hatter), who was a fine rider, and won the Grand Military at Sandown, and afterwards was Exon of the Yeomen of the Guard, and in 1919-1920 wrote rather a quaint book called *The Days that are Gone* ; Hemans (Charles) ; Daly (Denis) ; Laming (Squab) ; Wellby (Monty) ; Knox (Stealer) ; Pollok (Wickwack) ; Birch (Baby) ; Curzon (the Baron) ; Butler (Frank) ; and others. Everyone had nicknames ; mine was naturally Spike. Curiously enough we had three fellows in the regiment who had brothers in the 60th Rifles—Lewis Butler, Trim Miles, and Parry Okeden.

There was a celebrated horse dealer called Bob Chapman who lived at Cheltenham. He was a great character. When I got a troop in the 18th Hussars I got a letter from him which ran as follows :

“ DEAR CAPTAIN MARLING,—

Now that you have joined *our branch* of the service I have a magnificent blue-black charger which I am sure

would suit you. Having come from an infantry regiment to the cavalry, it is most important that you should be suitably mounted. As we both come from Gloucestershire I will let you have him for two hundred and fifty guineas."

As I have said, Bob Chapman was a great character, and he was very thick with the 8th Duke of Beaufort, and used to supply a lot of the horses for the stables at Badminton. They said as long as he didn't send in his bill he was asked to Badminton once or twice a year. He was a wonder over the stone-wall country.

Dear old Henry Baker, of Hardwick Court, bought me three right good horses—one from Lord Willoughby de Broke, who was Master of the Warwickshire, for which I gave a hundred pounds, the first time I ever paid three figures for a horse; the second, for which I gave eighty pounds, came from Pembrokeshire; and another, called Old Joe, who had carried the huntsman of the Berkeley Hunt for seven years and was then twelve years old, and was sold because they thought he was gone in the feet, I gave 30 for. I had him shod with indiarubber, and he never missed his turn for two seasons, and only gave me three falls, two of which were with the Staff College drag, and the poor old horse was galloped out of his stride, and one when he jumped on a fallen tree the far side of a fence.

In those days at Aldershot in the winter there was no soldiering at all, except one route march a week, and occasional courts martial and Boards (except for the orderly officer). We were hunting five or six days a week. We hunted with the Queen's Staghounds, De Burgh's Harriers, the Garth, H.H., Chiddingfold, and the Vine, to say nothing of the Staff College drag once or twice a week.

Old Mr. Garth was a great character. He used to wear a twice-round blue tie out hunting. He went to a dance at some house, and after supper asked his host's daughter to give him a dance, which she did. They hadn't gone once round the room when he and his partner came a proper wump on the floor. Old Garth got up, and was

heard to say, "Great awkward thing, I knew she'd give me a fall."

I went home on leave on January 1st, and had very good fun with the Berkeley, the Duke, and V.W.H.

The first week in April we had our Regimental Races and also the Cavalry Brigade Races. I won the Maiden Hunters' Steeplechase, and ran third for the Regimental Cup, both on the horse I had bought from Willoughby de Broke. We had a delightful summer at Aldershot, and plenty of cricket. We had a rare good lot of men, and my troop, G, with Denis Daly, was the best.

Harry Parker and I went to tea with the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough.

In August I went down to Hythe for a Musketry Course. Amongst those there were: Teddy Wynyard; Eddy Stanley, the present Lord Derby; Cosmo Little; Riversdale Grenfell, and officers from nearly every branch in the service. We had a very good cricket team, captained by Teddy Wynyard, who had played for England and for the Gentlemen. I remember he and I going down to play against an XI in Romney Marshes a half-day match on a blazing afternoon, and two dear old gentlemen in white top hats played against us, just like pictures in the old sporting prints.

Jack Dutton Hunt (now Colonel Hopton) was one of the instructors there, and a right good fellow. For many years he was Captain of the English Shooting VIII.

I went back to Aldershot the end of September. Sir Evelyn Wood had succeeded Sir Archibald Alison in command of what was then called the Aldershot Division. Sir Evelyn did a great deal to take off many of the unnecessary sentries, which were much too numerous in those days. There was a statue of the Duke of Wellington at Aldershot, and as Sir Evelyn was a great fellow for seeing to things for himself, he told me one night he went round to see how many sentries there were, and found one on the Duke of Wellington's statue. The man, on being asked for his orders, replied, "To see as 'ow no one steals this 'ere statue." The statue weighed about 50 tons.

We had an old Quartermaster called Baker, who was a great character, and had a large family, seven or eight children, I think, and when the ninth arrived he asked Knox, the Adjutant, and myself to be godfathers. The christening was fixed for a Wednesday, which was one of Sir Evelyn Wood's field days. We started at 3 a.m., and by galloping hard about 10 miles got back to Aldershot by 3 p.m. and went straight into the Garrison Red Church, where we found Baker and his wife, the godmother and baby with the Chaplain sitting round the font. When the Chaplain said, "What name do you give this child?" Baker said, "Percival Eustace," and his wife said, "Eustace Percival," and they went on saying "Percival Eustace," "Eustace Percival" about a dozen times. At last, when things had got to a deadlock, Baker leant across the font and said, "Mr. Chaplain, let's put the names in a 'at and see which comes out first." Mrs. Baker wouldn't agree to this, and I need hardly say the baby was named Eustace Percival.

Old Baker was very keen about cricket, and one day, when we were playing the Guards, he was being bowled to by a stout Major and sent up an easy catch to the bowler about half-way down the pitch. The Major ran to catch it and Baker ran too, and they met in the middle, and Baker gave the Major a good dig in the stomach with his bat, just as he was going to catch the ball, and made one run. Everybody roared with laughter except the Major.

When Sir Evelyn Wood inspected us he asked to see our leave book, where he noticed my name figured pretty often. He totted up to see how many days' leave I had had, and made out that I had had 247 days' leave in one year, which made him laugh. He was always a very kind friend to me.

We had a hard drill season under Sir Evelyn Wood, who used to start field days about twice a week at three o'clock in the morning. I remember coming down from London by what was called the "cold meat" train (it carried the corpses to Woking Cemetery), and hearing "Boots

and Saddles " sound just as I got into barracks, and I had to get out of my dress clothes and into uniform and go straight on to parade, and we didn't get back till 6 p.m.

In May 1888 we got up a prize-fight between two men who were trained by a retired prize-fighter called Mike Moran. Each officer in the Cavalry Brigade put up £2, and Henry Alfrey (Buffalo), in the 60th Rifles, and about half a dozen more Riflemen also subscribed. We raised about £80. The men were in training for a month at Aldershot, and the fight was arranged to take place early on the Tuesday in Ascot Week. The two men and their two seconds drove out in a four-wheeled cab, starting about 4.30 a.m. across the Long Valley to some pine-woods about 3 or 4 miles off, and we rode out on our polo ponies about 5 a.m. to go to the rendezvous. The ring was pitched on a beautiful bit of green turf in the pine-woods. They had no gloves, but fought with the raw 'uns, in the good old-fashioned way. About the ninth round both men fell in the ring, and the two seconds, of whom Mike Moran was one, rushed from their corners. Mike Moran said to the other second, " You touched my man," and the other second said, " No, I didn't, you B." Mike said, " I tell you, you did," and up with his fist, and hit the other second a proper wump in the mouth, and knocked two of his teeth out of his jaw. The fellow spat them out on the grass, picked them up, and put them in his waistcoat pocket, and the fight went on.

One of Queen Victoria's grandsons was there ; I think he was in the 60th Rifles. He had come down from London by the last train, and hadn't been to bed at all. He was so frightened that his grandmother might find out that he had been to a prize-fight, which was illegal, that he came out with a false beard on. About the fifteenth round, when the blood was flowing, he fell off his pony in a faint, and his false beard came off. At the twentieth round the local policeman turned up, and began to talk about his duty, and we gave him a sovereign and made him second official time-keeper. In the twenty-seventh round one man knocked the other man out and he couldn't

come up to time. We spent £30 on the training and other expenses, and the winner got £40, but as the defeated man had fought so well we made up a purse for him on the ground, and I think gave him a tenner. This was a real good fight for £40, and very different from the absurd prizes the so-called pugilists get now, to say nothing of what they make out of the cinema rights, etc. About two months after this we got up another fight between a black man and a white man, but it only lasted three rounds, as the black man broke the white man's arm in the third round.

1889

I was made a Magistrate for Monmouthshire. We were spending the New Year with my father and mother at Stanley Park, and I had to go down to Monmouth to be sworn in. The dear old Duke of Beaufort, after I was sworn in, came up to me and said, "I'm so glad to welcome you on the bench; we want some young fellows like you amongst us old fellows," which was just the nice sort of kind thing he always said. Nobody was more beloved in the county than he was.

I was dining with Evelyn Wood one night, and he was talking about his A.D.C.'s, and he said: "Parsons, my senior A.D.C. (afterwards Major-General Sir Charles Parsons), does a lot of work, and so does Babington, my second one; and then I have a gentleman called Owen, whom I don't know much about, but the Prince of Wales has asked me to take him. I believe he is connected with horses." This was Roddy Owen, about the finest gentleman rider in England: he won the Grand National once, if not twice. On one big Field Day the General sent him with a message to the officer commanding one of the sides, and he never turned up again till dinner-time at Government House. Sir Evelyn asked him what he had been doing, and he said, "I am very sorry, sir, but you know that horse I ride is a very hard puller, and he ran away with me, and I never got a pull at him till he got to Farnborough station, and then he pulled up dead lame, and I hope you don't mind, I went to Sandown." Old Sir

Evelyn grunted, and said, "Yes, I know you did, and won two races there." This was pretty good from Roddy, who used to ride an old Military Police horse about sixteen years of age on parade, which couldn't have run away if it tried.

A week after this Roddy Owen went into the drawing-room at Government House to write a letter to his best girl in London, saying he was very sorry he couldn't take her out to dine and a theatre the next night, "As the old woman here (meaning Lady Wood) won't give me leave, as there is a dinner-party at Government House." He was called out of the room and left the letter in the blotting book in the drawing-room, which was a silly thing to do, and Lady Wood came in and saw it, and there was an unholy row.

Poor Roddy died of cholera afterwards in the Sudan.

In August 1889 the Kaiser's Review took place at Aldershot, and Queen Victoria came down for it. It was a desperate hot day, and we were detailed for the escort to take Her Majesty back to Windsor about 4 p.m. I was riding by the right wheel of the carriage, and the Princess of Wales (afterwards Queen Alexandra) was sitting next to Her Majesty, with a Lady-in-Waiting opposite. The Queen was very gracious, and asked my name and one or two questions as we moved off, and then went fast asleep, and her black bonnet became somewhat awry on the top of her head. What with the heat and dust and the big horsehair plume under his chin, and the leopard's tail which hung down his shoulder, my horse began to chuck his head about, and to my horror threw a blob of foam right on to the Queen's veil. She woke up with a start and gave me a look which made me wish I had never been born, and the Princess of Wales and the Lady-in-Waiting began mopping her up with their handkerchiefs. Mercifully, about a mile farther on, we were relieved by the new travelling escort, found, I think, by the Life Guards. Two days afterwards a furious memo. came down from the Horse Guards saying that all commanding officers

detailing Royal escorts were to take particular care to see that their horses did not foam at the mouth!!!!

Next day there was a sham fight on the Fox Hills, and we were told to mount the German Admiral who was in attendance on the Kaiser. We were told to pick out a very quiet horse, as the Admiral wasn't much of a rider. The Admiral had a huge pair of brass spurs on, and when the Band played the German National Anthem, the old horse gave a bit of a buck; both the Admiral's brass spurs went into his side, and he gave a second buck and the Admiral came off over his head, and the old gentleman wouldn't get on again. There was a big lunch at two o'clock, and we filled the Admiral up with champagne, port, and old brandy, and after lunch, full of courage, he said, "Wo ist mein verdammte Pferd?" ("Where is my damned horse?"), and tried to get up on the wrong side and fell off again and went home in a cab.

The next day we started by route march for Shorncliffe, as we were under orders to go to India at the end of November. We took the Band and coach with us. We had a delightful march. At Shorncliffe all the officers and men who could be spared were given leave, pending our departure for India. I played a good deal of polo there with the three Peats and Lord Harrington.

In September 1889 I got a fortnight's leave and went over with Denis Daly to shoot at his father's, old Lord Dunsandle's in Galway.

Denis and I reached Athenry station about 7 p.m. There were two cars to meet us. It was pouring with rain. Denis and I got into one car, and our two servants and the baggage went in the other. Our jarvey was very drunk, and went out of the station yard full gallop with a good slew to port and hit one gatepost so hard we were both nearly thrown off. I made a grab at the reins, and the jarvey said, "Och, Captain, don't touch the reins, they're as rotten as pears." It was 9 Irish miles to Dunsandle, and we did most of the way at a hand gallop. When we got to the lodge gates in the demesne wall, they were locked, and we couldn't make the lodge-keeper hear.

We put the car alongside the wall, and I got on Denis's shoulder and he gave me a hoist which landed me over the wall on my back among the cabbages in the lodge garden. It was pitch-dark, and I went and banged at the door, and though I could hear shuffling and whispering inside, nobody answered. So I shouted to Denis, and he said he would come over too. I am glad to say he also fell into the cabbages. He went up to the door and shouted, "Dan, you old fool, what's the matter? Come out and open the gate." Dan replied, "Is that you, Master Dinis?" "Yes, you old fool, open the door," and Dan said, "Glory be to God. I thought you was the boys" (meaning moonlighters).

One night, when we were sitting at dinner with Willie Daly, who managed the property for his father, there was a knock and a ring at the front-door bell, and the maid came in with a very white face and said somebody was outside. Willie Daly went to the sideboard and took out two revolvers and handed one to Denis, and I was given the poker, and we all three went to the door. Willie shouted, "Who's there?" A voice said, "Is that you, Master Willie?" Willie said, "Is that you, Murphy? What do you want?" Murphy said, "I've come to pay the rint, but for God's sake don't tell any of the others."

It was in the middle of the bad times in Ireland. We then went back to dinner.

Whilst I was away the old Duke of Cambridge came down to inspect what was then called the South-Eastern Division, which was commanded by an old thing called Sir Alexander Montgomery Moore, who had never seen a shot fired, and who had bought my second charger at Tattersall's sale for 145 guineas. The General's first charger went lame the day before the Duke's inspection, so he had to ride my horse. When the Duke of Cambridge arrived on parade, and the Band played "God Save the King," this was too much for my old horse, and he gave two bucks and threw the General right on to his neck, and he dropped his sword, and clasped his horse round the neck with both arms. The old horse carried him into the

middle of the Band and nearly kicked a hole in the big drum. The Duke was convulsed with laughter, and kept crying out, "My Gawd, my Gawd, look at the General, what is he doing, what is he doing?" The General sent my horse up to Tattersall's a fortnight afterwards and got 140 guineas for him, only five less than he had given me, so he didn't lose much on him. I heard the horse was sold afterwards for 200 guineas.

There was a story about Montgomery Moore. He was inspecting an infantry regiment one day, and stopped in front of a man, and asked him how much service he had. The man said, "Twenty years, sir." The General then looked at his sleeve and saw he had no good-conduct rings, and remarked, "Well, I have never seen a man with twenty years' service without a good-conduct ring." On which the Tommy said, "And I've never seen a General without a medal."

Hugh Sutledge Gough was brought in to command the regiment at the end of Harry Parker's time.

We got to Bombay in the middle of December, and I bought three raw ponies to make into polo ponies.

CHAPTER VII

INDIA, 1890-1892

THE Mhow Division was commanded by an old bird called General Gillespie, who was in the Indian Army, and who, rumour said, hadn't been out of India for five-and-twenty years ; anyhow he had an abnormal liver. In 1890 Mr. Childers, who had been Under-Secretary of State for War in one of the Radical Administrations, came out on a cold-weather trip to India, and he arrived at Mhow about the middle of January, and put up with General Gillespie, who sent his A.D.C. to meet him at the station about 7.30 a.m. He got up to the General's bungalow, had a bath, and came down to tiffin at 10, and remarked to the General, " General, I think the great heat of India must be a good deal exaggerated. What is more delightful than a morning like this ? I was quite cold coming up the Ghats in the train. It's like a delightful May morning in England." Old Gillespie, whose liver was unusually large that morning, said, " Oh, Mr. Childers, you must remember this is our cold weather," and he then said to his A.D.C., whose name I think was Grant, " Grant, go into my room and bring me *Departmental Ditties*." Grant brought him the book, and Gillespie opened it at Kipling's poem, " Pagett, M.P.," and read out the first verse with much emphasis :

" Pagett, M.P., was a liar, and a fluent liar therewith,—

He spoke of the heat of India as the 'Asian Solar Myth' ;
Came on a four months' visit, to 'study the East,' in November,
And I got him to sign an agreement, vowing to stay till September."

He then threw the book across the table to Childers, and said, " You read the rest of it, it'll do you good. It's fools like you who come out here for a month or six weeks in the cold weather, and then go back to the House

of Commons and tell them a lot of d——d lies and nonsense about India, and how the country should be governed. You don't know the harm you do. It takes a man a lifetime to understand India, and then he won't get at what is really at the back of a native's mind."

In February we were inspected by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army, on his way to Bombay at the expiration of his command. He was a most charming personality, and a right good soldier, and we in the Army were all sorry when he was not made Commander-in-Chief at home in succession to the Duke of Cambridge.

When he came out of the orderly room all the officers were waiting outside to be introduced to him, and suddenly, from round the corner, wound a procession of fifty-five black and brown ladies belonging to the most ancient and honourable profession in the East, headed by an old white-haired *jemidah* lady in charge of them, and before anyone could stop her she rushed up to His Royal Highness, fell on her knees, and thrust a petition into his hand, which read as follows :

"We, the hard-working and deserving concubines of the Queen-Empress, your mother, who have served her soldiers faithfully for many years and have now been thrown out of work through no fault of our own but by order of the Sirkar (Government), humbly pray Your Royal Highness to find us labour, praying for long life for your Royal Highness and many children. We are Your Royal Highness's hard-working and deserving concubines." And as none of them could write there were fifty-five crosses at the foot of the petition.

This happened just after the C.D. Act had been repealed in India. In those days so many women were allotted to the soldiers of each regiment, transport was provided for them on the march, and certain quarters were allotted them in the Bazaar, and they were inspected once a week by a doctor. The incident caused much amusement among those standing by.

Mhow, Central India

Like most regiments, we had our regimental newspaper, which was started when we went to India in 1889. It came out monthly, and one of the special features of the paper was "Vanity Fair," with the following account of myself in it :

" REGIMENTAL CELEBRITIES**" SPIKE**

" With an established military fame he came to us, having shown himself by acts of heroism and gallant deeds to be no commonplace soldier. As such we respect him, and as a friend and a comrade we love none better. In the hunting field, as on the field of battle, he distinguishes himself ; no mean sportsman at the game, we know him to thrust along in great style, and being a nice light-weight, and possessing plenty of pluck, he is seldom with the rear-most.

" Enthusiastic about cricket, he can wield a bat to some purpose, reverses do not discourage him, and by his spirit of emulation he always trusts to captain us to victory. It is at polo, however, that he is seen to best advantage, and being quick and active with a good eye he hardly ever lets the ball off. He rides well, and contrives to get good polo ponies together ; those he ' makes ' himself invariably turn out a success ; this, no doubt, is mainly due to his being the happy possessor of a light hand. He is a neat, tidy, and as we have heard him described, a ' handy little man.' Fond of the sweets of life, he can appreciate what is good. With a keen sense of comfort, he is apt to be luxurious. Particular as to appearance, we find him correctly ' got up,' whether on the plains of India or when strolling leisurely down the sunny side of Piccadilly hidden away behind a huge rose. His bungalow is arranged and fitted up with great taste, and to those who enter in he is a cheery host. There you will see his Goliathan bed—he is fond of it.

" CAPTAIN MARLING, V.C."

When I was quartered at Mhow, Central India, the snipe shooting was very good. There was a *jheel* about 30 miles from the station called Delpapur, 2 or 3 miles long. Charles Burnett and myself and two other guns got 80 couple of snipe, 19 duck and teal, a goose, 5 quail, 7 partridges, 2 hares, 1 black buck, and 10 pigeons one day. Of all the duck and teal we shot we only collected one out of three, and we picked up on that occasion five different kinds of duck and teal. It was one of the most enjoyable days I ever had.

At a Native State called Dhar, near Mhow, there was also very good snipe and duck and black buck shooting, and the Rajah was very civil to us. One day we arrived from Mhow, and the Rajah's Prime Minister said he was very sorry, but we couldn't shoot, as the Commissioner from Indore was coming on a visit to the Rajah, at which we were much disappointed. But we told the Prime Minister that the Commissioner didn't care about shooting, what he really liked was a good nautch. So we spent two days there and shot all the best *jheels* and about a dozen black buck as well. When the Commissioner arrived the day after our departure the Rajah gave him a most gorgeous nautch, one of the most improper nautches ever seen in Central India, and the Commissioner, who was fond of shooting, was extremely annoyed, and the Rajah's report was not as good as he expected.

Another time we went over there to see black buck hunting with a cheetah. A cheetah is an animal like a leopard, only with dog's claws. The mode of procedure is this: the cheetah is tied up on a bullock-cart without a top, and his keeper walks beside him. The cheetah has a mask over his eyes, and as soon as the herd of black buck is found the bullock-cart is driven round and round them in ever-decreasing circles. When the cart gets within 100 or 200 yards of the herd the mask is whipped off the cheetah's eyes, and he is shown the buck and unloosed from his collar, and he pursues the buck with enormous bounds and leaps. Directly he started we sat down and rode as hard as we could. The cheetah caught the buck

before he had gone a mile. We got near enough to see him knock the buck over with a blow on the hind legs from one of his paws, and then fastened on to the throat. The keeper then arrived with the bullock-cart. He cut the black buck's throat and let the blood into a bowl, gave it to the cheetah to drink, and a leg to eat, put his collar on again, and got him back on to the cart. Then he put the mask on again over his eyes. It was very interesting to see for once.

Shortly after this we had our regimental race-meeting, and Dhar came over, and a big shamiana was pitched for him close to the race-course. For the first race he turned out with his turban and tunic ablaze with diamonds. When it was over he dived into his tent and came out with emeralds in place of the diamonds. For the third race it was pearls, for the fourth rubies, for the fifth topazes. He changed directly after each race. He had been told there were five races on the card. So when the sixth race for the men came on he remained in his tent, as he had not got a sixth set of jewellery.

At the beginning of March the regiment went to play in a Polo Tournament at Nusseerabad, and got beaten in the first round, which was not to be surprised at, as our ponies were mostly raw ones. Here I first met dear old Pertab Singh, Rajah Regent of Jodhpore, than whom no better sportsman ever lived, and he asked Denis Daly and myself to stay with him.

March 6th

My birthday. Twenty-nine to-day.

On May 1st, 1890, I went to Poona to go through a Garrison Course to pass for my Majority, and Pollok went with me to pass for his troop, and we had a most pleasant three months. I went up at the end of July and passed my exam. all right except in engineering. My regiment won the Poona Tournament after a very hard struggle, which was a very good performance, considering we had only been in India six months and were badly mounted. The team was: Denis Daly, back; Laming, No. 3;

Myself, No. 2 ; Baby Birch, No. 1. There was a great dinner at the Club that night, and Sir George Greaves, the new Commander-in-Chief at Bombay, presented us with the cup. Everybody got very festive, and after dinner I remember a fellow called Kuper, a gunner, insisted on getting in the mowing machine and mowing the carpets in the hall. Sir George Greaves was always supposed to be the "General Bangs" of Rudyard Kipling's amusing poem.

In August I was asked to command the first Mounted Infantry School ever held in India, which lasted for six weeks. I then went up for my exam. in engineering, and passed by the skin of my teeth.

I went down to Bombay to play in the Bombay Polo Tournament, and we were beaten by the 7th Hussars, and got back to Mhow the first week in October.

In December 1890 we won the Central India Polo Tournament, which was played at Mhow, beating the Gunners in the final. In those days you could buy a jolly good polo pony for from 500 rupees, which is very different from the exorbitant prices they fetch now.

1891

At the end of March 1891 there was a big Musketry Camp at Mhow, and Pollard, who was then a subaltern in the Bombay Native Infantry, and Commander-in-Chief of the Begum of Bhopal's Army, brought over some of the Begum's Army for the Musketry course, and asked me if I would like to go with him for a tiger shoot in the jungles of the Bhopal State at the beginning of May. He said they hadn't had a gun let off in the jungle for two years, and it was full of tiger. I naturally said I should be delighted.

On April 27th I got a telegram from Colonel Hood (afterwards Lord Bridport) offering me the Adjutancy of the West Somerset Yeomanry. I wired accepting it, and started by the mail train at 4 a.m. for Bhopal, having sent on three ponies by road. I got to Bhopal at 9 p.m. and drove to the guest-house belonging to the Begum. It was

a beautiful house, furnished most comfortably, and they had a bath and a capital dinner all ready for me. I went to bed at midnight on the verandah, which looked on to a nice green garden, and with the sound of fountains splashing in my ears I fell comfortably asleep at once. There was a huge lake at Bhopal and lovely gardens. Only two white people were there—a lady doctor and an engineer.

Wednesday, April 29th

Off at 7 a.m. We dined in the evening with the Political Agent. Pollard said the *cubba* (news) was very good—four tigers, one panther, three bears, and a solitary bison.

April 30th

Started at 4 a.m., and rode 35 miles to a little village called Kajeeni. Country very wild about here, and the natives won't take Government rupees, so we had to change all our Government rupees at the shop for Bhopal rupees. The Begum has supplied us with two trained howdah elephants and 150 beaters.

May 1st

I had a Paragon rifle and a 12-bore, and Mead shells. Got into a *machan* and the beat started. The first thing that came out was a peacock. Then the native shikari, who was sitting on a branch just above me, touched me on the shoulder, and I looked round and saw a tiger nearly behind me in the long grass. I turned round as quick as I could, fired at him and missed him, much to my disgust, never having seen a tiger out of the zoo before.

May 2nd

Saw no tiger, but a lot of cheetah, with two fine bucks and some nilghi, but of course did not fire on them, as we were after tiger.

May 3rd, Rogation Sunday

In the first beat two tigers broke out to one side, entirely owing to the stupid fool of a stop, who was too frightened

to clap his hands, although he was in a high tree and quite out of danger. We rode a pad elephant on the way home, down some very bad nullahs through the jungle. It is astonishing the way the elephant, on getting an order from the mahout, will pull branches off a tree, and butt the small ones over with his head. My helmet was knocked off by a branch, and the elephant picked it up with his trunk and gave it to the mahout.

May 4th

We had two very long beats and came on a young water buffalo killed by the tiger the night before, but saw no signs of the tiger. Very hot.

May 6th

Beat for anything we could find. I shot a cheetah and missed a sambur. Tremendous lot of long-tailed monkeys about. Temperature 105°.

May 8th

Began to beat at 12.15. A tiger came under Pollard's tree, and I heard a shot from him, then a second shot. The tiger then came towards my tree, but I couldn't see him at all well. I had two shots at him. Then I heard Pollard shout that he was dead, but I could still hear the tiger growling and biting at grass and twigs. We then got on the elephant, but it took four more shots to kill him, as the elephant would wobble so. We pulled out his whiskers at once, as the natives steal them if they can and cut them into small pieces to poison their mothers-in-law or anyone else they have a grudge against. The tiger measured 9 feet 1 inch sportsman's measurement, that is, in a straight line from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. It was a very thick-set, powerful tiger, and measured 30 inches above his forearm and 19 inches below. His tail measured 3 feet. We brought the elephant close up to him and he gave him two or three real good kicks. It was very funny to watch. We gave each of the beaters 3 annas apiece extra to celebrate our first tiger. The result of our generosity was that next day we found that

half the beaters had bolted in the night, so we had to send to the villages round and get a fresh lot.

May 12th

Our shikari came in and reported a kill and the pugs of three tigers, at which there was much rejoicing. We started on a pad elephant, and got into our *machan* at 12.20. The heat was awful; the thermometer stood at 105° in the shade. About 2 p.m. I heard a shot from Pollard and then a loud roar. In another minute I heard two more shots and a great rustling and scrambling, and in two minutes more a joyful shout from Pollard to say he had bagged all three tigers, but wasn't sure if the last one was dead. We shouted for the elephant, which was a long time coming up. We got on to the elephant with our guns, and came on the first tiger lying stone dead behind a tree. It was a tigress measuring 9 feet 2 inches. The other two were dead close under Pollard's tree. They measured 7 feet, and were about four or five years old.

May 16th

Moved camp and rode to a little village called Lalkoni, about 10 miles off, where we found 12 men had died of cholera the day before. Our tents were pitched under a huge mango tree. My bearer did not turn up with my bed and baggage till 1 p.m., so I sacked him, as he has been most unsatisfactory. I took on my Khitmagar, a very good boy, in his place. I fancy the combination of tigers, cholera, and marching was too much for the effete Bombay wallah. He would have to walk 45 miles to Bhopal, the nearest station.

May 18th

Two kills last night. In the first beat a tiger came towards my tree about 100 yards or rather more. Suddenly he stopped, looked up at me, grinned, and snarled in the most offensive way. I thought he was going to cut out, and fired in a hurry and missed him. It was a nasty shot, as I had only his head to aim at. I ought to have waited to see if he would come nearer. Pollard's shikari had

got down to tell the honk to come on, when suddenly a small tiger sprang at him with a roar, and he just managed to do the best on record up the nearest tree, and the tiger broke back. The tiger clawed his slipper off.

The second honk was close by along the river-bank. I was in a high tree overlooking the dry bed covered with bushes. Out came a tiger with a roar, and I missed him with the 12-bore as he went by at a gallop, about 40 or 50 yards off. I turned round and gave him both barrels of the express, the first barrel hit him behind, about 130 yards, a huge fluke, as he was going like a hundred of bricks. Got on the elephant to look him up, couldn't find him, but found a lot of blood. Hope to get him to-morrow.

Then went off 3 miles to the third honk. I was in a tree about 5.30 p.m. Heaps of splendid peacocks came out, then I heard a roar away to my right front, and about 6.15, just as it was beginning to get dusk, -I heard "pat, pat" very slowly, and through the undergrowth out came a tigress and stopped dead about 40 yards off on the top of the bank exactly in front of me. I put down my 12-bore, picked up my express, and took as steady an aim as I could for my excitement just behind the shoulder and pulled the trigger. There was a terrific roar, and a great mass of stripes came bounding down the bank straight for my tree; I gave it my left barrel and knocked it over like a rabbit, and it came rolling down the bank right under my tree, where I gave it the right barrel of my 12-bore as it lay on its side. It gave two or three long gasping sighs, and departed this life, much to my delight. My orderly got down after waiting a few minutes and pulled her tail to see if she was really defunct. A tigress 9 feet 2 inches long, 19 inches just below forearm, and $22\frac{1}{2}$ above; tail 2 feet 3 inches. Pulled out the whiskers. Got back to camp at 8 p.m.

Hassan, my new bearer, was delighted, and asked for one of the small shoulder-bones, which the natives set great store by as a charm to keep away sickness and the evil spirit. Gave him one. Kept the other myself to

keep away liver and one's head in the early morn. Great rejoicing. I started to skin her by torchlight with a big knife. All the women from the village and the children came to see her; the scene by torchlight and moonlight was rather weird. So to bed, like Pepys, well pleased. Got five bottles of fat out of the tigress. The natives esteem it highly as a salve for cuts, bruises, rheumatism, etc.

May 19th

The shikaris came in to say they had seen my wounded tiger lying on the carcass of yesterday's kill. Started very late, as we had a lot of letters to write and bunderbust to make at 11.30. I drew second tree, a very good one. A very long honk. At 1.30 p.m. it began to pour with rain and thundered for more than half an hour. Then out came two bear, then a nilghi, then five cheetah stags came and stood 40 yards in front of me, then a lot of peacocks, and lastly, about 2.30 p.m., the tiger went galloping across the river-bed about 150 yards off straight for Pollard's tree. "Bang" I heard, and then two more shots. Then a shout from Pollard for me to come on the elephant, but I got hung up in my tree, and for the life of me couldn't get down. At last I scrambled down, dropping most of my cartridges, and got on to the elephant. It appeared that the tiger dropped to the first shot, and after lying there motionless for about five minutes suddenly got up and bolted off into some high grass. It was rather funny work. The trees kept nearly sweeping one out of the howdah, so that, what with our own loaded guns, and the shikaris' ditto, the elephant, the branches, and the tiger, we had our fill of excitement. Besides this, it began to rain again.

After going up and down hair-raising places and having our eyes nearly put out by the trees, and our heads nearly knocked off, to say nothing of false alarms from the two natives behind us, who kept saying, "There he is, sahib," we really did see him lying very sick under a bush, too far gone to charge. So we finished him off. He measured 9 feet 2 inches. We started off to walk 4 miles as hard as

we could to honk another place, but although we did a record in pedestrianism, and I sweated like a pig, the honk produced no tiger. The cholera is getting worse. I doubt if we shall be able to go to the other places as arranged.

May 21st

Cholera much worse. Six beaters had it yesterday, and we sent them off to their villages. Three died on the way, about a mile from camp. It is the filthy water they drink. We have ours boiled and filtered first. I expect we shall send them all away. Sat up over a live buffalo by a water-hole for a tiger. Lovely moonlight night. The sambre kept belling like anything. No tiger came, but lots of other animals. It was a wonderful sight to see the various animals come down to drink.

May 22nd

Panther killed a goat. Two honks but no panther. Saw heaps of peacocks. Cholera much worse. Sent away all beaters. Altogether about twelve have died, poor beggars; they have very little stamina. Here they seem to think nothing of it, although whole villages and districts are deserted. What they want is two or three days' continuous heavy rain to wash all the filth away. Sat up over a goat from 4 p.m. till nearly 6 a.m. for the panther. Never again. The stink, and the flies, mosquitoes, creeping animals, and other horrors, d—ble, to say nothing of the heat and the fear of falling out of the tree when asleep, or being pulled out by the infuriated panther, as we weren't far from the ground. Up to midnight I was miserable, cussing myself for being such an ass as to leave my comfortable bed. Needless to say, no panther came.

May 23rd

There was a total eclipse of the moon, which began at 9.15 p.m. The shikaris and beaters all swore that a *bhurra shaitan* (big devil) had put his hand over the moon. I had a diary with me, so I knew exactly how long it would last, and I told them it was because the devil was angry,

as they hadn't beaten well the day before, and had been lazy ; but if they would promise solemnly to beat well in future I would tell him to take his hand off the moon in two hours' time. And I showed them my watch, and said when the hands reached 12.15 midnight, then the devil would take his hand right off the moon. My fame therefore was great in the land, but the natives beat drums and tom-toms all night to keep away the evil spirit.

May 24th

Tried again for a tiger with a few scratch beaters ; saw nothing except one monkey. Elephant's mahout very ill with cholera. We gave him two cholera pills and a dose of brandy and opium.

May 25th

A runner came in from the Commissioner to say we must break up camp because of the cholera. We gave the mahout some more chlorodine and brandy, and put a hot mustard plaster on his tummy. Another runner came in the evening from the Political Agent to say we were not to go anywhere else, but were to come back to Sehore. The mahout recovered, thanks to our doctoring.

May 27th

Got back to Sehore. Dined with the Political Agent. There were only four white people in Sehore besides Pollard and myself. At 5 p.m. a tremendous cloud of locusts appeared. It took one and a half hours for them to pass.

May 28th

Left Sehore, the Begum providing all transport, and got to Bhopal at 10.15 a.m.

Pollard and I went to thank the Begum for all her kindness and hospitality. We were shown into a large room that had six musical clocks in it, all playing different tunes at once. We sat down one each side of the chick (purdah). Then we heard a rustling and whispering behind the chick, and Pollard said, "Stand up." We both stood up and bowed, and a beautifully small brown hand came through

the chick, which we politely took and bowed over. The Begum asked Pollard if I was married. He said, "No." She then asked how old I was. I said I was thirty. She then asked why I wasn't married, which was rather a stumper, but I said that it was because I had never met a lady with all her virtues and beauty, at which she was much pleased, and asked me to come and shoot again next year.

The Begum ruled her State extremely well, and was one of the most loyal Chiefs in India.

July 10th

Certain alterations had to be made in the rifle range. The work was done by natives, under the superintendence of a corporal in my troop. The weather was pretty hot in the middle of the day, and the *jemidar* in charge of the natives came to the corporal and said one of the natives was very lazy and wouldn't work. The corporal sent for the native and gave him a telling off. About an hour later the jemidar came back, and said the native was asleep under a tree, and the corporal went and gave him a smack with his cane. About noon, when they knocked off work, the jemidar came up to the corporal and said the man was dead. The unfortunate corporal was tried for manslaughter, and was confined in the regimental guard-room for over a month, pending his trial by the civil power. He was a very good fellow, and I was very sorry for him, and used to go and see him every other day. When the trial came on I was in court to look after his interests, and I had previously found out that the jemidar had given the fellow a good hit with his stick. The jemidar and his friends swore black and blue that he hadn't touched the man, but I paid 100 Rs. to four natives, who swore that they had seen the jemidar hit the man in his spleen, and I got my corporal triumphantly acquitted. You could buy most native evidence at from 10 to 20 Rs. a head. My experience is that a native is a past-master in the art of perjury.

In August 1891 I got home to take up the appoint-

ment of Adjutant to the West Somerset Yeomanry, and they gave me a great farewell dinner in the mess, and I had quite a lump in my throat at leaving the regiment for five years. My dear old G Troop gave me a silver cigar, cigarette, and match-box in a case, with an inscription, which is one of my most treasured possessions, and I gave the troop a dinner. They were a real good lot of men: we'd been together for nearly five years.

I got home at the end of August, during a very wet monsoon, and the ship was half-empty. Barnum, or I should rather say Bailey, of Barnum's Show, was on board, and we made great friends. Before we parted he asked me to come and see him at Barnum's Show in London, when he would take me round all the side-shows. Some time in October I went up to see his show. He told me rather an amusing story. The week before he had taken the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Rosebery, Sir Redvers Buller, and somebody else round the side-shows. When they got to the tattooed lady, she was so wonderfully tattooed that His Royal Highness didn't believe she was real. Bailey said, "I assure Your Royal Highness she is real." "But His Royal Highness did not believe my statement," went on Bailey, "and to convince himself His Royal Highness licked the palm of his royal hand and rubbed it up and down the shin of the tattooed lady's leg to see if it was genuine."

Taunton was our Headquarters, and I lived in the officers' quarters of the 13th Somerset Light Infantry, and started to get a small stud together. I went to see John White, a well-known horse dealer in Taunton, and said I wanted three horses, but couldn't afford to pay any fancy prices for them. I said, "Mr. White, I place myself in your hands, and I hope you will do me well." We tried eight or nine horses over various fences on John White's farm, and I said, "I'll buy these three subject to their passing the vet." John White said, "I won't have the vet. in Taunton, but you can have any other in England. I've had a row with him, and I won't have him inside my stables."

I went off for a week's shooting at Sedbury Park, and asked John White if he would keep my horses till the stables I had hired were ready, and he said, "All right," and he would send them to my stables in three days' time. When I got back to Taunton I found only two horses in my stable. The three horses had passed the vet. all right, and I had sent John White a cheque. The mare, "Star of the West," wasn't there. I went over to John White's stables, and said, "Where's the mare?" and he said, "She's in my stable, come and look at her." We went into the box and found she had a leg the size of a bolster. I said, "What the matter?" John White said, "I don't know, but she's as lame as a tree, and she'll be no good to you." I said, "The mare was passed by the vet., and I have paid for her." He said, "That doesn't matter. Here's your £50 back, and I shan't let you have her. I don't think she'll do another day's work this season." I said, "Well, Mr. White, I think you've treated me uncommonly well, and I am very grateful to you. I'll buy another horse, of course." "Well, Captain," he said, "it's like this. You came here and put yourself in my hands like a gentleman. I get a lot of people who come and pull my horses about, and crab 'em, and try to find faults where there aren't faults, and think they know more about horses than I do, and then I does them."

We had some very good sport with the Taunton Vale, and the West Somerset, and the Cotley Harriers, who hunted a fox as often as they did a hare. Taunton was a very relaxing place, and by the end of the season I got very seedy, and the doctor said I ought to go to a warm dry climate for two years. Colonel Hood, afterwards Lord Bridport, treated me very well, and tried to persuade me to stop on, but there was a fellow in the 5th Lancers who was going to be married, and was very anxious to get the Adjutancy, so I got the War Office to let me resign. In March I got sick leave till October 1892, when I rejoined my regiment, which by that time had gone to Umballa.

CHAPTER VIII

INDIA, 1892-1895

1892

November

WENT out on a P. & O. boat, and had a real pleasant voyage.

I got to Umballa just before Christmas 1892.

1893

Umballa was quite a good station, and in those days the Inter-Regimental Polo Tournament was played there in March. I was Captain of our Polo team. There were two big race-meetings in the year. The only drawback to the station was that the troops were commanded by a most unpleasant Brigadier who was disliked by nearly everybody. He was a fearful snob, too.

January 21st

I was umpire for a Field Firing Day, and had to mark the targets. Before we started firing Tagart examined the sandhills where the targets were, and reported "All clear," and then the firing started at the various targets. When the "Cease Fire" sounded another umpire and myself went up to check the targets, and we found that the natives of an adjoining village had buried an old native who was nearly blind and quite deaf up to his chin in the sand, and had left him there hoping that some of the bullets might hit him, and they would then get compensation from the Government. The head-man of the village and two of his accomplices were fined and put in prison for this.

March 23rd

Maxwell Sherston, 18th Hussars, who was a pal of mine, was a nephew of Lord Roberts, the Commander-in-Chief.

He was invited by his uncle to go down to Delhi on Saturday, March 25th, to say good-bye to him, as his time as Commander-in-Chief in India was up, and Lord Roberts added that if he had a pal in the regiment he would like to bring with him he would be delighted to put him up. Maxwell Sherston asked me to go with him : I was sharing a bungalow with him at the time. Lord Roberts kindly said that he would give us a day's pig-sticking and take us round Delhi.

March 26th, Palm Sunday

Reached Delhi at 7.30 a.m., and went straight off pig-sticking with Lord Roberts. It was very hot, and we didn't find a pig till nearly 5 p.m., and then we lost him.

Tuesday, March 28th

Lord Roberts took Maxwell Sherston and myself all round Delhi. We started at about 10 a.m. at the top of the Ridge, and worked down to the Cashmere Gate, Lord Roberts explaining everything in the most delightful way. As far as I can remember, the party consisted of Lord Roberts, Miss Roberts, Maxwell Sherston, and myself, General Morton (Quartermaster-General), and Cotton, Lord Roberts's A.D.C., and a civilian who was writing a book. After tiffin we started again with Lord Roberts, and worked through the Cashmere Gate, which was blown in by Horne and Salkeld, R.E., and where the Rifles covered themselves with glory. We then turned to the right, inside the wall, to where John Nicholson was killed.

I don't think I ever spent a more interesting day, and it was great luck for a young fellow like me to be taken round and have the siege described most graphically by Lord Roberts, who had himself been present at the Siege of Delhi. If ever there was a kind delightful person, it was Bobs. The whole Army in India, both native and British, adored him. After dinner Sherston and I drove out 12 miles to a place called Alibu, and got there about 2 a.m., having sent our horses on in the morning.

March 29th

Started pig-sticking at 7 a.m., and found one pig. Sherston took a heavy toss, and I had a ride after a wolf for about a quarter of an hour, but lost him. We found no more ridable pig.

April 4th

Took our polo team over to Patiala, the team being: Pollok, No. 1; Marling, No. 2; Charlie Burnett, No. 3; Corbett, back. Stewart was fifth man. Stayed at the Moti Bagh as guests of the Rajah. After dinner we went to the Rajah's private skating rink.

April 5th

We went sightseeing all morning, and had a polo match in the afternoon against Patiala's second team, whom we beat by 8 goals to love. The Rajah gave a big dinner in the evening, and a dance at which there were a lot of fairies, and we had great fun.

Thursday, April 6th

Drove out 11 miles in a carriage at 6 a.m. and went pig-sticking. Patiala mounted me on a horse that had won the Kader Cup. We had a jolly good day and killed three pig. Back to Umballa at 10 p.m.

April 19th

Went over to play polo again at Patiala. Very hot day. The team this time consisted of Charles Burnett, Jock Wood and Corbett (both killed in the Great War), and myself.

On May 16th I went up to Kasauli to sit on a promotion board, which kept me out of the plains for ten days.

I then went up to Simla for the Viceroy's levee, and dined one night with Sir George White, the Commander-in-Chief.

June 6th

In June I got another week's leave, and went back to Simla for the Viceroy's Ball, a week's racing, and some cricket. Simla, even in those days, was a most festive place, and rather like the description in Rudyard Kipling's books. It was full of delightful grass widows who had left

their husbands grilling in the plains, and there was every sort of devilment and divarsion going on. One could have dined out twice a night if one had wanted to.

July 12th

Started by train with a pal for Rawal Pindi *en route* for Cashmere.

July 14th

We got to Murree, 40 miles, in a tonga. I spent the night with the 1st battalion of my old regiment, 60th Rifles, who were in camp about 3 miles off. Dined with Sir William and Lady Plowden. It was just like heaven getting there after the grilling hot weather in the plains.

July 16th

Started again in a tonga and drove 63 miles to Garhi.

July 17th

Drove 61 miles to Baramoola on the Jhelum River, where we found our boats and our head shikari. The drive was perfectly beautiful along the Jhelum River, and the scenery a mixture of Switzerland, Scotland, with a dash of Northern Italy thrown in. We had four boats—one for each of us, one for the servants and cooking, and a small one for fishing and shikar. These boats are sorts of large punts, roofed in with matting, and are most comfortable. The only drawback was that we were nearly pulled out of bed by fleas and other obnoxious insects.

July 19th

Still raining in buckets. Halted for the night at Shadipore.

July 20th

Raining harder than ever, and the river rising fast. We got to the outskirts of Srinagar about 5 p.m. River risen so much we couldn't get under the bridges.

July 21st

Got up at 6 a.m. Went up to Samud Shah, a great robber, then to Bahar Shah his enemy and rival, who is not

quite so bad. Tremendous flood. River 30 feet higher than ordinary. Houses crashing in all directions. By the greatest exertions and a heap of coolies got our boats up to Bahar Shah's house. At 4 p.m. started up-river in a shikara boat, went through second bridge. Tremendous flood. Post office 7 feet under water. Took off postmaster, who was sitting on the roof, in our boat. Houses falling everywhere. Just got under the third bridge, coming back at 7.30, by lying flat on our backs. Old Bahar Shah was green with funk. Our things had been moved into Bahar Shah's house, as they said the boats weren't safe; not at all sure about Bahar Shah's house. At 8 p.m. we were sitting in a bay window on the first floor of Bahar Shah's house eating an excellent dinner. It is wonderful how a native *bobbaji* (cook) will dish you up a four or five-course dinner in about an hour. At 8.30 the river was still rising, and old Bahar Shah came up white with terror, and said the river had risen over twenty-two steps, and was almost in the courtyard. All the natives were tom-tomming, and crying aloud and praying to their gods.

What happened was this: there were seven *chenaar* bridges over the Jhelum River at Srinagar: the first bridge held, the second bridge broke and came with a crash into the third bridge, which was just above our house. There was a half-moon, and it was like sitting in a box at the opera watching what was going on on the stage. The third bridge came down in one solid block apparently about 100 yards, then broke in three great pieces with a crash and swept under our windows. All the bridges below us were broken, and every bridge nearly as far as Murree, including the iron bridge at Domel and the suspension bridge at Kohala. All night long the natives kept praying and shouting and tom-tomming. We went to sleep.

July 22nd

Went up a hill, and could see nothing but water all round like a huge lake. Most lovely day, warm and fine. Four feet of water in the Residency. The whole of the

vale of Cashmere, 70 miles by 30, was under water. Dead sheep and cattle and other animals floating about.

July 24th

Spent all morning at the silversmith's and in the bazaar, having first started all our boats, kits, servants, etc., to Chennah Bagh, 2 miles off. Got there at 2 p.m. We are camped in our boats in the middle of the stream under a clump of huge chenaar trees. Nothing could be more perfect and comfortable, with a glorious view of the snow-capped Himalayas in the distance. At night, when the moon rises, it is too fascinating for anything. After dinner we had a nautch.

July 26th

Began to grow a beard. Went to the Rajah's palace in morning and then shopped. Left Srinagar at 1 p.m. Very seedy at 3 p.m., rheumatism and fever. My temperature went to 103°. Went to bed at 5 p.m. Took 12 grains quinine, and put on heaps of flannels, four blankets, a fur cap and fur gloves, and thick socks, but couldn't get up a sweat till 9 p.m. Had no dinner. Got to sleep 10.30 p.m. in a profuse perspiration and slept well.

July 27th

Much better. Very pretty going along the river.

July 28th

Quite well again. Reached Islamabad at 2 p.m. Left boats and marched to Achwal. Paid forty-three coolies 3 annas each—8 rupees 1 anna. Marched through a lovely country. Many streams. Peach, apple, plum, and walnut trees.

July 29th

Marched to Kukunar through a smiling valley with many streams. Started to honk for bear. The first honk out came a bear. It turned and came full tilt down the hill at me. I waited till it was within 10 yards, and bowled it over with the right barrel of my express. Saw another bear, but did not get a shot.

July 30th

The third honk a bear came out towards me. I was sitting on the lunch basket, and knocked him over at 7 yards.

August 3rd

Frightfully hot. A bear cut out the second honk. Honked for him again three times, and at last found the brute. I got a good shot at about 30 yards as he was running along, and bowled him over dead. A very fine black bear fifteen years old. Villagers are very pleased, as he had been doing a lot of mischief to their crops and also killed two cows. The bear measured close on 7 feet from nose to tail. Saw another bear, but did not get a shot.

August 5th

Left Gournabar. Very hot. Had tiffin in a lovely nullah by a stream at 1 p.m. On again at 2. Very bad track and all uphill. Lovely scenery and woods. Coolies dead beat. Nearly all the skin came off my arms from the sun. Camped at Guggen.

August 6th

Marched 10 miles by 11 a.m. to the top of Banihal Pass, nearly 12,000 feet high. A good lot of snow still. I slid down one nullah on it. Halted one hour for servants to come up. Hassan nearly dead. Then dipped down into Sundri Nullah, no track at all. Reached camping-ground at 12.50 p.m. Got tent up in pouring rain and mist.

August 7th

A lovely morning. Camp is on rising ground surrounded on three sides by streams, and completely shut in by pine-woods and hills. The ground is covered by grass and flowers a foot high. My camp is about 8,000 feet up. Romano went out at 5 a.m. to get cubba, and returned at 8.45, and reported plenty of bear tracks. Started at 11.30, honked all day, never saw a bear.



BEAR SHOOTING IN CASIMERE, SEPTEMBER 1883.
Myself and my Shikaree.

August 8th

Honked all day and never even smelt a bear. Romano's awful sick, and says he has a Kismet like a dog's.

August 14th

The second honk about 11.30 a.m. two bears broke back amongst the beaters. I only saw one myself, and couldn't get a shot at him. The coolies were all over the place, and kept no proper line at all. The bears clawed two beaters, one badly on the head and shoulder, and then broke clear away back. I had the injured man carried to camp at once and dressed his wounds myself as well as I could, cutting away all the hair with my nail scissors, and cleaning the cuts. I couldn't have believed a bear's claws could cut so deep and so clean. I started the man off on a charpoy to the hospital at Srinagar, with nine coolies. Just as I was going to dinner his grandmama appeared, swearing he shouldn't go to Srinagar, so I gave her 10 rupees, and she is going to doctor him herself. Nothing we could say would induce her to let him go and be properly attended to in hospital. Sent my rifle into Srinagar to have the stock mended. The old lady pinched one of my handkerchiefs which was drying on a bush. She also added she had two more grandsons who could come and beat for us, and no doubt hoped they would both get clawed and then she would get some more rupees.

Bagged seven bears altogether, and returned to my boat at Islamabad.

September 14th

Travelled all last night. There was a young moon and it was perfect. Whilst I was sitting outside smoking my post-prandial cigar about 10 p.m., a fish, attracted by the light on the table, leapt clean out of the water nearly into my lap and fell on the deck. He was about seven inches long. We picked him up and restored him to his native element, considerably astonished, I should think.

September 15th

Got to Srinagar at 3 p.m., and went to Chennarbagh to camp. Some of the Cashmere ladies are perfectly lovely.

September 25th

Travelled all night to the Woolar Lake. It is a delightful way of getting about. One lies in bed looking out at the water and the snow-capped mountains gliding by, and gradually drops off into dreamless slumber. Got up at 5 a.m. and had a swim in the river. Started duck and snipe shooting in a little punt up various small creeks. The punt is pushed behind by two natives, who are up to their waists in water. It was a heavenly morning, and the sunrise had to be seen to be believed. We landed on some very snipey ground on the bank about 7 a.m. and met a *chuprassie* with a belt on, who said, "This ground is reserved for the Commissioner Sahib." I told him to go to the devil, and went on shooting, and had very good sport. Got twenty-one couple of snipe, two duck, and a teal. Got back to the boat about 11 a.m., and found my servant had just caught two trout. Had a swim in the lake, and got into pyjamas for breakfast, and never enjoyed one more. Had one of the trout broiled on a wood fire, two snipe, a savoury omelet, peaches, apples, and pears, and a bottle of white Cashmere wine, which was quite good, and went to sleep till 4 p.m. Went out fishing in the afternoon, and caught three fish. Saw what I presumed to be the Commissioner Sahib in the distance, and heard four or five shots. After dinner that night my shikari told me with great glee that the Commissioner Sahib's shikari told him that the Commissioner only got seven couple of snipe all day, and was extremely annoyed, which made me laugh.

September 26th

Moved on 4 miles last night. Got up at 7 a.m. and went chickor shooting. A chickor is a very sporting bird rather bigger than a grouse, and goes like the wind. Shot five brace, which they say is quite good here. One bird I

shot fell over 500 feet, downhill. The scenery is perfectly wonderful, and I strongly recommend anyone who has never been to Cashmere to go there at the earliest opportunity. Living is extraordinarily cheap, and you can buy a fat sheep for about 2 rupees. A rupee in those days was worth about 1s. 1d. to 1s. 3d. Fruit is to be had for nothing, and eggs are about three a penny. Marched 7 miles to Manasbal Lake, where I found the boat at 7 p.m. The scenery at night when there is a moon is almost as beautiful as it is by day. One of my boatmen is quite a musician, and plays on a weird sort of native stringed instrument every night at dinner, about 15 yards off, and the effect is most pleasing.

September 27th

Started back at 4 a.m. in the boat for Srinagar.

September 30th

Reached Simbal at 5 a.m.; went shooting about 8. Got four couple snipe. Went out again in afternoon, and got four couple more.

October 6th

Drove another 60 miles and reached Murree in time for dinner, and stayed with my old regiment, the Rifles. Percy Vere in great form.

October 7th

Had my beard shaved off, and went to a race-meeting in the afternoon, and won 300 rupees.

October 10th

Reached Umballa.

Monday, November 6th

Started squadron training at 6.45 a.m. Ted Paley, 8th Hussars, is now in command of the regiment, and we are very happy under him. Umballa is a most delightful station, and the climate from October to April is perfect: bright sun all day and wood fires at night. The other regiments in the station are: Gordon Highlanders, Argyll

and Sutherland Highlanders, 10th Bengal Cavalry under Charlie Muir, 32nd Bombay Pioneers, and Derbyshire Regiment.

Freddy Kerr and Towse in the Gordons are two right good fellows and great pals of mine.

Umballa, India

The Army doctor, who was in charge of the officers' wives and children, and had a very exaggerated idea of his own importance, was not a very obliging person. Mrs. —, wife of an officer in one of the Highland Regiments, stationed at Umballa, wrote and asked him to come at once, as follows: "DEAR DR. S.—Would you please come at once and bring your lancet, as baby is teething badly. Yours truly, —." In reply to which she got a letter as follows: "MADAM,—I would have you to know that my proper title is Brigade Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel S., and my hours for attending officers' wives and children are between 10 and 11 a.m. Yours truly, —." To which she replied, "DEAR BRIGADE SURGEON-LIEUTENANT-COLONEL S.—So sorry. Please come at once and bring your sword. Yours truly, —."

A young bride arrived in Umballa, and was talking about her household arrangements to an old memsahib who had lived in India for many years. The experienced memsahib said to the bride: "I don't advise you to go into your kitchen too often, kitchens are generally horribly dirty, and it will put you off your food." The bride replied, "Of course I shall go into my kitchen and see that dear George has decent dinners. George is very particular about his food." The following morning she went into the *bobberji khana* (kitchen) to see about dear George's dinner, and found the native cook straining the milk through a pair of dear George's socks. Very angry, she said, "How dare you use the sahib's socks to strain the milk through?" The poor cook put his hands together and said, "Please, memsahib, not master's clean socks, only his dirty socks." He thought she was angry with him only because he had used dear George's clean socks.

1894

I was Captain of the Sirhind Cricket Club, the big Punjab Cricket Club. The Maharajah of Patiala was keen on cricket, and got J. T. Hearn, the Middlesex pro., to come out to teach his fellows to play cricket. The Maharajah came over to see me at Umballa one day to ask me to play a match against his XI. I said, "All right, but we bar Jack Hearn, because he is too good for us; we only play soldiers' cricket." He said that Jack Hearn was the only bowler he had, and he had only arrived a week ago. I said, "All right." In India we used to play on coco-nut matting stretched and pegged down on the grass. We took 237 of the best off Jack Hearn's bowling and got them all out for 140. I made 41. Afterwards, whenever I went to Lord's when I was home on leave, I used to say to Hearn, "Well, Jack, you can bowl out the Gentlemen, and the Australians, and people like that, but you can't bowl out the Umballa Cricket Club."

Charles Burnett, Monty Wellby, and I had a lot of very good snipe and duck shooting all the winter.

February 10th

There was a wonderful dish in cold-weather shooting camps in India. You have a large iron pot with a lid, and you put into it something of everything you shoot the first day, say a dozen snipe, a duck, a teal, two or three partridges, a hare, a haunch of black buck, if you got one. This is always kept on the fire, and fresh stuff added to it every day. It is stirred up with a large wooden spoon, and the dish is brought round every night at dinner, and you dig into it with a large three-pronged fork, and fish out whatever you most fancy, snipe, teal, black buck, or anything else. When you move camp a sack is put over the top of the cooking-pot and tied firmly round it to prevent any dust or dirt getting into it. By the end of the third day the gravy is so thick and rich the spoon will stand up in it.

We used to experiment and see what were the right number of minutes to cook a snipe. We began with one

minute and went on till we got to five minutes, and we decided that three minutes was about the right time. Of course a good deal depended on the state of the fire.

Saturday, March 10th

Hubert Gough, 16th Lancers, came to stop with me and Colonel Reid, 7th Hussars. The mess is full to overflowing; fellows from all parts of the world are here for the Polo Tournament and Races. We drew a bye the first round, and then play either the 7th Hussars or Bays second round. "Our Boys" at the regimental theatre in the evening, A1 good show; I should think nearly 500 people were there.

Wednesday, March 14th

Second round ties. Bays beat 18th Hussars 4-3. 5th Lancers beat 11th Hussars.

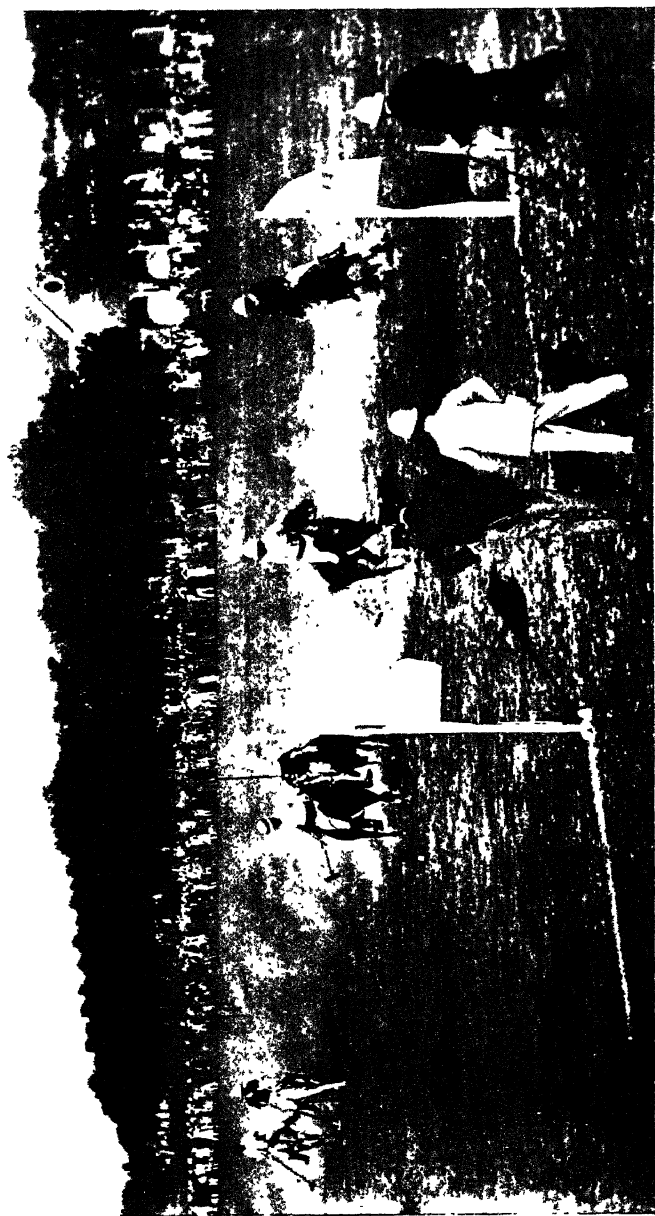
We had a rare good match with the Bays. Very fast throughout, and very pleasant too. The ground played well. The Bays and ourselves are great friends.

May 10th

Left Umballa at 8.24 a.m. to sit on a promotion board at Kasauli.

May 19th

Mrs. Davey and I rode to Dhuranpore, 8 miles, and then got into a phaeton tonga, and drove up to Simla, 30 miles. Lunched at Solon, where we met Sir George White. Got to Simla at 5 p.m. When we were half a mile out of Simla we met a tonga wheel rolling down hill, and 200 yards farther up found the tonga with my bearer Hassan and Mrs. Davey's ayah upset by the roadside, and the whole place strewn with our baggage, and Hassan drying the ayah's tears. Got to Holly Oak, the Olivers' house, at 6.30 p.m. A lovely place, and the view of the snows worth a pound a minute. Quite an English garden, with hollyhocks and roses. Most comfortable.



Willerforce, Burnett,

Kirk, Marling,

Pesse,

Corbett,

INDIA : INTER-REGIMENTAL POLO TOURNAMENT, BAYS o. 18TH HUSSARS, UMBALLA, 1894.

May 26th

Levee at the Viceroy's, 9.30 p.m. H.E. kept everyone waiting forty minutes. A frightful squash.

May 28th

Charlie Burnett and I went a picnic out to Mashobra, a lovely place. Took two delightful grass widows out with us. Theatricals in the evening. The elderly wife of a high official was acting in a skit, and had to say, "I'm a saucy little puss," on which a festive subaltern in the front row of the stalls said in a loud voice, "Giddy old oyster," which brought down the house.

May 30th

Cricket match all day. Went in first with Fegan. I made 27, he made 28. We made 168, Simla made 210 for 10 wickets. Caught one chap out. A most cheery dinner at the chalet in the evening. Mrs. Marshal and Cameron Rimington and his wife and Mrs. Waterfield, Jack Sherston, Mrs. Jack, and self, and others. Everyone most festive. Got to bed at 2 a.m.

May 31st

Viceroy's birthday ball in evening. Dined at Invararin. A huge crowd and a very cheery ball. I danced with Mrs. Atkinson, in the Lancers, with the Commander-in-Chief, old Grant, and other brass hats. Excellent supper. Went to bed beat about 2.30 a.m. The rest came back about 4.

June 1st

Garden-party at Lady White's.

June 2nd

Went to the Viceregal lunch-party at Annandale. Great fun. Took Mrs. Mardall in to lunch, and sat opposite a very pretty girl. In the evening there were theatricals. Grant, Inspector-General of Cavalry, was a great ladies' man, and was sitting with his pet grass widow behind the curtain of a box on the first tier. Most of us were sitting in the stalls. There was a sudden pause in the theatricals, and old Grant was heard to say to his fair

friend, "Call me Roguey, darling," at which there were shouts of laughter all over the house. Everyone in India knows what a rogue elephant is, and ever afterwards he was known as "Roguey." In January 1895 he went down to inspect some native Cavalry Regiments, and after mounted parade in the morning Grant went to the officers' mess to write a letter at one of the writing-tables. When he opened the blotting book he found a caricature of himself as an elephant, with Faskin, his staff officer, as the mahout, hitting him on the head with an *ankus*, and out of the elephant's trunk was coming the words, "Call me Roguey, darling." Rumour had it that the regiment did not get a very good report. Old Grant apparently had no sense of humour.

I was asked to a most festive supper-party—midnight—at Mrs. Freddy's. However, I was so beat I ratted and went quietly to bed at midnight. A fortnight at Simla is quite enough.

June 3rd

Charles Burnett and I started down the hill in a phaeton tonga at 11 a.m. Got to Umballa at midnight. Thermometer when we got up to my bungalow 103° at 1 a.m. They said there was cholera in the Bazaar, and that I was in command of a funeral party next day, and there was musketry at 5 a.m. What a life!!!

Patiala and Jodpur Polo Match at Umballa

Patiala won by 1 goal, hit by Hera Singh, who played back for him, and whom Patiala had bought out of the 12th B.C. in which he was a Duffadar and made him General of the Patiala Army.

Hera Singh, who was the finest back in India, came up in the last chukka and hit the only goal. At dinner that night in the 18th Hussars' mess I had Patiala on my right and Sir Pertab Singh on my left. I made a short speech, and said what a splendid match it had been, and a real lesson in polo for us, and wound up by congratulating Patiala. Patiala replied, and then dear old Sir Pertab Singh got up and, making a delightful courteous bow,

said, "Captain Sahib, I think polo best game in the world, and Queen Empress best lady," and subsided gently under the table.

Patiala gave Hera Singh two villages for hitting the winning goal.

July 4th

I did best man to Corbett in my regiment. He got married to Miss Massey, who lived with her uncle, who was a Judge in the Civil Lines about 4 miles from Umballa. We gave Corbett a great dinner in the mess his last night of freedom, and got to bed about 2 a.m. The wedding was fixed for the ungodly hour of 7 a.m. There were only 6 officers doing duty with the regiment, as everybody was on leave, and there wasn't a single woman left in the station, as they had all gone to the hills. I promised to call for Corbett at his bungalow at 6.30 a.m. and drive him down in my pony-cart to the Garrison Church. At 6.45 I was woken up by an agonised voice saying, "For God's sake, wake up; it's a quarter to seven." I fell into my bath, and the native barber shaved me, all in about five minutes; and then got into white uniform (in those days all officers were married in uniform), and into the pony-cart and went full gallop to the Garrison Church, where Corbett's squadron were assembled, so that he and his bride could come out under their crossed swords after the ceremony was over. Mercifully the bride had not arrived.

The thermometer stood at about 100°, and we waited and waited inside the church; still no bride turned up. About 7.20 we heard something drive up, and rushed down to the porch, and found Harry Greville loudly grumbling that he had got a most awful head. We then went back into the church, and Corbett asked me if I had got the ring. After a search in all my pockets I found the ring in my cigarette-case, and between us we managed to drop it, and it went rolling under the pews. After we had retrieved it, Corbett, who, what with the heat and one thing and another, by this time was nearly hysterical, said something must have happened to the bride, so we went

again down to the porch and sent off a mounted orderly to see if he could find out anything. At ten minutes to eight the bride turned up with her uncle and aunt.

What had happened was this: she had put on her wedding-dress and got into her uncle's carriage, and was within half a mile of the church when she discovered she had still got her bedroom slippers on, which her ayah had forgotten to change, so she had to go all the way back to the Civil Lines, nearly 4 miles, to change her shoes. We all went up to the altar rails, and if I hadn't been very firm I should have been married to the bride instead of Corbett, as we had a temporary chaplain performing the ceremony, our own chaplain being away on sick leave. After the knot was safely tied we sent them off in the regimental brake to the Judge's house, where there was the wedding breakfast, and the wedding cake was cut with Corbett's sword. We started them off on their honeymoon, and of all nice hot places in the world they spent the first night at Delhi. I looked at the thermometer in the Judge's house, and it stood at 103°, and I should think it was a good deal more than that at Delhi. Poor old Corbett was killed in the Great War. He was a very fine polo player, and played back for the regiment.

The baboo is a wonderful animal, and there are countless stories about his writings and sayings, most of them made up; but the following is true, as the traffic manager of the G.I.P. showed me the original letter.

The railway baggage clerk at Mhow wanted an increase of salary, and sent in a petition as follows:

“HONOURED SIR AND MASTER,—

“Having served the Sirkar (Government) for many years on a stipend of 15 rupees per month, I can assure Your Excellency that this remuneration is totally inadequate to make both ends of my grandmother meet. Praying for long life, for honour and many children,

I am,

“Your Honour's grovelling servant,
“RAHUM BUX.”

No native in the old days would ever take any responsibility, and the story goes that the native station-master on a little up-country railway wired to the white station-master four stations down the line: "I fearful man. Panther in ticket office. Please wire instructions."

Saturday, July 7th

Started for Japan by the 5.55 a.m. train. Heat appalling.

Sunday, July 8th

Two natives were taken out of the train dead from the heat.

Monday, July 9th

Left Calcutta by P. & O. boat.

Friday, July 13th

We got into a frightful monsoon, and made very heavy weather of it. We were two days late getting into Colombo Harbour because of the storm, and the steamer we should have connected with to go to Japan had left the day before.

July 17th

Roche and I put up at the Grand Hotel. Most clean and comfortable. Awfully glad to get off the ship. After an excellent lunch we started at 3 p.m. to drive round Colombo. Went to a Buddhist temple and then the Museum. They had a fearsome-looking hammer-headed shark there with his eyes in his nose. Then to the cricket ground, race-course, and polo ground, and back at 6. Had an excellent tea in a tea-house. Saw some tea which was sold at 25s. a lb. Capital place, Colombo. Decided to go to Australia.

July 21st

Started in the brake at 8.20 a.m. for Hakatulla, six of us. I think Ceylon is one of the jolliest countries I ever was in, a good climate, lovely scenery, and good sport of all kinds, shooting, racing, and cricket, and a very cheery, hospitable, sporting lot of planters. Passed through endless tea gardens to the forest and grass-lands. Got to the place

where the south-west monsoon bursts and the north-east monsoon ends, and one sees the extraordinary sight of a country where for two months it has been pouring hard, and 200 yards farther on there hasn't been a drop of rain for five months and won't be for another three, and the whole of that part is burnt and dried up. Got to Hakatulla at 12 noon, and had a great breakfast. Admired the view. We could see the sea 45 miles off, then back in the train to Hannoya.

July 29th

Himalaya came in. Left at 6.30 p.m. Have got a good cabin to myself on spar deck.

August 14th

Landed at Melbourne, and went to the Melbourne Club. Penfold, the Secretary, most kind and courteous. Went to see "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" in the evening. Very good. I had to pay £100 deposit to land my native servant, Hassan.

August 15th

After breakfast to the Zoo, and then to a dog show in the afternoon. Met three or four very nice people at the Club—George Russell, Fitzgerald (he's got a brother in the 11th Hussars), Cruikshank, Power, also Reggie Bright.

August 17th

Went off to call at Government House. The Australian girls are perfectly lovely.

August 18th

Got a letter from Edward Wallington, the Governor's Secretary, asking me to go on the special train to lunch with Lord Hopetoun at the races, and enclosing passes for the stand and enclosure; very kind of him. Just caught the train to Caulfield. A very pretty course and stand, and all the arrangements excellent. Hopetoun gave us a capital lunch. There were only eight of us, as Lady Hopetoun was still away at Adelaide. Some goodish racing. The horses were very badly turned out and the

jockeys worse, but the riding was quite fair, and in most cases good.

Not having meant to go to Australia at all, my pal and I had nothing except old flannel suits to wear. So on the morning of the 15th we went and each ordered a blue serge suit at the best tailor's in Melbourne. On the 16th we went to try it on, and the tailor faithfully promised to have it ready by the morning of the 18th to wear at the races.

About 11 a.m. accordingly, on the 18th, we went to the tailor's, and I said, "We'll change into our new suits here, so as to go to the races." I thought the tailor looked rather odd, so I said, "All right, we'll pay for them now if you'll give me a pen and ink; I've got a cheque-book with me." I must explain it was just when the bottom of the land boom had fallen out in Melbourne, and if you had scratched all over the city you couldn't have raised £10,000 in hard cash. The snip went into the back office and came out with the proprietor, who rubbed his hands and said, "Very sorry, sir, but the rule in this establishment is not to take any cheques." So we said, "All right, send a boy with them up to the Club and we can cash a cheque there."

So we got into an old fly, put the tailor's boy with two brown-paper parcels containing our suits on the box, and went back to the Melbourne Club. We left the boy with the suits in the hall, and went into the smoking-room, rang the bell, and said we each wanted to cash a cheque for £10 (the price of the suits was six guineas each). The waiter said, "No one can cash cheques except the Secretary." So we rushed up to his room and found he was out. By this time it was 11.30, and the Governor's special train went at 12.30, and there was the tailor's blackguard boy sitting in the hall with a tight hold on our suits. We were just debating whether we should knock him on the head and bag our suits when the Secretary cast up from his favourite bar, and we said, "Hooray, give us each £10." He could only raise £8 altogether, but he took the suits from the boy and told him to tell the tailor it would be all right. So we changed in double-quick time, and just caught the Governor's special train. Hopetoun chaffed us

no end, and said he had nice respectable guests who couldn't even get credit for one suit of clothes. I won £37 at the races.

August 19th

Dined and slept at Government House in the evening; only Lord Hopetoun, Wallington, Forbes, a naval Captain, and myself. Lord Hopetoun (afterwards Lord Linlithgow and the first Governor-General of Australia), whom I sat next to, is most kind, and does things very well, and is most popular in the colony.

August 21st

Got to Sydney about 11.30 a.m. The country we passed through was very pretty indeed. The Huttons' brougham met me at the station and took me up to Greenoaks, a charming house at Darling Point, overlooking the bay. In the evening we went to some very good theatricals at Lady Duff's, all the prettiest girls in Sydney there. A French General and his A.D.C. came to tea.

Monday, August 27th

General Hutton got up a parade for the French General at 10 a.m. of all the troops they could collect in Sydney, which consisted of one Field Battery, about two squadrons of New South Wales Lancers, and an Infantry Regiment. The French General, whose name was Frey, had been inspecting the troops in French Caledonia, where he found the commanding officer had d.t., and brought him under arrest to Sydney. The parade took place about 11.30 a.m.; then we all got into a big launch, and went to inspect the forts at the entrance to the harbour. There were not enough men to man both the forts, so after we had inspected the first one Curly Hutton, who wanted to impress the French General, got a steamer, and put all the men from the first fort on it and ran them across to the other side of the harbour, and put them in the second fort, which he went to inspect after lunch. We went all round the harbour, and had a gorgeous lunch on some rocks.

After lunch they went and inspected the second fort, which was by this time full of men, and I heard the French General say to Hutton, "I had no idea you had so many troops in Sydney." The French A.D.C. fell violently in love with a very pretty girl called Marcia Cox, who couldn't understand a word of French, and the A.D.C. spoke no English, but he kept pursuing her all over the launch, and his sword kept getting between his legs and tripping him up, much to everybody's amusement. There was a big dinner in barracks that night for the French General, and I had to sit next him and talk French. Got to bed at 1 a.m.

1894-1895

In the winter of 1894-1895 Martin Hawke (Lord), for many years Captain of the Yorkshire XI, and one of the best sportsmen that ever lived, came to stay with me at Umballa, when he brought out a cricket team to tour India. I heard one of them say after dinner in our mess, when they were playing loo about 1 a.m., "What fun we'd have if it wasn't for this d——d cricket."

1895

January 20th

Mrs. Willie Mitchell and Miss Lawson (afterwards Lady Babington) came to stay with me, and also Mrs. Mitchell's husband Willie, for the Umballa races, and we had a most cheery week. I won two races and got three seconds. There was a huge dinner-party at night in the mess for the Lotteries, and as I was riding again next day I went to bed about 1 a.m., but Willie Mitchell stayed on in the mess till about 3 a.m., as he was a bit of a gambler. I had a big Kashmiri dog which was tied up in the veranda, and when Willie came home, having dined pretty severely, the dog wouldn't let him get in to the veranda and became absolutely frantic, and finally broke his rope and went for Willie, who was so terrified he jumped through a small window into the bathroom and fell head over heels into the bath below, and woke the entire bungalow.

February

We had our Regimental Races. I won the Surhind Stakes on a B.A.P. called Spike, and the Novice Stakes on a Ch.A.P. called Sanen. In November 1894 at Umballa I won the Hill Stakes on Spike, and another race on a pony called Rifleman.

Sunday, February 3rd

Horace Smith-Dorrien, myself, and our two lovely ladies started for Lucknow races.

Thursday, February 7th

Civil Service Cup Day, which rather corresponds in India to Cup Day at Ascot. The 16th Lancers gave a dance, to which we went, and Bill (Lord William) Beresford fell violently in love with Mrs. Mitchell, much to her husband's annoyance. They disappeared at supper-time, and were not seen again till nearly 2 a.m., and the infuriated hubby was rushing round looking for his wife, whom he found at last sitting with Bill in a *kala jugger*. I thought there was going to be a row, and said it was quite time we went home, so we got into an old landau and drove off, Bill Beresford protesting to the husband and saying, "My dear fellow, I've had a most delightful evening owing to your charming wife; we looked for you everywhere, but couldn't find you."

Our General's wife was a giddy young thing of some forty-five summers. I was dining with her one night, and she remarked that it was her birthday next day, so I sent her a button-hole of violets with a nice little note saying there was a violet in it for each year of her life. I got a reply back saying,

"DEAR CAPTAIN SPIKE,—How clever of you to guess my age was twenty-nine."

I at once put in for a week's leave, and got it.

March 28th

Went off to stay with Manifold (afterwards Sir Courtenay Manifold) at Rampur. Got there 2 a.m. Manifold's

chuprassie and a carriage met me at the station. Went to see the big Mahommedan Ede festival at 9 a.m. Very quaint. Heaps of elephants painted all sorts of colours, and camels with swivel guns on them. The Nawab of Rampur distributed 2,000 rupees to be scrambled for.

March 29th

Manifold and I went quail shooting at 7.30 a.m. We bagged 10½ couple in an hour, then went over the jail and hospital with Moule, the Commissioner, and Jack Colvin. I saw Manifold do two cataract operations and tap a native for pleurisy ; he took over a pint of liquid out of him.

April 2nd

We had several runs after pig. I got a good boar after a run of 2½ miles. He charged me twice, and the second time came right up my spear, so that it stuck out 1½ feet the other side of him, and he went off with it. Got another spear from the orderly, and Manifold and I finished him off between us. Then Manifold got a good boar that charged several times after a 2-mile run. We killed him just at sunset. Rode home 2 miles on the elephant, tired but happy. Camped in a very nice *bagh*.

April 3rd

Went out for half an hour at 7 a.m., and shot 7½ couple of quail. Then got on our horses and went off to a beat. We could find nothing but sows at first. Had a good run after a boar, but lost him. They brought in the pig Manifold speared on Monday. Some villagers found him about 3 miles off.

April 4th

I had a 3-mile run after a very jeldy pig, and another after a boar which we lost, then got on the elephants and shot across-country to the Nawab's Palace at Burri. Got eleven quail and one hare. Great fun shooting quail off an elephant. Off again and beat the gardens round the palace, lot of pig. Had a tremendous run after a big boar,

nearly 4 miles. Manifold's Australian cut it, and wouldn't go up to the pig. I swam the river on Ruby, and went on with piggy for 2 miles, but lost him in a *dalkat*. Both he and my pony very beat. Back to the palace gardens, and put out a small one, who gave us the fastest run I've ever seen, 4 miles as straight as a die. Got him after a clinking run. Got back to the palace about 7.15 p.m. dead tired.

April 5th

A nailing good day. Killed three good pig. Shot across-country on the elephant.

April 19th

Pigsticking to Bareilly by the midday train. Wheatley, R.A., and Hamilton (poor Sir George Colley's brother-in-law) and I got to Philibit at 10.30 p.m., and up to the camp by midnight.

April 21st

A good day. Killed two very fine pig. The second one charged me first and went clean under my pony's stomach and out somewhere by his hind legs, most fortunately without cutting him; then charged Wild, cut his pony's forearm very badly and upset Wild on to the flat of his back. However, we killed him all right, nearly 33 inches. Had to ride 6 miles back on the elephant to Philibit, and got to Bareilly at midnight. Supper in Gunners' mess, and to bed at 2 a.m.

May 4th

Left Bareilly at 7 a.m., and got to Lalkoor at 10.45, where we found five elephants and breakfast to meet us. Rode 6 miles to camp at Bukkatpore.

May 5th

Shikari came in to say there had been a kill. We started at 10 a.m., forty elephants, four guns—Manifold, Wild,

myself, and the Rajah's native Prime Minister. I was the gun on the left flank. The elephant grass was about 8 feet high. We hadn't gone $\frac{1}{2}$ mile before the tiger got up in front of the native Prime Minister, who fired two barrels at him and missed him, and Manifold had a shot at him a very long way off. The native Prime Minister began to bewail his luck and to explain how and why he had missed him. We moved on slowly for nearly 2 miles and then wheeled round and took the other half of the valley back. By this time it was nearly half-past twelve, so Wild called out it was no good doing any more, we had better have tiffin.

I was just beginning to unload my rifle to put it in the rack in front of the howdah when up jumped the tiger within 25 yards on my left, nearly in the open. I had half got the cartridges out of my rifle. I shut it up as quickly as possible, and put the rifle up like a scatter-gun and fired. I knocked him over with my right barrel, a real good fluke, but missed him with my left. The tiger turned to the right in front of the line of elephants, and sprang on to the head of the one on which my old Khitmagar, Cheeta, was sitting with the tiffin. He clawed the elephant above the left eye, and bit him very badly on the trunk, but he couldn't get any farther up as I fancy he was a bit weak from the first shot. Wild, who was on the next elephant, dropped him with a shot in the body, but missed him with his left. The tiger then clawed his elephant slightly on the hind leg, which gave him a devil of a kick, and went into some very high grass, where we killed him. A very nicely marked tiger, but not a particularly big one, about 9 feet. Then tiffin and iced drinks, and we put up a panther which gave us a lot of fun in some dense reeds about 10 feet high. We killed him after about two hours. When we got him out he was quite black from mud and water. We were nearly stampeded by a huge swarm of bees. My elephant bolted, and the howdah and myself were nearly knocked off by the branches of the trees. Bag for the day: one tiger, one panther, one para. After dinner we dressed the elephant's trunk with carbolic ointment by torchlight.

May 8th

Shot two buck, one peacock, and a lot of black partridge. The heat is so great we wear spine pads.

May 9th

Bagged seven buck. Fearfully hot.

May 10th

Got eight buck and some black partridge. 107° in the shade.

May 20th

I went up to Simla for the usual birthday ball, races, cricket match, and Sibi fair, and had a really enjoyable time. Jack Sherston, in the Rifle Brigade, and I had a racing stable together, and Charlie Gough, who commanded the Body-guard, and I did most of the riding, and I won the Jutogh Stakes at Simla on a bay gelding waler pony called Benjamin, and one other race.

We went to the Viceregal lunch-party at Annandale, and the Viceroy, Lord Elgin, was forty minutes late, to everyone's annoyance. What happened was this: he never would get on a horse, so he went down with an A.D.C. in a *jampanni*, and was upset down the *kud*, and he elected to walk the rest of the way. As we couldn't begin lunch without him we started the races nearly an hour late, and it was almost dark before we finished.

CHAPTER IX

HOME, 1895-1899

1895

August

IN August I got a year's leave home, having had nearly three years in India. I went straight down to my father at Sedbury Park, and shot and hunted all the winter.

November

We had one of the most sporting shoots in England at Sedbury. The Park in front of the house terminated in red sandstone cliffs 150 feet high, and the Severn is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide. We used to beat the birds out over these cliffs, and they would fly out about 200 yards and then turn back right or left. We had a boat behind the guns to pick the birds up.

We only shot one gun each, and I note that on one day with seven guns we got 480 pheasants, 26 rabbits, a woodcock, 2 pigeons, and 9 wild duck, and the next day with six guns (one gun each) we got 327 pheasants, 29 rabbits, 9 hares, 2 pigeons, 5 duck, and a partridge.

I stayed with Teddy Curre, at Itton Court, several times, and had some good days with his hounds. There was no better sportsman than he was. He was Master of Hounds for thirty-five years, and never took $\frac{1}{2}d.$ of subscription.

December

On Christmas Day at my father's at Stanley Park we sat down twenty-three to dinner. Out of that dinner-party there are only ten of us left.

I had very good sport with the Berkeley, and almost more shooting than I could manage.

1896

At the beginning of 1896 I was elected to the M.C.C. and played a lot of cricket for them all summer.

We had several delightful tours with them ; the Welsh tour, where we played Glamorganshire, Herefordshire, and Monmouthshire, three two-day matches ; the Brighton College week, six one-day matches against Brighton College, Lancing College, etc. ; Sussex Week, three two-day matches against Hastings, Devonshire Park, and the Saffrons. We played a two-day match against Canterbury, and no end of one-day matches. I remember once playing against Herefordshire. The County ground was then on a village green on the borders of the city of Hereford. In the middle of the innings an old woman, very deaf, drove a goose across the green between the wickets.

I made a cricket ground at Sedbury in the Park, and got old W. G. Grace to come and open it. I said, " Mind, W. G., it's only country-house cricket, so you mustn't bring too strong a team." He said, " All right, I'll only bring E. M. (his brother), and my boy (who was in the Cambridge XI)." When W. G. turned up with his team he also brought C. L. Townshend, about the best bowler in England, and nearly every other fellow was either an old Blue or had played for his county. He hated to lose even a village-green match. My cousin, H. V. Page, who had been Captain of the Oxford XI, bowled him third ball for a blob.

I was invited by Lord Tweeddale, Lord High Commissioner for Scotland, to be one of his A.D.C.'s at Holyrood Palace for a fortnight whilst he was in residence there as the King's representative, the three other A.D.C.'s being : Captain Shel Craddock, 5th D.G.'s ; Major Monty Craddock, Carabiniers ; and Major Frank Shuttleworth, late 7th Hussars ; my future wife was one of the Maids of Honour, and Louisa Pierpont Morgan, the American millionaire's daughter, was the other.

When I arrived Lady Tweeddale said, " I hope you don't mind, but we are so full I have had to put you in the ghost-room, but you have got to go through Captain Craddock's bedroom to get to it, so you will be able to protect one another." As, during the fortnight, we never went to bed before 2 or 3 a.m., by which time it was broad daylight,

no ghost disturbed either of us. When we came down to breakfast next morning Candida Tweeddale said to me, "Percy, did you see anything in the ghost-room last night?" Before I had time to reply to her an American girl, who was standing close by, said, "Say, Captain Marling, did you sleep in the ghost-room? I wouldn't sleep in a ghost-room not if I had two men to sleep with me." This was said without the slightest *arrière-pensée*. Just then the butler said, "Prayers, my lord," and we all trooped in to prayers giggling.

We had a most cheery fortnight, except for the fact that we had to dine in full levee dress every night, and wear our dress swords. We never sat down to dinner less than 120, and once we were 152. Champagne flowed in buckets, and I noticed that members of the Kirk of Scotland were by no means backward in taking their fair share of it. The Lord High Commissioner maintained great state, and he had one State carriage with four horses and postilions, and three State carriages with a pair of horses each and postilions. No Maid of Honour or A.D.C. was allowed to travel in a tramcar or omnibus. When Lord Tweeddale went out in State to open any function, he had an officers' mounted escort from the cavalry regiment stationed there. I was told that the allowance made to him for the fortnight was £2,000, to which he added another £2,000 of his own, so that the expenses for the fortnight were something like £4,000.

Two curious things I noticed at Holyrood. One was the following: the place where I sat at breakfast faced a big bay window. On one side of the embrasure of the window there was a picture of Mary, Queen of Scots, and on the other side a picture of John Knox. From where I sat John Knox's face appeared to be looking out over Mary, Queen of Scots', shoulder. I suppose it was the angle at which the pictures were placed.

Another thing I could not understand was, how the number of people who were supposed to be present when Mary, Queen of Scots', Italian lover Rizzio was murdered ever got into such a small room, especially considering there was a supper-table there.

April

In April Denis Daly got married to Rosie Brassey at Heythrop, and I was his best man, one of the most cheery weddings I ever assisted at. We had a good old-fashioned sit-down breakfast. To my consternation I had to return thanks for the bridesmaids. I said I was sure that when the right man came along each of the lovely bridesmaids would be able to answer for herself. Albert Brassey and his wife were a very delightful couple, and Albert was one of the most generous people that ever lived. He was Master of the Heythrop for about fifty years.

July

We had a very jolly Eton and Harrow match that year. On the Saturday night I went down to stay for the week-end with Edgar Lubbock, at his delightful house at Taplow, and his very nice niece, Evie, was there, and we spent most of the evenings and all of the days on the river. It was so hot on the Sunday morning that we had breakfast out on the lawn under the trees.

September

On September 24th I went down to stay with the Baron (Penn) Curzon at a jolly little house he had at Porlock called "Hunter's Rest."

Friday, September 25th

Mrs. Curzon, the Baron, and I started at 9.30 a.m. for a meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. The windiest day I was ever out. We killed a good stag about 4 p.m. Coming back over the moors my horse was nearly blown over. He was blown clean from one side of the road to the other. Trees down everywhere; never was out in such a gale. As old Jorrocks said, "Take not out your 'ounds on a verry windy day."

Saturday, September 26th

Exmoor Foxhounds. The Baron, his delightful daughter Lorna (now Lady Howe), and I went out hunting.

Sunday, September 27th

Porlock Church in morning with Lorna, and to Porlock Weir in the afternoon. We both fell into the sea.

Monday, September 28th

Staghounds. A long day and a huge crowd. Drew the Punch-bowl. Three stags went away, and we killed one above Dulverton Bridge about 3.30 p.m. Went to see my godchild at Bob Collins's. Started back at 4.45 over the moor, 19 miles. My horse was so dead beat I had to lead him the last 7 miles; got back to Porlock at 9 p.m. Only saw about four people in the last 10 miles. Just as I got off the moor into a deep lane I heard grunting, and a pig ran between my legs and upset me on my back.

Tuesday, September 29th

Exmoor Foxhounds at Ashley Coombe. A lovely place, but it was very wet. Came home drenched about 3.45 p.m.

In October I was appointed to command our Depot (18th Hussars) at the Cavalry Barracks, Aldershot.

At the end of October I went down to stay at Heythrop to hunt, and took four horses down with me. I note in my diary that I bought one horse called Kilkenny in Ireland for £40. He was one of the best horses I ever owned.

November 2nd

Opening meet at Heythrop. Regular old-fashioned hunt breakfast. We had a good gallop of forty minutes in the morning.

We had very good sport with the Berkeley all this winter.

December 7th

We had a clinking day with the Warwickshire at Barton House—fifty-five minutes in the morning as hard as we could go, and twenty-five minutes in the afternoon.

December 18th

We had a wonderful good day with the Berkeley from Quedgeley Gorse. We found at 1.45 and ran him all over the vale for two hours and ten minutes past Haresfield, then to Moor Farm, Frampton, Cape Hall, to Blackthorn, then past Frocester Church to the foot of the hills, grass the whole way.

Tuesday, December 21st

We had a clinking hunt, thirty-five minutes, from Cape Hall via Whitminster to Moore Farm.

On the 26th we had a very good day from the Kennels at Berkeley, and another good day from Berkeley on the 29th, and still another from Stone over the marsh on the 31st.

1897

January 4th

Berkeley Hounds at Stoke Gifford. A good forty minutes in the morning and lost, and then a very good hunt for an hour and a kill.

Thursday, January 7th

Berkeley Hounds at Hardwick Court. Had a good hunt of an hour in the morning, found the same old customer at Quedgeley Gorse. We went over the canal to Elmore, then recrossed the canal, and ran to Haresfield, from Haresfield to Eastington and Stonehouse, where we lost.

Percy Brassey was stopping with me for the Hunt Ball, and he was riding one of his father's best horses, and thoroughly enjoyed himself. He was then up at Oxford, and afterwards went into the 9th Lancers, and was one of the many good fellows killed in the Boer War. Nine of us drove in to the Gloucester Ball after dinner, Charlie Bathurst (afterwards Lord Bledisloe) and his sister, and several more. Percy Brassey and I slept in Gloucester, and went out with the Ledbury at Canning Arms next day. Had a good hunt over two hours. Next day we hunted

with the Berkeley from the Kennels; only had a slow hunting run of about two hours.

February 11th

We had a very good day with the Berkeley. Found at 11.30, and had a first-rate thirty minutes over the marsh and killed. Found again at once, and ran for about a quarter of an hour to ground. Found again at 3.30 and ran for nearly two hours over the marsh; had great difficulty in stopping the hounds in the dark. I didn't get home till nearly 7.30 p.m.

Eighteen ninety-seven was the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, and I went up to see it in London. It was very pathetic to see what a wonderful reception the old Queen got. I played a lot of cricket all the summer.

At the end of June I went down to Cowes yachting with some friends for a week for the Naval Review, which was a wonderful sight. I went down to stay with some people for Goodwood, and had a most pleasant week.

August 10th

I went to stay with Arthur Fulcher (he was a cousin of the Guises at Elmore Court) for a week's cricket at Mote Park, and then to Eastbourne for a week's M.C.C. cricket, with a very cheery team. We took as one of the pros. Albert Trott, the Australian, who was then qualifying for Middlesex, and we played the usual three two-day matches—the Saffrons, Hastings, and Devonshire Park. Albert Trott was a wonderfully fine bowler, and in one match took 8 wickets for 2 runs.

In August the Cavalry Depot was inspected by Sir George Luck, Inspector-General of Cavalry.

Monday, September 6th

We began our Annual Cricket Week at Sedbury Park, and had a delightful week.

August

I went down to play cricket for the M.C.C. at Cheltenham, and stayed with a cousin of mine, H. V. Page, who was a master at Cheltenham, and had been Captain of the Oxford XI. He had also played for many years for Gloucestershire in the palmy days of W. G., and also for the Gentlemen *v.* Players. He told me a very funny story.

The Heads of Cheltenham Ladies' College were two elderly virgins, Miss Beale and Miss Buss. Miss Beale was one of the greatest authorities on girls' education in England. Some of the girls at the college were discovered in a somewhat amorous correspondence with some of the big boys at Cheltenham College, and three of the girls were sacked. When Miss Beale came down into the big school the next morning, she found written on the blackboard the following rhyme :

“ Miss Buss and Miss Beale
Cupid's darts cannot feel,
'Cos Miss Beale and Miss Buss
They ain't built like us.”

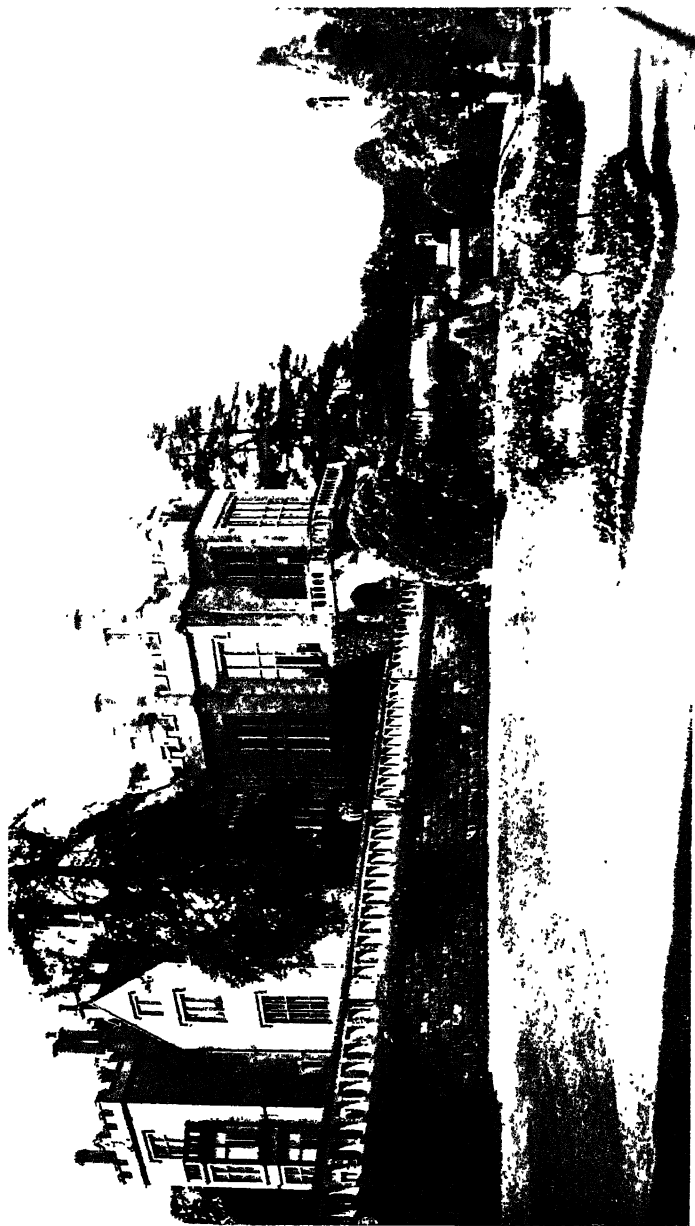
It was never discovered who was the poet.

October

At the beginning of October an Australian, called Fitz—, who had been appointed Lord Roberts's Colonial Secretary for the Jubilee Review, came to stay with me. He was violently in love with a girl who lived near us, and used to confide his hopes and fears to me after dinner. I don't think he got anything at all the only day he went shooting, but at the end of the day up at Tiddenham Chase he knocked the tip of a wing off an old cock pheasant, which fell in a ploughed field, and he ran after it, and fired about seven shots at it. He was going away next day, and I asked him if he would like to take a brace of pheasants with him. He said, No, but might he have the cock pheasant he had shot, so that he could get it stuffed and present it to his lady love ? ! ! !

November and December

Hunted with the Berkeley.



MY HOME, STANLEY PARK, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Saturday, December 11th

One of the best days I ever had. We ran from Berkeley to Stinchcombe Hill, then came down to draw Redwood, and we ran from there to Whitminster. I don't think the fox turned 50 yards right or left the whole way. It was all on the river side of the Gloucester and Bristol road. When we got nearly to Whitminster, about half a mile beyond the clay pits, he swung to the right over the Gloucester and Bristol road, and we killed him at Eastington, within 100 yards of old James Trower's house. I got a rare fall into the Gloucester and Bristol road. When we killed him the fox was so stiff he could stand up by himself.

December 25th

Spent Christmas Day at Stanley Park, and had a large family dinner-party.

1898

March

In March I went up with a very cheery party for the Grand National at Liverpool.

April

In April I got a bad fall, and was laid up for four or five months at Sedbury.

November

I was still not up to much, and the doctors ordered me abroad, so my brother Jack and I went to Rome and Naples, and then on to the Riviera.

1899

January and February

Came home in January, and in February got engaged to be married, the best day's work I ever did. At the end of February I went abroad again with the Rimingtons, and spent a very pleasant month at Meran in the Austrian Tyrol.

On May 18th, 1899, I got married at my wife's place, Buckland Court, Surrey, at the little church in my father-in-law's garden, and the dear old Archbishop of York, Maclagan, tied the knot. The night before, my father-in-law gave a dinner-party, at which there were the Archbishop of York, Bill Beresford, and Lily Duchess of Marlborough, my wife's uncle Sir William Colville, Master of the Ceremonies to Queen Victoria, Princess Amélie of Schleswig-Holstein the Kaiser's aunt, Mrs. Maclagan, my father and mother and my three brothers, Lady Colville, and a lot of other people. Of all people in the world Bill Beresford had to take in to dinner was Aunt Augusta (Mrs. Maclagan, the Archbishop of York's wife), who was a daughter of old Lord Barrington, and I should think no one knew less about horses than she did. It was just before Derby Day, and Tod Sloan was riding for Bill Beresford's stable. Bill talked to the Archbishop's wife all dinner about nothing except Tod Sloan, and after dinner Aunt Augusta said to me, "Percy, Lord William talked all dinner about nothing except Tod Sloan. What is Tod Sloan? Is it a new play, or a novel, or an entrée?"

My wife to be and I were sitting together opposite them, and Bill kept on calling across the table to my wife, "Beattie, I knew old Spike well in India, and he was a dreadful fellow with ladies; you be careful," much to the horror of Aunt Augusta.

After dinner the Duchess said to Bill, "Now, Bill, no nonsense, we must go home. They are going to be married to-morrow, and poor Mrs. Beaumont, I know, is dreadfully tired." And she took him by the arm and said, "Now, say good-night," and led him out of the drawing-room and down the hall to the front door, and my father-in-law asked me to see them off, Bill protesting all the time, "Quite right to get married, old boy; quite right to get married. Look what a good wife poor old Bill's got, takes care of him after dinner." When we got to the hall door the footman was holding the brougham door open, and touched his hat as the Duchess came out, and Bill Beresford looked at him and said, "Walk about, sentry; walk about, sentry."

There is a good story told about the Archbishop and Aunt Augusta. Soon after he was made Archbishop he went down to stay with a bishop in the Midlands with whom he had been at school, and the two old gentlemen got up before breakfast on Sunday morning and walked in the old rose garden at the Palace, when suddenly a window on the first floor opened, and out came Aunt Augusta's head and said, "William, come in at once, you have neither said your prayers nor cleaned your teeth." And the Archbishop went in like a lamb.

My wife and I had nearly 600 wedding presents between us, and all our friends were most kind. We had eight bridesmaids—Margaret and Helen Marling, Lady Mabel Egerton, Lady Clemmie Hay, Lady Norah Fitzherbert, Betty Fuller, Dora Maclagan, Bertha Jolliffe—and two pages—Rainée Fuller and Lord Edward Hay.

The tenantry on the Stanley Park and Sedbury Park estates were most kind, and gave us lovely silver salvers, and I was also presented with six illuminated addresses, and the workpeople at the Ebley and Stanley mills also gave us very beautiful presents.

My brother officers gave me a most handsome George III Cup. The 18th Hussars Depot Troop, under Sergeant-Major Bond, came up from Canterbury, so that we could march out of church under the Regulation crossed swords.

We spent the first part of the honeymoon in Paris and then went on to the Lake of Lucerne, and Mürren and Interlaken in Switzerland, intending to work down to the Italian Lakes, but one morning we saw a most alarming report of war with the Boers in the morning paper. (I may say that when I got married I had sent in my papers.) The news looked so war-like that I wrote off to my good friend Jack Cowans (afterwards General Sir John Cowans, who did such wonderful work as Quartermaster-General in the Great War) and asked if war was really likely, and if so, would he stop my papers. I said if it was war, would he send me a telegram "Brickbats." The telegram came back all right, "Brickbats."

CHAPTER X

SOUTH AFRICAN WAR, 1899-1900

1899

WE hurried home, and I managed to pass my medical board by getting certificates from two of the best-known doctors in London to say that I was fit for service. We went to stay with dear old Lord Tweeddale in Berkeley Square, and then at Bridgewater House with Lord Ellesmere.

Saturday, June 24th

Embarked on the *Tantallon Castle*. Two days before we sailed I got a telegram from the War Office as follows: "Report at the War Office at once to take most important documents out with you." The telegram was telephoned up to the house, and was taken down by one of the footmen. I always thought it was a silly thing for the War Office to telegraph a message like that. I went to the War Office, and was told the packet was most confidential; it was a plan of campaign, in case there was war with the Transvaal, and I was to hand it over personally to Sir William Butler, the General at Cape Town, and to no one else. So I locked it up in a small hat-box of my wife's, which I gave to the purser to put in his safe.

We had a most cheery voyage out. Amongst others on board were Weston Jarvis, Frank White, Bruce, Karré Davies (he and Wools-Sampson got two years' imprisonment from old Kruger for their share in the Jameson Raid). We were seen off at Waterloo by heaps of friends—Lady Ellesmere, and about a dozen others.

July 11th

We got to Cape Town on July 11th, and my wife and I drove in a hansom straight to the Castle to hand over the

precious hat-box with the despatches in it to the General. He, however, was out at a Field Day, and was not expected back till about 1 p.m. The Chief of the Staff was quite annoyed because I wouldn't hand the despatches over to him, but as I had been told to give them personally to Sir William Butler I was firm, and sat in the office with the precious papers in my hand till the General returned about 1.30, when he asked me to have lunch with him. We put up at the Mount Nelson Hotel, and dined with Frank White (Annaly's brother), who was a great friend of my wife's. And on July 13th we went to dine with Dr. Jameson at Cecil Rhodes's house at Groot Schuur, and had an interesting dinner-party: Jameson, Lady Sarah Wilson and her husband, Weston Jarvis, Frank White, Karré Davies, Frank Rhodes, and a man called Hirsler, who, I think, was Mayor of Bulawayo.

Of course the talk was all about whether there was to be war or not, and I think Jameson was the only one who didn't give an opinion, though I expect he knew more about it than anyone else. We little thought then that in three short months we should be scattered all over Africa: Wilson and Lady Sarah were in Mafeking; Jameson and Frank Rhodes and Karré Davies and myself were in Ladysmith; Hirsler was somewhere up-country, and so was Weston Jarvis, who was wounded; and Frank White was in Natal. We caught a tram back and got to the ship at midnight. We touched at Port Elizabeth and East London, and got to Durban on July 20th, and next day started to go and stay at Government House, Maritzburg, with Sir Walter Hely Hutchinson, the Governor. Sir Walter did his best to persuade my wife not to go up to Ladysmith, but to stop with him at Government House. My wife, who had never been abroad before except to the Riviera, Pau, Paris, and those sort of places, was enjoying every minute of the time, and couldn't get over the natives at all, and I think she liked drives in rickshaws more than anything else, and said, of course, she was going up with me.

July 25th

We got to Ladysmith about 5 p.m. Stealer Knox and Harry Greville met us at the station with a trap and a regimental wagon for our luggage, and said they had got the only two vacant rooms for us at the Royal Hotel. I found the Tin Camp, where my regiment were quartered, was between 2 and 3 miles off; it was a horrible place, with the most appalling dust-storms. Ladysmith was most unhealthy, and right down in a hollow, surrounded by hills on which the Boers had their guns during the siege. I had to start squadron training the next day, which meant my being up at the camp every morning at 6.30 a.m.

We set about trying to get a house, but there wasn't a decent one vacant in Ladysmith. We made love to the Mother Superior of the Roman Catholic nunnery at the top of a small hill, where they gave us a bedroom, dressing-room, and sitting-room, and everything was most beautifully clean. At the hotel there was no bathroom, and the less said about the sanitary arrangements the better; and the only room for my wife's smart London maid was a sort of attic at the top of the hotel with a skylight, to get to which she had to go through the landlord and his wife's bedroom.

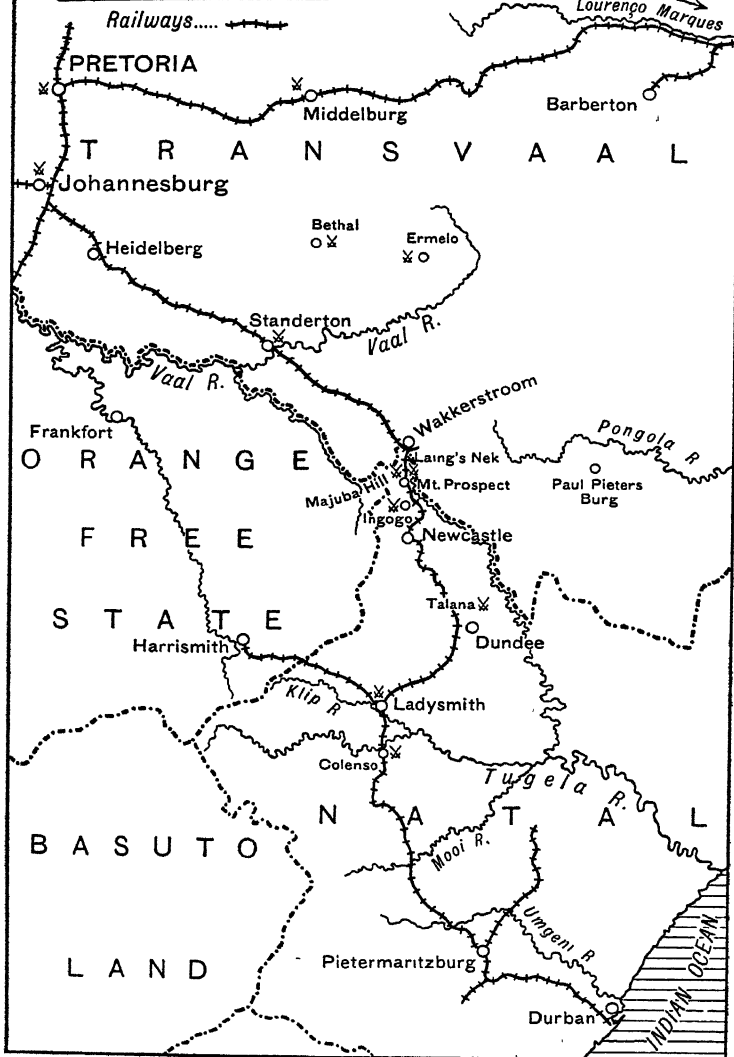
We found that about 300 yards from the convent there was a house being built, which the owner said would be finished in about a month. It was a bungalow all on one floor, with neither water nor gas laid on. We arranged to take this at the exorbitant rent of £10 a month. It had four bedrooms and two sitting-rooms. The dear old Mother Superior and the nuns were too kind to us for words. It was a funny thing for us as Protestants to finish our honeymoon in a Roman Catholic nunnery. I came back from camp unexpectedly one day, and found the nuns examining my wife's trousseau with the greatest interest. My landlord got twelve months' during the siege for communicating with the Boers, so I didn't pay him any rent.

Saturday, August 12th

As I had been out in the first Boer War, the General sent for me and said I was to go up on a secret reconnaissance

SOUTH AFRICA

Scale of Miles
0 20 40 60 80



Emery Walker Ltd. sc.

to Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill. In those days the Staff had a mad idea that they could hold the north of Natal with three squadrons, which of course was quite absurd. I was told I could take any subaltern with me I liked, so I took Jock Wood, of my squadron, a right good fellow (killed in the Great War). I slept in camp that night, and started at 7.30 next morning to go to Glencoe. After a 40-mile ride we put up at a loyal farmer's called Urquhart, whose father, curiously enough, had been a tenant of my wife's grandfather, Evan Baillie of Dochfour. Both Wood and myself were in mufti, and rode troop horses, and carried our kit in our wallets and saddle-bags. Old Urquhart, who was most kind and hospitable to us, was very pessimistic about what would happen, and he said after the way Gladstone had made peace in the first Boer War he thought a lot of the British farmers both in Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange River Colony were afraid they would be let down again, and he thought it very improbable that some of them would fight on our side. We started next morning at 6.30 a.m. and got to Newcastle at dusk, and put up at an hotel there. All the way along Boer farmers were watching us through field glasses.

I wired from Newcastle to my wife to say she could come up by train and meet me at the Ingogo Hotel, and she and her brother, and Majendie, in the 60th Rifles, came up together. Wood and I got to Ingogo about 10 a.m., and we all went on by train together to Laing's Nek. We walked up to the top of Laing's Nek, and the farmer there, Mr. Thomas, came and asked us what we were doing there on his land. I think he thought at first we were Boer spies. When we told him we weren't he was most civil, and we went back and had lunch with him at the farm, and he mounted us, all except Majendie and my brother-in-law, and we rode to the top of Majuba Hill. I think the view from the top is one of the most wonderful in the world.

August 17th

Wood and I borrowed two horses from the storekeeper at Ingogo whose name was Davies, and went to examine the

ford over the Buffalo, and my wife and Mrs. Davies made the beds.

Friday, August 18th

We all got back to Ladysmith, and I sent in my report to the General next day. All this month at Ladysmith we had the most appalling dust storms and hot winds.

September 3rd

With difficulty I extracted five days' leave from my C.O. to go down to Durban to buy furniture for our house. We had to get every single thing—beds, bedding, china, glass, crockery, chairs, tables, cooking-pots, linen, etc.

September 8th

To Government House to stay with Sir Walter, and found the General, Sir Penn Symons, there, who was commanding the troops in Natal, and who was one of the most charming people I have ever met.

We got back to Ladysmith on September 11th, and on the 16th Sir Penn Symons had a big Field Day of all the troops, and we practised taking Boer positions, which in view of what happened afterwards were rather weird.

September 20th

On September 20th our furniture, etc., arrived for our bungalow and we and my two soldier servants were busy putting it in all day.

September 21st

I went down to the police-station and got three Kaffir convicts to come and clean everything up. Whilst I was up in camp my wife went down to see how they were going on, and on looking through the window she saw them busily scrubbing the floors in a state of nature, and promptly fled, much to the amusement of the native policeman standing guard over them, armed with knob kerries and assegais. All the drinking water for the house, except what came off the roof into a tank, had to be dragged up in a barrel every morning.

September 24th

Hot wind and dust storm all day. The rumours of war kept getting stronger and stronger, and on Sunday night we were dining with the Lamings in their little house, when an orderly came galloping up from camp about 10 p.m. with a message from the Adjutant to say the regiment was to start next morning at 6.30, so we hurried back to the convent to get my kit ready, and spent the night till 2.30 a.m. tramping backwards and forwards between the convent and our new house, as half my kit was in one place and half in the other. B. and I got to bed that night at 3 a.m. Poor B., it was very hard on her.

Monday, September 25th

The Leicesters, Dublins, and a detachment of R.E. left at 1 a.m. for Dundee by train ; 18th Hussars, three batteries R.A., and 100 M.I. marched 22 miles to Sunday River, where we bivouacked.

Tuesday, September 26th

A civilian came galloping in from Dundee at 2 a.m., saying we were going to be attacked in Glencoe Pass. Saddled up at once. I at once remembered what had happened at Bronkhurst Spruit in 1880. Pass 6 miles long. Commanded advance guard. There was a charge of dynamite exploded in the pass, which created some excitement, as of course everyone thought we were being attacked. Got to top of pass at Glencoe Junction at 1 p.m., but convoy did not get in till 5.30. Camped 2 miles north of Dundee.

Friday, September 29th

Alarm in camp at 2 a.m. Got back to bed at 6.30 a.m. Ordered to go with 130 18th Hussars and 50 M.I. to Helpmakaar via Vant's Drift and Rorke's Drift. Reached Helpmakaar at 7 p.m.—50 miles. Started back at 5 a.m. Reached Dundee at 1.30 p.m. Found B., who had just arrived. *I was* glad to see her again. She is at the Royal.

One of my horses died, and when I reported it to the

Colonel he was very annoyed. I believe myself the horse died of heart complaint, as he suddenly dropped down dead. We had a board on it, and the vet., not having seen the horse, said he died of sand colic, which passed muster all right.

October 7th

1st King's Royal Rifles arrived under Bob Gunning and Johnny Campbell (Johnny Campbell was one of the best fellows I ever knew, and was afterwards one of the best Column Commanders in the Boer War, we were in his column for nearly a year), and Wing's Battery, 69th. Poor Freddy Wing was a great friend of mine, and did right well in command of a column later on in the Boer War; he was killed in France in the Great War when he was in command of a Division.

Thursday, October 12th

War declared. This place is full of Boer spies, but apparently nothing is done to clear them out, and they come and look at the camp and spy out everything.

All our men had their swords sharpened yesterday. Our position here is the worst possible. From the surrounding hills the Boers can count every man, horse, and gun in the camp. Of course the force never ought to have been sent to Dundee at all, but a great point was made by the Governor and also by the Colonial Office that we should not abandon the Natal coalfields, which were all round Dundee. I was told that Lord Wolseley, on being asked his advice, had written to Sir George White to say he should withdraw the whole of his troops south of the Mooi River, and hold that line, but he also added that, of course, the man on the spot must be the best judge.

Major-General Penn Symons, accompanied by his staff, arrived, and also Brigadier-General Yule; Colonel Beckett, A.G.; Lieut.-Colonel Jack Sherston; Major Hammersley, D.A.G.; Major Murray, Intelligence Officer; Captain Valancy, Provost-Marshal; Lieutenant Kenrick, Signaling Officer; Lieutenant Murray, A.D.C.

The Boers could have knocked us out of our position at Dundee without firing a shot by sending some men at night to cut the water supply at the foot of Impati Hill, which supplied the town of Dundee and the whole camp.

It was most difficult to tell which were peaceful Boer farmers and which were the enemy.

Saturday, October 14th

Martial law proclaimed.

October 15th

All ladies ordered to leave Dundee. B. very sad. Armoured train and one company R.I. Fusiliers arrived. The civil population of Newcastle fled south, and the natives from the Campbell and Navigation collieries and other collieries round Dundee went off to their kraals. We are very badly off for ammunition, and although a requisition for further supplies had been sent in a long time ago, no attention was paid to it, except to ask what we wanted more ammunition for !, !, and when it did arrive at Ladysmith the line was cut, so it couldn't get on to Dundee. The artillery are particularly short of ammunition.

Tuesday, October 17th

Poor B. left for Ladysmith, much against her will. We have done nothing to strengthen our position here, which is very bad. We ought to occupy Impati and hold Talana and the other little hill. We are very short of gun ammunition. Apparently none of the authorities estimate the Boers at their proper value. What fools our War Office are. B.'s train was fired on for 4 miles.

The Boers who had hoisted their flag at Newcastle came on to Hatton's Spruit station. The train which left Ladysmith to come up to Dundee was shot at near Elands Laagte.

Wednesday, October 18th

Boers fired on the train at Washbank.

TALANA HILL

Thursday, October 19th

Boers cut the railway line south of Ladysmith below Washbank last night.

Friday, October 20th

Stood to our horses at 4.30 a.m. At 5.10 a staff officer came and said we could go to water, as it was all clear. We however did not water, but kept the saddles on. At 5.25 without warning the Boers began to shell the camp heavily. We were ordered to get out of camp at once, and form up on the north side of it. One battery's horses were actually at water $\frac{3}{4}$ mile away. Moller sent my squadron on. We went along a nullah about 2 miles, and then turned half right, and got to a first-rate position on the enemy's right flank. I sent back a message at once to Moller asking him to bring up the rest of the regiment and M.I. In about twenty minutes B Squadron came up with Knox. We had an A1 position, and could see a lot of their led horses about 1,200 yards off behind the north-east shoulder of Talana Hill. Then Knox sent another message to Moller asking him to bring up the rest of the regiment and the M.I. at once, and finally in another forty minutes Moller appeared with the rear squadron and the M.I. I begged him to let us open fire on the Boer led horses with the machine gun, and our men dismounted, and the M.I., but he wouldn't hear of it, and told me when he wanted my advice he would ask for it.

When I first brought my squadron up a few shells had been fired at us on the move, but had all passed over our heads. Moller then took the regiment, the M.I., and our machine gun right away from the enemy in a northerly direction, leaving a perfect position, under cover, and completely commanding the enemy's rear and their led horses. Then we came on a Boer ambulance and about 20 armed Boers. Two troops B squadron charged these men, killed 2, wounded 3, and captured the others. These prisoners were handed over to the M.I. Knox again begged Moller to let us go back towards the enemy, but he

wouldn't. At last, Moller sent my squadron, supported by Laming's, and told Knox to go with us while he himself stayed behind with two troops B Squadron, the machine gun and 1 section K.R.R.C. M.I. and 1 Com. Royal Dublin Fusiliers M.I.

Knox took us at once towards the enemy, who had now taken up a second position on another hill in rear of Talana. We crossed Sand's Spruit . . . but the ground was cut with deep nullahs, and nearly impossible for cavalry. We saw a Boer holding up a white flag behind a wall and took him. He seemed very glad to surrender. Then we went on towards Vant's Drift, and were quite behind the line of retreat of the Boers, my squadron leading, with Laming's in support. All the hills and kopjes from Talana Hill for 6 or 7 miles towards Vant's Drift were held by Boers.

Knox told me to dismount my men and occupy a hill overlooking the road along which the Boers would have to retreat. I dismounted the squadron and went up it on foot with the men. When a quarter-way up we were fired on from the top, and Wood, who had been round the hill with two men to patrol, reported that about 120 Boers had galloped up the nullah the far side of the hill to reinforce the small party of Boers already on the hill. I seized a kopje half-way up, and began firing at the Boers, but they kept very close.

After about eighteen to twenty minutes of this the order came to mount. We went across a farm and into a nullah, but could not see our led horses anywhere. All the time the Boers were firing at us hard at from 300 to 600 yards. I got all the men under cover in a nullah, and went out to find the led horses. I only had No. 2 troop with me. After a quarter of an hour Corporal Hamilton came within 400 yards of the nullah with my horse. He said my trumpeter's horse had been shot through the nose and upset the trumpeter so that he had let my horse go. In about fifteen minutes more I saw the two squadrons about 1,400 yards off coming over a ridge. I sent Corporal Hamilton for the led horses, and got the troop out of the

nullah and mounted. We had 2 men hit and 3 horses. The Boers fired till we were 2,000 yards off.

I reported what had happened to Knox. Knox said I had done very well to get the men off so cheaply. I know I was very glad to get my horse again, as I hate walking, and running even more.

We took up a position now on some high ground and drove off the Boers, who tried to attack us. Suddenly they opened on us with a gun about 3,000 yards off, and put a shell right into my squadron, which fortunately did not burst, or else it must have knocked over a whole troop. The other shells went short as we moved off to Wade's Farm. It now came on to rain with a lot of mist, and about 4.30 p.m. we decided to return to Dundee. We had received no orders from the General or Moller since early morning, though we had sent in several messengers, none of whom had returned. The Boers had, I should think, 6,000 men engaged, but it was impossible to make a proper estimate, as they moved so quickly and were scattered over a lot of hills, all of which they held.

As we got near Talana Hill about 5.30 p.m. we met three Boer doctors and heard guns firing near Impati. As we passed Talana we saw the Irish Fusiliers, who told me that General Symons was hit, Gunning, Colonel of the 60th Rifles, killed, and a lot more. Our casualties very heavy. Got into camp about dark. We were wet through to the skin. Nothing heard of Moller, Greville, Pollok, or the vet., Shore, and two troops of ours and the machine gun and 130 M.I. Cape badly wounded in the neck; Charlie Maclachan in thigh; Bayford slightly in wrist. Pollok and Greville both had their horses shot.

The Infantry stormed Talana Hill with the greatest gallantry, and if Pickwood, C.O., R.A., had brought up his batteries as he should have done and opened fire at once on the retreating Boers instead of coming up at a walk, as they say, after a long delay, we should have killed heaps more Boers. But I still think that if Moller had opened fire on the Boers behind Talana Hill from the first position Knox and I took up, about 1,000 yards distance, where

we were under good cover and could see 700 or 800 of their led horses and Boers passing ammunition up by hand, the Boers would have retired at once. They were always very nervous of losing their horses.

We learned from some of the prisoners that 5,000 Boers had crossed Landsman's Drift with four field guns and two Maxims, and the guns were served by the Staats Artillery. These Boers mostly came from Middleburg, Wakkerstrom, Utrecht, and Vryheid, and were commanded by Lucas Meyer, and Cris Botha, and were to seize Talana Hill at daybreak, and a joint attack was to be made on the camp at Dundee by a large column which was marching from Newcastle. This latter force was commanded by Erasmus. Mercifully for us Erasmus was a day late and didn't get to Impati till noon on the 21st. Another Boer force had gone to Elands Laagte to cut off our retreat from Ladysmith.

October 20th

My servant stupidly left my scatter-gun behind in camp at Dundee when we retired, and 2½ years afterwards I got a letter from the Provost-Marshal, Radclyffe, as follows :

“ DEAR MARLING,—

“ Your gun has been dug up at Heidelberg. I had tried to find it several times, and when I left I told my successor as A.P.M. to try when the prisoners returned. He says it's somewhat damaged, but anyhow, it will be a trophy. Warren, A.P.M., says he is sending it to you c/o me, but perhaps it hasn't started. A.P.M. Heidelberg might fetch it yet. I hope Mrs. Marling is well. She must be glad the strain is over.

“ Yours sincerely,

“ C. RADCLYFFE.”

Saturday, October 21st

Started at 5 a.m. with my squadron to reconnoitre towards Hatten's Spruit station, 9 miles on the Newcastle road. At 4.30 a.m. Knox went with one and a half squadrons to Glencoe Junction. We were fighting all day from

6 a.m. till dark. At 11 a.m. a message came from General Yule, "Advance with great caution, and don't let your patrols get too far in front of you." At 12.30: "Do not advance any farther, and be most careful not to get cut off." At 2 p.m. a message was brought by an excited orderly, no time, no date, no anything, on a piece of dirty paper: "Retire at once on the camp." When we got near our old camp we found our troops had been shelled clean out of it. I met General Yule, who succeeded poor General Symons, who had been mortally wounded at Talana. I went back to the old camp to get the men's kits, but the shell fire was very hot, so I went off to where the new camp was to be. Even there it was pretty hot. The Boers had got two of those beastly long French guns, 6-inch Creusot, which carry 9,000 yards,¹ so we shifted behind a ridge farther on.

It was now getting dark, and there was the most awful confusion: regiments without their commanding officers, and commanding officers without their regiments. No one knew where the General was, and all the Staff but two had been knocked over. The Headquarters telegraph clerk came and asked me where the General was, as he had been hunting for him with a most important message for an hour. It was to this effect: "From G.O.C. Ladysmith. Fear quite impossible to reinforce you. You must do your best. Will however do what we can." Cheery under the circumstances. I couldn't find General Yule, so gave it to old Pickwood in the R.A., the next senior officer, who nearly fell off his horse when he read it. It had been drizzling since 5 p.m., and now rained in a steady downpour. We had no tents or covering, and held on to our horses all night. We got no orders at all, and none of us had any idea what we were to do in the morning.

Sunday, October 22nd

Started at 5 a.m. and took up the best position we could to resist an attack. A message came in from Ladysmith

¹ These guns came from the forts at Johannesburg, and our Intelligence Department had reported they were absolutely immobile.

saying the Boers had been beaten the day before at Elands Laagte, and were retreating up Glencoe Pass, and we all bucked up wonderfully. So we (18th Hussars) and one battery started off for the pass, only however to find two Boers.¹ We had a fight of sorts all day with a fresh lot of Boers who had arrived from Newcastle. At 5 p.m. it was decided to withdraw the whole force either to Helpmakaar or Ladysmith. Our wagons, under Wickham, A.S.C., went to the old camp at dusk to load up all the forage and rations they could carry, and we started in the pitch-dark, with no road for $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Wickham did good work under very difficult conditions, getting all the stuff away. We went stumbling along in the night and got through Dundee all right. No smoking, or talking, or lights allowed. Got to Beilth at 1 p.m., at least the advance guard did; the rear-guard and baggage got in at 5 p.m. We finally decided to go by the old Dutch road down Washbank Pass. This is an unfrequented track now seldom used. I commanded the rear-guard. It was pitch-dark at starting, but presently the moon rose. We got down the pass, 5 miles long, and out on to the Washbank Plain. The rear-guard and baggage reached the banks of the Washbank River, and so across by 9 a.m. Thackwell did jolly good work in going down the pass, with a sergeant and 6 men, to see if it was held by the Boers or not.

Tuesday, October 24th

Very tired and short of sleep. We led our horses most of the night, and next morning, about 10 a.m., heard firing, so one battery and one and a half squadrons of ours started off as hard as tired horses could go, hoping to cut in at the Boer forces, which were engaging our people from Ladysmith. We went about 9 miles, but saw nothing, and the firing died away. Desperately hot day and not a tree for miles. At 4.30 p.m. it began to pour, and the Washbank River, which had been only about 3 inches deep in the morning, when we crossed,

¹ One of them was wounded, and the other said he was on our side.

rose 12 feet in two hours, and was 30 to 40 yards wide, the current running very strong. I never saw such a sudden change. An infantry picket and one of my subalterns with a patrol of 6 men were cut off. The ground all along the river was converted into a swamp, so about 7 p.m. we moved to higher ground, though even there the water was 2 to 3 inches deep. A beastly night, no tents or shelter of any kind, so we just squatted down by our horses.

Wednesday, October 25th

Started again, wet through, at 4 a.m. I commanded the advance guard. Went through some very rough country and down a short pass $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, reaching Sunday River. Got eight fresh eggs and two fowls out of a Kaffir kraal. Knox and I ate the eggs raw with some whisky. 5th Lancers from Ladysmith turned up about 3.30 p.m. The water of this place was too beastly for words, and very little of it. Started again at 6 p.m. I was in command of the rear-guard, one and half squadrons. It had begun to rain, and poured all night. By 11.30 we had only done $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. It was so dark that I had dismounted all the men at the start and walked myself, holding on to the handle at the back of the Irish Fusiliers' water-cart so as not to lose touch. We halted every minute, as the wagons got stuck, and the track was up to the horses' hocks with slush and mud, and a few huge boulders thrown in just to break the monotony. About 9 p.m. half the wagons got stuck, and although we had sixteen mules to each wagon, they could hardly move. At 10 p.m. I went up with the General (Yule) and the A.D.C. (Murray) to see what could be done, and presently we started them on the right track, which a lot of them had lost. Into Ladysmith by 11 a.m. The infantry had not a kick left in them, everyone soaked to the skin, and more or less covered with black slush. Distance from Glencoe to Ladysmith the way we came, 64 miles. Our horses ate their last forage Thursday morning.

Sir George White came out to meet us, and complimented the regiment on its appearance and the horses, which had

stuck it out awfully well. They had only had their saddles off for two hours in three and a half days. We left all our wounded, tents, and a lot of stores at Dundee, as, now the railway is cut, we had no transport to carry it away. Also band instruments of four infantry regiments, so that old Kruger is now probably playing the soft trombone to his old Dutch at Pretoria. "B." came out to meet us. I did not take my boots off from 4 a.m. Sunday till 1 p.m. Thursday. However I am very fit, except for shortness of sleep. I could not keep awake even standing up.

Friday, October 27th

Had to write an account of the Battle of Talana for Sir George White. No fresh horses or saddlery to be got.

Saturday, October 28th

Sir George White said he would give us three days to rest to get straight, but we were up at 4 a.m. this morning and on patrol till dark.

Sunday, October 29th

Started at 3.30 a.m. on a reconnaissance to Lombard's Kop. My squadron in advance to Modder Spruit. Captured a Boer horse. Back to camp at 4 p.m.

Poor Molly Myers was killed. He was Adjutant of the Eton Volunteers, and a right good fellow. He gave me a wedding present of a hunting flask which I have now, with the inscription on it, "Spike from Molly." It didn't turn up in time for the wedding, and when I was in Ladysmith in September I got a letter from him asking me if I had ever received it, and I wrote and said, "No." When I got home after the siege I found it, and several presents which had arrived too late for the wedding.

Monday, October 30th

Commonly called "Black Monday." In position behind Limit Hill at 4 a.m. A terrific fire on both sides at 5.15 a.m. At 7.50 a.m. cavalry received orders to proceed at once to our right flank. I believe we were meant to go up Helpmakaar Road, between Lombard's Kop and Bul-

wana, over Modder Spruit, and then swing to our left near Cronje's Farm. Instead of this we wheeled to the left on the Ladysmith side of Lombard's Kop, and four cavalry regiments—the 5th D.G.'s, 5th Lancers, 18th and 19th Hussars—and the Natal Carabiniers were all jammed in a small nullah, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, and about 10 to 20 yards wide. I never saw such a mess. We could not get out, and had to dismount and climb the north shoulder of Lombard Kop; all this under a pretty smart fire. We lined the edge of the hill, when a quick-firing gun opened on us and cut the branches off a tree over my head. We attacked over a front nearly 5 miles. The Royal Artillery behaved awfully well, and one battery went right up into the infantry firing-line to cover their retreat. The Gloucesters and Irish Fusiliers and one Mule Battery, who had been sent overnight to take up a position on the flank of the Boers, were all captured, but as yet we know nothing authentic as to what really occurred, except that they have not come back.

We were ordered with the 5th D.G.'s and Carabiniers to hold Lombard's Kop Ridge and cover the retreat of the infantry. We then received the order to retire, and got back to our horses, which were all mixed up with the horses of the 5th D.G.'s, whilst the shells kept pitching most unpleasantly over our heads. We got off very cheaply, only 1 man and 1 horse hit in the 18th Hussars. Fearfully hot.

Tuesday, October 31st

Shells flying about all day off and on. Several fell for the first time in the town. Told "B." she really must leave, though she does not want to go. She and Mrs. Davey are living together at Klip Cottage, as of course we all have to be with the regiment. We have got up two 4.7-inch guns and four howitzers from the ships at Durban, brought up by Hedworth Lambton. (They only got up in the nick of time, and there is no doubt that their arrival saved Ladysmith.) Unfortunately, we are woefully short of ammunition for them.

It is quite true that five companies of the Gloucestershire Regiment and six of the Royal Irish Fusiliers have been bagged and four guns of the Mule Battery. It was a bad show, and the less said about it the better, and as I wasn't there myself I propose to leave it at that. There is no doubt that if the Boers on the night of October 30th had attacked Wagon Hill and Cæsar's Camp, as they did later on the 6th of January, they would have captured Ladysmith.

Wednesday, November 1st

"B." went off to stay with the Governor at Pietermaritzburg. She went dreadfully against her will. Shells flying about all day. One fell in the garden of the hotel.

My wife, who was staying at Government House with Prince Christian Victor, took the last photograph which was taken of him before he died, and which is in the book of his life. He was in my old regiment, the 60th Rifles, a good soldier and sportsman, and all the men adored him.

She said Winston Churchill was staying there too, and one night at dinner laid down the law to the Governor as to his Colonial policy, and also to Sir Redvers Buller as to how he should conduct the campaign. Buller told him not to be a young ass. Redvers Buller didn't suffer fools gladly.

Friday, November 3rd

5th Lancers, 5th D.G.'s, and Imperial Light Horse went down Long Valley at 9 a.m. ; 18th and 19th Hussars and two Batteries went out at noon. Quite a nice little fight in the afternoon. We held the right flank overlooking Field's Farm. Got back to camp at 6 p.m. Pretty well shelled coming back, but no casualties, fortunately. Fearfully hot. Line cut between Ladysmith and Colenso, so "B." only just got off in time.

Saturday, November 4th

Shelling of camp began early. Some of our wounded from Dundee arrived in Boer ambulance, and it turned

out that the driver was a Staats Artillery officer with a red cross on his arm, come to spy out the land. Cape and Maclachan are both doing well. Cape had a very narrow squeak, as he got shot in the neck, the bullet just missing the spinal cord. Both Cape and Maclachan behaved with great gallantry. Mac, although badly wounded himself, carried one of our wounded for some way. He certainly deserved a D.S.O.

Sunday, November 5th

A quiet day. Old Brer Boer does not shell on Sunday, as a rule.

Wednesday, November 8th

Shelling as usual, only more so.

Thursday, November 9th

We were fighting all day. The Boers attacked, principally at Cæsar's Camp and Wagon Hill, and also a half-hearted attack at Observation Hill. We beat them off, killing or wounding they say about 200, but I doubt myself whether their casualties were half as much.

The Prince of Wales's birthday, and the trumpeter blew "God Bless the Prince of Wales," and the Brigadier of the Cavalry Brigade, a bit of a courtier, ordered a Royal Salute of twenty-one guns to be fired in honour of the event, and we all cheered.

Sunday, November 12th

Quiet day. Rode up to Cæsar's Camp. The Boers have put a shell into the two rooms "B." and I occupied at the Royal Hotel, and completely wrecked them.

Monday, November 13th

On picket and patrol all day. One of my men (Walker) shot through the shoulder.

Wednesday, November 15th

Boers bombarded about half an hour in the middle of the night. Rained hard. River rising fast. Our camp a regular swamp.

Thursday, November 16th

River still rising ; bridge under water.

Friday, November 17th

Sent in claim to War Office for £117 for kit lost at Dundee. Have been gradually getting some clothes together. I had nothing but what I stood up in after the battle of Talana. I went down to the Imperial Light Horse and bought the kits of two poor fellows who had been killed. I bought the two lots as they stood for £11 10s.

Saturday, November 18th

Our camp like a bog. Stinks, not of cheese, as James Pigg said to old Jorrocks, but of every imaginable horror. Afraid we shall get enteric or pestilence of some kind. All Ladysmith and its surroundings are getting pretty foul.

Sunday, November 19th

Last night Boers shelled camp and town for half an hour. A delightful moonlight night, as bright as day. We were camped by the river-bank in what we called the "Happy Valley," as the Boer guns have not yet discovered it. Really, it is only a rocky nullah, 100 yards wide by 150 yards long, between two very stony hills. Went up to see the 4·7-inch naval guns at Cove Kopje. Halsey, now Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, was in charge.

As a rule brother Boer does not fire on Sunday, but he broke the Sabbath to-day by firing on a bathing party ; I believe they were so infuriated by the sight of people washing that they quite forgot it was Sunday.

Monday, November 20th

Quite a peaceful day, up to 3 p.m., when the Boers with a new gun on Surprise Hill shelled us bang out of camp. Eleven shells fell, nine of which pitched in camp. One went into the cooks' shelter, hitting 4 men. We struck the tents, saddled up, and in fifteen minutes every man and horse was out taking cover as best we could. No horses killed, only 2 mules. It is extraordinary so little damage was done, considering the small area we were in, 100 by

150 yards. I was in command, as Knox had gone to the King's Royal Rifles to look round.

Wednesday, November 22nd

Frightfully hot. At night there was a tremendous storm of rain and thunder. I never saw such lightning in my life. For about two hours it was as light as day. I lay out in the open all night, as we had only enough tents for the men. Boers bombarded again during the night. Ground like a swamp.

Thursday, November 23rd

Up to the 21st we have fired the following shells, etc. :

13 howitzer ; 229 4·7-inch naval gun ; 5,800 15-pounder field gun ; 238 naval 12-pounder ; 594,000 rifle ; 73,000 carbine ; 241 revolver.

This included Dundee. Shelling nearly all day.

Friday, November 24th

Boers bagged 150 of our cattle. The Staff for the last five days have had a scheme for us (18th Hussars) to go out and try to capture twelve wagons of biltong. Directly we put our noses over Range Post Hill we came under fire of nine guns, and could not possibly get the stuff away, as the wagons are drawn by bullocks. The Boers put a searchlight on us whilst on picket last night, but could not get within 8 yards of the horses, they were so well hidden. They turned it on three times between 10 and 11. Needless to say, we have no searchlight.

Sunday, November 26th

Very seedy. I expect it is the water, or the flies in one's food or something.

Monday, November 27th

Frank Rhodes got a message through to "B." at Maritzburg. The Boers got the Kaffir runner the first time, and took the letter out of the seat of his breeches. The Kaffir got back, and next time the note was sewn in the sole of a very old pair of boots, which he slung over his shoulder on a stick and so got through.

Tuesday, November 28th

Reports of victory by Buller at De Aar and Hillyard at Mooi River. On duty with squadron all day and night. Royal Hotel is completely wrecked and closed.

There is a funny story going round the camp that, whilst the King's Royal Rifles were playing football, a shell burst on the ground and broke the football, sending a fragment of the ball between the goal-posts, and they are writing to the *Sportsman* to ask whether this counts as a goal.

Wednesday, November 29th

What a life! Up every morning at any hour from 1 a.m. till 4 a.m., never later. On duty every third day for twenty-four hours. We have to water horses eight at a time, so as not to get them shelled. All the cavalry exercise in the dark, ditto infantry. We crawl out from 7.30 to 8.30 p.m., and give the horses a good trot round. Latterly the Boers have taken to firing on our cattle out grazing. They have got three 6-inch guns (Creusot), eight 40-pounders, and seventeen other guns of different kinds, playing on us from all points of the compass. Their 6-inch guns carry 11,000 yards. All the Boer guns have nicknames: "Long Tom," "Weeping Willy," "Sauntering Sally," "Silent Susan," "Diarrhoea Dick," "Pompom," etc. We have only two naval 4.7-inch guns, and three 40-pounders, with two 12-pounders and 36 Royal Field Artillery. The extreme range of our field guns is 5,400 yards.

At 9 p.m. an elaborate order came for the 18th Hussars, 5th Lancers, 5th D.G.'s, two Infantry Brigades, and four Batteries to move out at 1.30 a.m. and take Blaubank and End Hills. At 10.30 another message saying start at 1. At midnight yet a third saying it was all cancelled. So satisfactory! Ordered out again at 3 a.m., so did not get much sleep. Melton Prior, the war artist, came to lunch.

Thursday, November 30th

Went on outpost duty for twenty-four hours at 7.30. At 9.30 p.m. saw signalling out Colenso way on the

dark clouds with limelight. Reading this till 11.30 p.m. I have got so used to sleeping fully dressed in boots and spurs that I sleep better now in the open than in a tent. Very funny hearing shells continually passing over one's head from all points of the compass. One can tell exactly which gun it is by the sound and direction.

Friday, December 1st

Frightfully hot. Flies, if possible, worse than ever. You have to sweep the flies off your spoon before you can put anything into your mouth, and unless you cover up your cup with a book or saucer or something, you have about ten drowned flies in as many seconds. However, in spite of everything, we continue to keep pretty jolly.

Saturday, December 2nd

Shelling hard in the morning. All kinds of rumours about Warren at Kuruman, Buller at De Aar, Gatacre at Queenstown, and Methuen near Kimberley. At 9 p.m. we turned out with one day's rations; 5th D.G.'s, 5th Lancers, ourselves, and one Battery, but only the old story of "wolf." Got back to camp at midnight. Boers put a 94-pound shell on the rocks at the end of our camp, and broke a poor chap's leg in 18th Hussars. A large piece of it came on 400 yards and pitched just in front of my tent.

Sunday, December 3rd

Thank goodness, peaceful day! Hotter than ever. Wind as though it came out of a blast furnace. Rode round to see one's pals. Rode up on to Wagon Hill. Ian Hamilton, who is in charge of this section, which is the key to the whole of Ladysmith, has done little or nothing to strengthen his position either by trenches, forts or barbed wire.

Wednesday, December 6th

Feel seedy all over. Don't know what it is, except that the beastly place gets fouler day by day. Hear there are thirty of the 19th Hussars down with enteric, and several of the 60th Rifles. Hardy took my temperature, 102°.

Friday, December 8th

An alarm at 4 a.m. I was so seedy that Hardy, our doctor, said it would be folly to get up, specially as it was probably only a false alarm. However, as soon as our men had turned out I thought how sick I should be if it really was business. So, though I felt very shaky, I crawled out of bed, scrambled into some kit, and galloped after the regiment as hard as I could. After going a mile I came up with the 5th D.G.s, who were in reserve, and found it was really business. Just as I caught the 18th up a 40-pounder went bang 10 yards in front of my horse ; fortunately, the ground was soft and it did not explode. Lots more were fired at us, but did no harm. I took the squadron through Hyde's Farm, and occupied a small hill north-east of Bell's Farm. Lots of Boers came out, and things began to be quite lively. The other one and a half squadrons of the 18th were on my right near Pepworth Hill, and the 5th Lancers more to the right still by Limit Hill. In about an hour I saw the 5th Lancers retire, and then a staff officer came up to say we were to retire.

By this time the Boers were within 600 yards or less of us, trying to work round both flanks, so I thought it was about time we were off. As soon as ever we got away from the shelter of the hill and into the open we were under a perfect hailstorm of bullets. We could hear them go puff ! puff ! all round. Got back to camp about 8.30 a.m. Out of 200 all told we had 3 men killed, 1 officer (Thackwell), and 14 men wounded, 2 injured by their horses being shot and rolling on them ; 4 horses killed and 32 wounded. Three officers had their horses shot under them—Wellby, Field, and Haag. Felt better, a little. I suppose it was the excitement. The General (Brocklehurst) very pleased with the regiment, also Sir George White. Got a letter from " B."

Complimentary Order published as follows :

" The General Officer commanding Cavalry has expressed his admiration of the gallantry displayed by the regiment

during the reconnaissance this morning, and his regret that so many brave men should have been killed or wounded. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir George White, V.C., on the report of the reconnaissance of the 8th inst., returned by G.O.C. Cavalry Brigade, has made the following note: 'I regret the number of casualties, but I was an eye-witness, and it was inspiring to see the keenness and dash with which a dangerous task was carried out by officers and men.' "

Saturday, December 9th

Hardy, our medico, insisted on my going to the hospital, and sent me up in a doolie. Heat and flies awful. My temperature 103°. They say I have got congestion of the lungs and fever. Feel pretty cheap, whatever it is. Tent like an oven.

Sunday, December 10th

One lies in the tent and gasps. Thankful to have a double fly tent to oneself instead of a beastly single fly tent with another fellow, such as we have been having. In the evening they moved me down to Klip Cottage, where Frank Rhodes and Ava live now, who were both most kind. They took me down in a doolie. No shelling to-day.

Monday, December 11th

What a blessing to be in sheets again. The only drawback is they keep plugging away at us, and it is not pleasant having a 94-pound shell come crashing into the garden when one is ill in bed. They begin about 5 a.m. and go on till 7.30 a.m., and again from 4 p.m. till 6.30 p.m.; at least that is the worst time. Of course they shell off and on all day in different parts. Temperature 102°.

Tuesday, December 12th

Temperature 101°. The Doctor painted me all over first with turpentine and then iodine, and then wrapped me up in cotton-wool. Feel much better, shells rather near.

Monday, December 18th, to Saturday, 23rd

Don't get properly right, and temperature won't go to normal. Medico says I have had a pretty severe attack of broncho-pneumonia. Not surprising one doesn't pick up ; no proper food, only flies and shells. The flies were worse than the shells, whilst the whole of Ladysmith smells. Heat awful. Doctor decided to send me to Intombi. He won't let me go out till my temperature is normal. Was carried in a doolie to the station at 8 p.m. Slept in train.

Sunday, December 24th

Left Ladysmith at 6 a.m. in the train for Intombi Hospital camp, just under Bulwana Hill, about 10,000 yards from our camp. It is neutral ground set apart for a hospital. Feel better already and much fresher. McLachlan and Cape both here, also the wounded from Dundee. There are 1,621 sick and wounded here, but mostly sick. Meiklejohn (Gordons), Stuart Wortley (Rifles), Colonel Beckett (Staff.), Adam (Guards).

Thursday, December 28th

Nearly fit again. Sat on a court-martial on a civilian for holding correspondence with the Boers. Gave him three years' penal servitude just to steady him. Treacherous brute. We feed him with Government rations, although the fighting men are terribly short, and this is his gratitude.

1900

Thursday, January 3rd

Got a bad go of dysentery and slight go of fever. Fortunately for me, the medico is a really good little chap, named Marder. He spared no time or pains to pull me through, coming to see me at all hours of the night. I had a tent to myself, which was more than most officers had, who had to lie from six to twenty in a marquee. The only drawback was it leaked like a sieve. I have seen 3 inches of water inside it, four frogs, one lizard, and a scorpion. Charlie McLachlan killed the latter with

a boot, one night when he was staying up with me ; it ran out across the room from under my kit-bag. Was flat on my back for nearly four weeks. They said I was so bad because I had had it twice before.

January 6th

Desperate fight on Wagon Hill. Poor Ava killed. For 24 hours it was touch and go if we were kicked off or not.

Wednesday, February 14th

Getting convalescent, but weak as a cat, and could hardly get 100 yards with a stick. We have all but run out of medical comforts. All I get now is one pint of milk, some Brand's essence of beef, a cup of soup made of horse or trek ox, 1 oz. of sugar, 2 oz. rice, 2 oz. brandy or port. The latter is horrible stuff. I have been lucky, or rather my medico has, at my expense, to get me one or two eggs from a native every day. Price, only 4s. each !! I weighed yesterday, and scaled in my pyjamas and shoes 7 st. 13 lb. and in uniform 9 st. 2 lb. I weighed 12 st. 4 lb. last July.

On January 29th there were just under 2,000 sick and wounded in the hospital here, and about 700 in the two smaller ones. During the last eight days we have been on half-rations. The Indian doolie bearers only get 8 oz. of mealie flour and nothing else. The daily ration for the worst enteric or dysentery patients is $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 pint of milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. bovril or $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of extract of horse, 3 oz. brandy, and sometimes 2 oz. of what is called calves' foot jelly, which is made out of horses' feet with thrush, so they say.

Sunday, February 25th

We have killed and eaten all the cavalry horses, except 100 to each regiment, and are getting pretty near starvation now. So far we have buried between 800 and 850 people from this hospital since the beginning of the siege, 23 being the largest number in any one day, principally from sickness, enteric fever, dysentery, pneumonia, and scurvy. We have had no potatoes or vegetables for eight weeks, though a pal got me at a fabulous price three carrots and two bits

of a pumpkin a week ago. Siege prices now: liquor, except for the sick (and that is almost run out), not to be had at any price, though one month ago 1 dozen of whisky was raffled for and fetched £147, 1 pumpkin 29s. Eggs, very scarce, and all commandeered for the sick, 48s. to 54s. per dozen. Yesterday two eggs fetched 9s., $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of tobacco £3. Buller is expected any day now, and we are all jubilant, though most people are a bit sceptical, as we have been hoping to see him every day since November 26th. Personally, I have the greatest confidence in him. He saved us at Suakin and also in the Khartoum Expedition in 1885, when poor Gordon was killed, and I am sure he will do it now. He has had the toughest job, and fewest men to do it with.

Thursday, March 1st

Buller's advanced cavalry arrived most unexpectedly at 6.30 p.m. All day and night we bombarded Bulwana to prevent them getting away their old Long Tom on Bulwana Hill, which has been annoying us more than any gun all the siege. The Boers got the gun away, however.

Friday, March 2nd

Buller's infantry came in at 9 a.m. this morning, and from the ever-thoughtful "B." arrived nine tins of turtle soup, six pints of fizz, two tins of baccy, two tins of marmalade, and about 100 letters and 120 papers. My medico would only allow me to take one wine-glassful of turtle soup without any calipash or calipee, and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of boy, but it was a welcome change from horse soup and 2 oz. of brandy. Francis Beaumont has been in the hospital for some time with low and intermittent fever. Arthur Hoare's brother is also in hospital with a bullet through his head, but is getting better. He used to come over and see me nearly every day.

I have become quite a chef. You can give the following recipe for *Potage à la Ladysmith* to the cook. Take 2 lb. of horse minced very fine with a tobacco chopper, 2 oz. of bovril, one or two ration biscuits pounded to dust in a

handkerchief with a boot or tent mallet, $\frac{1}{2}$ wineglassful of crushed mealie. Place the above in 2 pints of Klip water, which is already plentifully seasoned with dead Boers and horses. I am also not unknown to fame as a cunning compounder of tobacco, which is famous in camp as "Marling's Mixture," the principal ingredients being: a very little English tobacco, some Boer and Kaffir tobacco, broken cigars and cigarettes, a little tea and chopped grass.

I don't think there were 1,000 men of the garrison who could have marched 5 miles, and not 500 who could have marched 10.

Saturday, March 3rd

"B." arrived to-day, having driven 20 miles through the Boer lines in a springless cart with a pony and a mule driven by a Kaffir from Colenso, escorted by Annesley and Lord Basil Blackwood, where the line had been cut. She was the last woman to leave Ladysmith, and the first to get back. We are staying at Klip Cottage, and to-morrow we go down to Pietermaritzburg. The doctors wanted to invalid me straight home, but I defeated them, and am going instead on a month's leave by sea to Cape Town with a lot of other fellows, for a complete change and to get one's strength up. I got hold of some mufti to-day, which hangs round me like a sack.

Our Commissariat, under Colonels Ward and Stoneman, has been managed wonderfully well in making the rations and forage last out as they have done, and in inventing new dodges in the way of food, such as horse soup, officially called "Chevril," and horse sausage. We could have held out for another two weeks on further reduced rations. As Sir George White said, Colonel Ward was the best Commissariat Officer since Moses. Cape and McLachlan have both been invalided home.

Monday, March 6th

My birthday, thirty-nine to-day. "B." and I drove to Colenso yesterday in a springless country cart with a

tilt over it and a cane chair lashed under it, all over Buller's battlefields. We took six dozen photos to be developed to-day. The railway staff officer had a reserved carriage for us, and we came down very comfortably considering. Even here eggs are hard*to get, and not one to be had in this hotel, the Imperial. However, the thoughtful Harington (now General Sir Charles Harington), staff officer at Maritzburg station, kindly gave me a dozen this morning. The Governor, Sir Walter Hely Hutchinson, came to see "B." and me at Klip Cottage, Ladysmith, the day before yesterday. I forgot to tell you that old Brer Boer, not being able to move us or starve us out of Ladysmith, constructed a huge dam 54 feet wide and 20 feet high across the Klip River just below the town to try and flood us out.

March 5th

B. distributed to my squadron (A) to-day all the things my mother had sent out for my men.

March 31st

We went down to Durban, where I developed enteric, and was in bed for a month. Dear old Galway, the P.M.O. there, was too kind for words. He was one of the doctors who went up the Nile with us in 1884 when Gordon was killed. He is now Sir Thomas Galway, a right good fellow.

April 24th

The Medical Board came and examined me, and insisted on my going home.

CHAPTER XI

SOUTH AFRICAN WAR, 1900-1902

1900

May 30th

We got to Southampton, and went down to my father-in-law's at Buckland Court, where they took the horses out of the carriage at Betchworth. Then to my own home at Stanley Park, where we were given a great reception by our kind friends at Stroud, who presented us with illuminated addresses and took the horses out of the carriage and dragged us up to the house. We also had a public reception at Chepstow.

June 11th

We went up to stay with Lord Ellesmere at Bridgewater House for a week. I went to Ascot for three days, but I was still very seedy, and got quite knocked up again, and could not get my inside right at all.

July 12th

The doctors ordered me to Plombières, a cure place in the Vosges, France, but I could not shake off my dysentery.

September

At the beginning of September we went to stay with the Archbishop at Bishopthorpe Palace, York, and from there we went to Yester to meet Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, our present Queen.

We had a most delightful visit. One day we went in to Edinburgh to pay a private visit to Holyrood, the Castle, and St. Giles's Cathedral, which the Duchess wanted to see. Another day we went to Gosford to lunch with Lord Wemyss. There was a large party to meet the Duchess, including Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Lord Elcho, Evan Charteris, Lady Lilian Yorke,

and Lady Balcarres. Another day we went to Tynningham, Lord Haddington's place, where there was another big lunch-party. We also had two good days' grouse shooting.

We went on from there to stay at Hamilton Palace with the Duke of Hamilton. It is an enormous place with something like 400 rooms and over 20 staircases. There was no gas or electric light, and we were always losing our way. The Duke's sister, Lady Flora Poore, one of my wife's greatest friends, was keeping house for the Duke, and both her sisters were there, Lady Isabel Ryder and Lady Helena Acland Hood and their husbands.

After dinner everybody went to bed early, and I asked the secretary if he would show me the way to my room, as I was sure I would never find it. The smoking-room was on the ground-floor, and there were frightful great stone passages leading in all directions. The secretary and I started with two flat candlesticks, and after going up one staircase and down another and along passages and up another staircase and along more corridors, trying several doors, some of which were locked and some weren't; anyhow, none of them was the door of my dressing-room—the secretary said he was afraid we had lost our way. He said he had only been there three weeks, and didn't yet know his way about, and the only thing to be done was to go back to the smoking-room and see if we could get hold of a footman.

With much difficulty we got back to the smoking-room and went towards the servants' quarters where we started shouting. At last we saw a dim light approaching. It was a sleepy-looking flunkey in deshabille with a candle in one hand and a poker in the other. I said, "Where is my room?" He wasn't in the least sure, but thought he could find it. We started again, and after walking miles we heard a clock strike twelve, so I had been nearly an hour trying to find my room. At last we found it, and I went through my dressing-room, into our bedroom, which was about 40 feet long and 30 feet wide, and found my wife in an acre of bed with all the candles lit round her.

She said, "Oh, you wretch, you said you would come to bed early, and I have been frightened to death, and heard all sorts of queer noises." I said, "Well, my dear, I have done my best, it has taken me nearly an hour to get here." We said good night to the secretary, and, somewhat shattered by the events of the night, went to bed. There were four steps to get up into the old four-poster, in which Mary Queen of Scots had slept.

Next morning at breakfast the secretary looked ghastly, and I asked him what was the matter. He said, "I had an awful time last night. I wandered about till one o'clock, having lost my way again, and was so annoyed with myself I bedded down on one of the divans in a corridor and pulled some rugs over me. It was bitterly cold and I heard it strike two and three and then I fell into an uneasy slumber and had a bit of a nightmare. I dreamt I was on Vesuvius, and there was a frightful noise going on, and the lava was hitting me in the back. I woke with a yell, and found myself looking into the face of an early housemaid coming along with a dust-pan and broom, who, taking me for a corpse or a burglar, dropped her broom with a clatter and gave a piercing scream, and has been in strong hysterics ever since."

December

Spent Christmas at home with a large family party.

1901

January and February

I went up before a Medical Board at Bristol. They wouldn't pass me for active service. However, I went up to see one of the best doctors in London, and got a certificate out of him to say I was quite fit, which I wasn't, and then, after another Board, which passed me, we embarked on the transport *Oratava*, on Monday, February 25th.

Dear old Jack Cowans had wangled it that I should be O.C. troops on board, and had also given B. and her maid a passage. I had a very good Adjutant, Arthur Daly (afterwards Major-General Daly), then a Captain in the

West Yorkshire Regiment. Daly was wounded later on. He was a right good sportsman and a very gallant fellow.

There were 300 Welsh Volunteers, nearly all miners; 100 time-expired Colonials; 300 so-called Imperial Yeomanry at five bob a day; and a lot of details making up some 1,000 men on board altogether. We got up all sorts of sports for the men, and amongst other things a boxing competition.

The Welsh Volunteers sang beautifully.

March 15th

Anchored off Cape Town about 4 p.m. No war news of interest.

March 16th

Went alongside to coal at one of the big wharves. Plague quite bad, they say, no one allowed to land from ship except those landing there for good. Put a strong picket under a captain and a subaltern at end of wharf to prevent anyone getting into the town and sentries with bayonets at all the gangways. The skipper has asked me to prevent any of his crew or firemen from leaving the ship.

I put one of the Welsh Volunteer Companies on guard on the wooden pier with a good hefty Major in command, weighing some 14 stone. At 6 p.m. about a dozen firemen rushed the sentry on one of the gangways. The stout Major ran at the leading fireman, clasped him round the waist, threw him on to the pier and fell on him, breaking two of his (the fireman's) ribs. The Welsh Volunteers were delighted to have a scrap, and kicked the firemen back on to the ship.

I was playing bridge in the Captain's cabin that night about 9.30 p.m., when the First Officer came in and whispered something to the Captain, who went out. He came back in a minute and said there was a deputation of firemen outside complaining that they had been shamefully manhandled by our men. Would I come out and see them? I said, "All right, but you must remember you asked me to stop the firemen going on shore." I went out, and it was a most comical sight. There were six

firemen, two with black eyes, one with his head bandaged, and another with his hand tied up. I said, "I've got over a thousand troops on board this ship, and I was only complying with your Captain's request to prevent you leaving the ship and going to beastly places and drinking shops in the slums of Cape Town and bringing the plague back on board. You've only got what you deserve, and these Welshmen will give you twice as much next time," and went back to my bridge and won 32s.

That night about 1 a.m. two stokers tried to get off in a boat, but a sentry saw them, and the guard tilted them both into the dock, and that cooled their ardour.

March 17th

Coaling hard all day. Got off at 5.30 p.m., having taken in 100 Australians (Victorian Rifles), commanded by Cholmeley. A very fine set of men. So like the authorities: they would not let us land, but they bring 100 men who have been in Cape Town a week, and put them on board our ship to send to Durban. Plague rather worse, they say.

March 20th

Arrived off Durban at 1 p.m. Very rough.

March 25th

Left Durban at 6 p.m. in reserved carriage with Lawson (Lieut.-Gen. Sir Henry Lawson) (Wise Bob), R.E. A fearful crowd at the station going up. Seven officers had to go in one second-class carriage next to us, so I was in luck except that Lawson snored like blazes.

March 28th

Arrived Volksrust at 2 p.m.

March 29th

Seedy. Fever and diarrhoea.

March 30th

Left Volksrust with a convoy in pouring wet at 3 p.m. Marched 6 miles. Arthur Daly and I slept in a wagon on

a heap of mealie sacks. We have 150 wagons. St. John Gore in command, and I am second.

March 31st

Reached Wakkerstrom at 2 p.m. Arthur Daly and I lunched at the hotel. About 100 Boers and families were brought in, and stuck in the Dutch Church. Took some photos of them.

April 3rd

The entire convoy did not get more than 2 miles. Our wagon stuck in one hole over the axle for six hours, and although we unloaded it and put on fifty bullocks could not move it. Eventually, about 5 p.m., we dug it out and put on fresh bullocks. Rained again all day. We expect to have a fight with Botha between here and Piet Retief.

April 10th

Got into Piet Retief at 1 p.m. Fearful dust-storm. Found 18th Hussars 1 mile outside. Met Johnny Campbell and Tom Hickman. Very jolly being back with the old regiment again. Took over command from Laming.

April 11th

Went to see Horace Smith-Dorrien and had lunch with him.

April 14th

Left Piet Retief. Up at 4 a.m. Marched at 5.30. Thick mist. I have got one pompom, one company Mounted Infantry, and 18th Hussars under me. Did rear-guard to Idalia, 10 miles.

April 15th

Marched at 6.30 a.m. to Spring Bok Kraal. Support to advance guard. Marched 6 miles to Waterval Drift. Went on again at 2 p.m. and cleared four farms, burnt the wagons, and brought away 7 women, 19 children, 5 Boers, 600 sheep, 12 bullocks, and a lot of fowls and turkeys. The

Boers were shooting a bit most of the time. Did not get back to camp till 8 p.m.

April 16th

Marched 16 miles to Alkmaar. Commanded advance guard, two guns, one pompom, Mounted Infantry, and 18th Hussars. One of our horses died of exhaustion. Camped at Compies River.

April 17th

Burnt a farm. Two of our horses died of exhaustion. Camped at Wooi Kraal.

April 18th

Support to advance guard. The Boers held a very strong position on high ground to our left and front. The Boers had a high-velocity gun and a pompom and one other field gun with which they annoyed us going up. Private Webster, C Squadron, was killed near Smut's Farm. Bar that, a very pleasant day and quite like old times. We knocked the Boers out and got to camp at Welder Freden by 5 p.m. All our guns were banging away merrily. Allenby commands the mounted troops and Johnny Campbell the whole column.

Corporals Sharpe and Goodwin, a trooper called Capsey, and 5 other troopers did good work on our left flank. They got up a most precipitous hill, dragging their horses after them, and almost captured one of the Boer guns and shot 2 Boers.

April 19th

Buried poor Webster at dawn. Commanded advance guard to Roodeval, about 7 miles. Took a photo of Webster's grave. Met Smith-Dorrien. Burned and sacked three farms. Heard Boers had 4 gunners killed and 8 wounded yesterday.

April 27th

Marched into Middleburg at 12 noon. Found Gosselin there and 172 horses and over 200 men, and no end of Boer families.

April 28th

Lunched with 60th Rifles. Marched the regiment to church. Went off to Remount Depot and got 50 horses.

April 29th

Went round posts and blockhouses. Gosselin and Webster went with 50 men to take convoy to Blinkwater. Got a letter from Horace Smith-Dorrien. He wound up by saying, "The 18th Hussars were about the best Cavalry Regiment I struck, and always did right well."

May 13th

Strength of regiment 560 N.C.O.'s and men, 14 officers, and 1 M.O. (our Doctor, Hardy); Pussy Hall, Transport Officer; 512 horses and 40 ponies. We made up four squadrons.

Left Middleburg at 6.30 a.m. and marched to Pan. Column consisted of 18th Hussars, one Battery R.H.A., one Pompom, one Battalion Seaforth Highlanders. Fourteen miles march. Got five snipe in the afternoon. Saw very few Boers. 18th formed advance guard and rear-guard. Laming, Pollok, Gosselin, Corbett, Wood, Field, Clarke, Webster, Wills, Lyon, Lichtenberg, Pilkington, Hall, and Captain Hardy, R.A.M.C. Hardy was one of the best and bravest doctors I ever knew. If Knox had recommended him for a V.C. for his gallant conduct at Talana and Ladysmith I think he would have got it. Charles Burnett (now Brigadier-General Charles Burnett, C.B., C.M.G.) was Adjutant and the best ever. A very level-headed and gallant fellow. Left the Band, 90 men, and 20 weak horses under Dunkley at Middleburg. If ever there was a good Quartermaster it was Dunkley, he'd bag anything. There was no red tape about him.

May 14th

Last night was bitter cold, 12° of frost, and there was an inch of ice on my bucket this morning. Marched 10 miles to Wanderfontein. We have no tents, and the men are only allowed two blankets and a waterproof sheet. Baillie,

in the Seaforths, a cousin of B.'s, came to dine. Lunched with Burney in the Berkshires. Burnt one farm.

May 15th

Halted at Wanderfontein. Dined with the Seaforths.

May 16th

Marched under Johnny Campbell. We are all glad he has got the column again. Only did 9 miles to Grutpan. The transport did not get in till 6 p.m. In fact, some of it was out all night. Very boggy. Burnt eight farms. Saw 250 to 300 Boers, but they legged it. There are large grass fires all over the place. Bitter cold at night. Sir Bindon Blood came up and complimented me on the state of the regiment, and how well the horses were looking.

May 17th

The cavalry and guns went on alone 16 miles to Carolina, which I reached at 2.30 p.m. Burnt five farms. We only saw about 40 Boers all day, and there are no men, only about 30 or 40 women and 70 children in Carolina, which is quite a small place. I rode up to a house with a big red cross painted on the door, and an old woman sitting outside. I asked if it was the hospital. She could only speak Dutch, and handed me a piece of paper on which was written: "This is to certify that Anna Sauerkraut is a qualified midwife, and as such is under the protection of the Geneva Convention. Signed J. PRETORIUS." Very quaint.

May 18th

Sherer, Johnny Campbell's Provost-Marshal, and a squadron of 18th Hussars surrounded a Boer farm, where there was an uncommonly fat old Dutch *vrau*. When we started to search the house the old woman stood in front of a door and said we couldn't enter, as her daughter was in bed going to have a baby, so we sent in Hardy, our doctor. The girl was in bed all right, and a Mauser under the mattress, and her Boer lover under the bed. Sherer

said to the mother, "As your daughter has been brought to bed with a Mauser rifle, I suppose you would produce a Long Tom (nickname for a big heavy gun)." The old *vrau* nearly scratched his face.

May 19th

Marched with six guns, one pompom, 19th Hussars, and ourselves to Gaikeboschfontein, about 30 miles. Did not halt till 6.30 p.m. We took no transport with us, only two ambulances, and we only had what we carried on our horses, no shelters, no nothing. Fortunately, we found a good farm full of loot. We tore off all the doors and rafters for firewood and got 5 pigs, 11 chickens, and 17 geese, so we slept round a roaring fire all night, but the cold was intense. Drank whisky and cocoa. 10° frost.

(For the next two weeks we were engaged in burning farms and rounding up Boers, but a daily account of our movements would become monotonous.)

June 2nd, Silver Kop

12° frost. The mess shelter came down with a bang at breakfast and hit Wick-Wack in the back. All the buckets were covered with an inch of ice. Freezing hard at 8 a.m. A perfectly beastly day, and the wind worse than ever. The wretched horses are absolutely starved with cold, besides which they only get 8 lb. oats per day, no hay, very little grazing, and are worked daily often from 6 and 7 a.m. till 7 p.m. One horse died from exposure.

June 6th, Noitgedact

Started on a reconnaissance with two troops under Field at 10 a.m. Destroyed Hans Joubert's farm. Had a great gallop of nearly 4 miles after three Boers. We split into three parties, and I took the centre one; at the end of 2½ miles I only had the signaller with me, Corporal Tomlinson, the others could not keep up. Corporal Tomlinson shot 1 Boer and a horse at 600 yards with his carbine. We got all their kit, cooking pots, and overcoats,

so I hope they'll be jolly cold. We had 1 man killed, Clarke, B Squadron. We had to leave him out for the night. Marched to Provendane, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Carolina. Buried poor Clarke. The Boer shot him through the head with an explosive bullet at 350 yards. Field was very nearly shot, too. Field was a very good officer, and had hard luck in not getting a D.S.O. I think he was mentioned three times in despatches.

June 9th

A party went out to surround a farm about 3 a.m. We put sentries all round it and rushed into the house, and found two girls aged about twenty-one and twenty-two in a huge bed. The girls were given five minutes to dress whilst our party explored the rest of the building. On their return they found the girls nearly dressed and, on looking under the mattress, found two Mauser rifles and a lot of ammunition, and beneath the bed two Boer men. Good old Bojer.

July 2nd, Stenkool

Marched at 7 a.m. to Zondagsvlei. A Squadron, who were about 2 miles on left, met about 100 Boers. Brought up two guns and shelled them. Privates Berry and Crandon, A Squadron, who were advanced scouts, rode up to within 100 yards of about 80 Boers hidden behind a kopje. As they turned to gallop back with the news Berry's horse put his foot in a hole and broke his shoulder. Berry was shot in two places. Crandon picked him up, put him on his (Crandon's) horse, picked up both rifles, and ran back to the squadron under a heavy fire. Have recommended him for V.C. I went in command of three squadrons, one gun, and one and a half companies 60th Rifles, and a lot of wagons, to Bindon Blood's camp at Ondervacht. (Crandon got his V.C.)

July 5th

Marched at 9 a.m. to Boschpoort. *En route* got cubba of some Boer wagons and cattle. Campbell sent me off, and

after a 5-mile gallop we bagged 300 cattle, 3 wagons, and 2 carts. Lichtenberg's troop, which was leading, charged with fixed bayonets mounted, but the Boers fled at 50 yards. Burnt nine farms.

July 6th

I went back farm-burning with two squadrons near Moimatesfontein. Burnt four, and brought away Mrs. Erasmus and others. I had a hands-upper Boer with me as a guide. Mrs. E. said to him, "You blasted coward, if my husband catches you he'll kill you, and if my husband surrenders, I'll never sleep with him again." Quite the lady! Saw a few Boers. Camped at Darsfontein. There was a silver mine there. Quite a hot day.

July 10th

Did 12 miles at 8 a.m. to Doornkop. Lyon and Jury, 45 men, and 140 horses arrived just after we started. Leveson had the advance guard, and came on 260 cattle and five Boers in a ruined house by a spruit. I brought up the gun and fired at 1,250 yards bang at the house. The third shot blew off the top of a Boer's head, and we bagged the other four Boers, all the cattle, four ponies, and rifles. One Boer was bathing, Corporal Browne caught him, but he was too slippery, and let him go, and he hid in the long grass, so we turned out a few men with bayonets and found him half-way down an antbear hole. Private Carter shot in the foot, and two horses shot, C Squadron.

July 14th

Marched to Spitz Kop, near Wilge River. Found an awful fat farm, which I burnt, and got eleven wagon-loads of oat hay for the horses, 2,000 lb. of mealies for horses and mules, and 3,000 rounds of ammunition concealed in the roof. We also got fowls and eggs. There was trouble over this, as it was the farm that a certain General got his butter, eggs, and fowls from for his mess, and he was extremely annoyed and ordered me to assemble a court of enquiry, as he said he had given the Boer a letter of protection. I then

remembered that a Kaffir had come and given one of my subalterns a note, which was almost illegible. We duly held a court of enquiry, and found that nothing was known about the farm. The General then got furious, and ordered a Column Court of Enquiry to be held, composed of officers not in the 18th Hussars. Major Philip Chetwode, of the 19th Hussars, now Commander-in-Chief in India, was President of the Court, and played up well, and sent in the following finding :

1. The farm had not been burnt.

2. If it had been burnt it had not been burnt by the 18th Hussars.

On July 25th we were ordered off on a long trek, and the affair fizzled out, as the General went home. Burnt six farms. Blockhouses being built all along.

July 17th

To Groot Oliphant station. Burnt seven farms. Charles Burnett and I caught a train there, and went with two sergeants and four other officers in the guard's van to Middleburg; only took three hours to do 14 miles. Found dear old Stealer Knox in camp. He came to stay and dine with me. Had the Band to play at dinner.

July 18th

Regiment marched into Middleburg. I sent the Band out to meet them and play them in.

July 25th

Marched from Middleburg at 2.30 p.m. to join Johnny Campbell's column, and camped on the north side of Oliphants River. Four columns went out north of the line—Walter Kitchener's, Campbell's, Benson's, and Parke's. Campbell's column consists of 18th Hussars, less 100 men gone with Field and Lyon to the Corps of Scouts; 48 men and 2 officers Mounted Infantry, who have very bad ponies; four guns R.F.A., two pompoms, five companies Leicesters. Johnny Campbell, 60th Rifles (now Lieut.-General Sir William Pitcairn Campbell,

K.C.B.), is quite one of the best Column Commanders out here.

July 29th, Wonderhoek

Hard frost and bitter cold. Started at 3 a.m. in command of 400 men 18th Hussars, two guns, and one pompom, leaving Clarke with 50 18th Hussars, and 45 Mounted Infantry with Campbell. The guide, young Wheeler, took us the wrong way to start with. Got to Kitchener's camp. Three wagons got bogged. Went on 14 miles down the most fearful hill; the artillery wagon broke in bits, our water-cart turned completely over, and 19th Hussars' wagon wheel came off. Reached Kreno's River at Diep Kloof at 9.45 a.m., where we joined 130 West Australians and 400 19th Hussars, and two guns R.F.A. Kitchener started with them, and one squadron 18th Hussars and one pompom at 11 a.m., and told me to follow at 12 with the remainder of the troops and both convoys. Very hot. Marched on to Roikraal, where I got a message at 2 p.m. to gallop up with all the men I could spare. Only left one troop and West Australians with convoy, and took both my guns and rest of 18th Hussars at a gallop 5 miles over the most awful ground. Two men fell off the guns and were run over. All rocks, and cobbles, and thin scrub. Passed our pompom, which had broken its pole. The Boer pompom, which was on a wagon covered with a tarpaulin, was captured by a sergeant in the 19th Hussars.

I took my two guns right on and beyond where Kitchener was, and brought them into action on one side of the river, the Boers being nearly all on the other bank and most of their convoy. Walter Kitchener would not let me go on farther, as I wanted to. We shelled them for some time, and I crossed the Blood River with Dugdale and about 18 men, the Boers keeping up a pretty hot fire from the kloof and hills which came nearly down to the river. There was one Boer who kept firing at us with black powder, and whom we shot at at about 600 to 800 yards for twenty minutes. Two wagons had got stuck in the drift, and there was a wounded Boer in each. Whole teams of oxen were killed

in the spans by our shell and rifle fire. Got back to our bivouac at 7 p.m. near Roikraal. We got 21 wagons, 2 carts, 31 prisoners, a lot of loot, stores, 270 rounds of Pompom ammunition, and 1,000 rounds of S.A.A., and a lot of cattle, and 1 pompom.

July 30th

Started at 5 a.m. in command of 350 18th Hussars, 120 West Australians, two guns R.F.A., and two Colt guns, and went very fast. We crossed the Blood River, about 5 miles from camp, where we watered. C Squadron was advance guard with one Colt gun, and Leveson and Lichtenberg had the left and right advance troops. About 7 a.m., when we had done 12 miles or more, they caught sight of the tail end of the Boer convoy by Crocodile Drift on the Oliphants River. The country which we were passing through was the densest horrible bush, and you could hardly move off the track. Leveson and Lichtenberg went for it bald-headed at a gallop, but they got a bit too far away from the rest of the advance guard or perhaps the latter did not shove up enough to them. Leveson took 19 prisoners and horses and rifles, and started them back under 5 men. It was so thick in the bush you couldn't see 40 yards in front of you.

About ten minutes after this occurred Viljoen made a strong counter-attack on Leveson with 150 fresh men, retook all the prisoners but 5, and shot Leveson in the face and Corporal Carrington in the stomach. At the same time 200 men, under Muller, attacked Lichtenberg who, with great cunning, put his horses and men in a deep nullah by the river-bank, being at that time 800 yards on Leveson's left. He had 22 men with him, Corporal Waldick, I.L.H. and Kruger, a loyal Boer.

After the Boers had poured in a heavy fire from both flanks, about 120 of them, who had collected under cover some 600 yards off, charged down on him shouting, "Hands up." Lichtenberg called out, "No surrender," and although severely wounded in the stomach kept firing away himself and encouraging his men. The flank fire was kept

up till the Boers were within 80 yards of the troop. This attack was beaten off with great loss to the Boers. For two hours the Boers made repeated attempts to rush the position, being supported by pompom fire from the other side of the river. Lichtenberg, besides being wounded in the stomach, had a bullet through his boot, and the bolt of his carbine shot away. All the loyal Boers (15) he had with him bolted except Kruger. Just at the critical moment a man came galloping back to me to say 80 Boers were working round our right flank, and five minutes later another excited man arrived to say 50 were working round my left. The bush was so thick one couldn't see 50 yards in front. They also reported that Leveson was taken prisoner and all his troop, and Lichtenberg entirely cut off. It was so thick it was impossible to use my two guns, as there was no target.

I sent Jock Wood's troop up to the top of a hill on my right, and extended the Australians to my left, but I felt pretty safe on that flank, as it was protected by the river. I sent Pollok with A Squadron to support Laming, but they went right on ahead of him to where Leveson was. I then brought up the guns to where it was a bit clearer, and began shelling the Boers on the other flank. Their pompom meanwhile made off; we had never been able to locate it till it moved. Just as I was advancing again the General, Walter Kitchener, came up with half a squadron 19th Hussars and two guns. I said I didn't want the latter. 18th Hussars and my two guns went on another 2 miles past Maasip's Drift, and I went on with Wills's troop to Crocodile Drift. They shot over 400 rounds pompom ammunition at us. Our total bag was 5 Boer prisoners, 2 bayoneted, 8 Boers found dead, and there must have been 25 or 30 more killed and wounded, 7 wagons, 50 bullocks, 9 mules, 12 rifles, and 5 carbines. We had 14 horses shot, Corporal Morgan, Corporal McGinley, Private Porter killed, Corporal Carrington severely and Private Hogbin slightly wounded, Captain Leveson and Lieutenant Lichtenberg both severely wounded, the first in the face, the second in the stomach. The Intelligence Officer, Davies, was taken

prisoner but released. We got 1,000 rounds of ammunition. Got back to camp at Diepkloof Spruit, 7 miles, about 5 p.m. The General, Walter Kitchener, was most complimentary when I got back, and said it was quite right what I had said the night before, and he was very glad he hadn't sent the Australians alone, as he intended first, and that if he (W. K.) had had command, he wouldn't have gone farther than Diepkloof Spruit in such a beastly bush country. If Beatson had only been at Crocodile Drift as he should we should have bagged the lot.

August 1st

Marched to Diepkloof Drift. Two Boers, Field Cornet Pinard and a man called Voluter, came up to me just after we had started with a flag of truce, saying we had bagged their ambulance. Of this we knew nothing and denied having it, and what's more, the General sent back word to me to tell them he wouldn't receive any more flags of truce, as they only came in to act as spies. Had a long talk with them for two hours, during which they lied freely. They both spoke perfect English. I asked what their casualties were on Tuesday, and they said 3 killed and 2 wounded, so I told them we had found 8 dead, and they were rather put out of countenance. Voluter was dressed in a pair of old grey trousers all torn down the front, with no drawers, and one could see his naked thighs, and the soles of his boots were parted from the uppers, and he had a scraggy beard, and his hair hung down below his shoulders. They said they could not surrender till the so-called Government (Steyn and Botha) did. Very hot. Got no water for the horses till 1.30 p.m.

August 2nd

Halted at Diepkloof. I have recommended Lichtenberg for the V.C. and 7 N.C.O.'s and men for the Distinguished Conduct Medal. The General has forwarded and recommended them. Lichtenberg got the D.S.O. in a week, and two D.C.M.'s were awarded to the men.

Sunday, August 4th

Church parade. Johnny Campbell read the service, and then made a speech to the whole column, complimenting the 18th Hussars on their gallant conduct. He then read out the bag for July 29th, 30th, 31st, August 1st and 2nd. Total, 1 pompom, 270 rounds pompom ammunition; 4,000 rounds S.A.A.; 47 wagons; 5 carts; over 500 cattle; 15 mules; 60 prisoners; 61 saddles; 14 killed, and a large number wounded, probably 30 or 40. I forgot to say Pollok's lot, after a desperate climb and doing 48 miles, bagged 13 Boers, 12 rifles, 2 wagons, 1,000 rounds S.A.A.; the 19th Hussars shot 1 Boer. Pollok came in here this afternoon. Fearfully hot. Good fellow, Pollok.

August 14th

My wife went to stay at Government House, Maritzburg, with Sir Henry and Lady McCallum for a month, which was a pleasant change for her, after staying at various pubs at Dundee, Ladysmith, Nottingham Road, Mooi River, Howick, Durban, Maritzburg, Estcourt, Weenen.

The Duke and Duchess of York were there, and the Duchess asked her if she would like to go to lunch and spend the day on the *Ophir* on the 15th, and bring anybody she liked with her. She asked poor Stealer Knox to go with her, which he did.

On the 14th there was a great reception at Government House of the Native Chiefs and all the other people.

August 16th, Commissie Drift—Oliphants River

Crossed drift and went to Nyskraal. 19th Hussars went on up Elands River. Halted two hours at Nyskraal. Walter Kitchener sent to tell the 19th Hussars to halt, but they had gone on and bumped into Viljoen's commando about 5 miles west of Slangboom. The Boers laid a bait for them with some cattle. The two leading squadrons 19th Hussars got surrounded, and we came up in the nick of time to save them. Met stragglers from them for 3 miles from the fight, as we advanced at a gallop, and their wagons with one squadron in full flight. The Boers were trying to work round their

left flank to bag their wagons. We began shooting at 700 yards at once on left of track, and I had 3 men wounded and 2 horses hit immediately. Bush very thick. However, we soon knocked them out, and advanced about 3 miles dismounted. 19th had 3 killed, 2 wounded, 1 missing, 25 men and 4 officers taken prisoner, and also lost carriage of their Colt gun, 30 rifles, 35 horses, and 2,000 rounds S.A.A. A bad show. Private Birmingham, Corporal Pollok, and Private Strivens, wounded 18th Hussars, got back to the kraal about 6.30 p.m., pitch-dark.

August 17th

Marched back to Nyskraal. Did rear-guard. Private Birmingham, 18th Hussars, died of wounds this morning. Walter Kitchener has had enough of the bush veldt for the present.

August 19th

A long hot march 18 miles to camp on Blood River, where we camped July 29th. Transport animals dead beat, mules and oxen dying fast. Infantry dead beat.

August 20th

Marched 6 a.m. 7 miles to Roikraal, and back to Johnny Campbell, thank God. Lunched with him. Found Leveson and Pilkington. Former quite recovered from wounds. Also got mails and a convoy. Kitchener's column went on back to Diepkloof.

August 31st, Blinkwater

Marched at 8 p.m. with 350 18th Hussars ; 300 Leicesters went in wagons another way, and 100 Australians and 25 Loyal Burghers another. Passed Witpoort, and surrounded a farm at Witbooy at 1 a.m., and on bursting into a room we found two girls in bed and two Boers under the beds. Went on over high veldt past Swartzkoppies to Schoengezicht. I sent A Squadron to the right and went on with C Squadron and joined with the Leicesters at Schoengezicht. By this time it was quite light, and I went

with Leveson down the Steelpoort valley and burnt some more farms. In one farm we caught Mr. Steyn in bed with Mrs. Grobler, both fully dressed. Old Grobler was sitting on a rocky kopje about a mile off shooting at us. A Squadron cornered about 50 or 60 Boers and had Sergeants Pearce and Brown and Private Clarke wounded, and 3 horses shot, fortunately all slightly. We had to fight a rear-guard action for 6 miles, and got back to camp about 5.30 p.m., having done over 50 miles. Horses and men very beat. We bagged altogether 8 Boers, 2 surrenders, burnt 7 farms and got 8 rifles, and 500 rounds S.A.A. I hope next year I shall be partridge instead of Boer shooting. We brought in 52 women and children.

September 4th

Marched to Wonderfontein. Transport dead beat.

September 5th

Left by train for Middleburg with Leveson, Digger, Wills, Clarke, and McClintock. Dunkley met us with ponies at the station. Lovely day. Met heaps of pals, it felt just like going up to London. Nine of us travelled in the guard's van, and eight more officers on the top of oat sacks in an open truck. Had the Band to play at mess.

September 7th

Dear old Knox rejoined us here, and resumed command of the regiment, as his column had been broken up, and Lichtenberg also came back, almost completely recovered from his dangerous wound. We got 75 remounts here and sent 50 horses back to Middleburg, most of them completely done up. B Squadron had very bad luck, as 30 of their horses eat some tulip grass, and 7 of them died, and the others were very bad.

September 8th

We started again under Walter Kitchener, who was in command of two columns, his own and Johnny Campbell's. The regiment is now very strong, as we have 640 N.C.O.'s

and men and 575 horses, besides some 30 ponies, but of our horses only 430 are really fit for duty.

September 12th

We got to Ermelo on the 12th, and I got Walter Kitchener to let me burn it, and he gave me 24 officers and 500 men in two reliefs. I had 100 men of my own regiment, 50 from the West Australian Mounted Infantry, 100 from the Leicesters. Started at 8 a.m., and gave each corps a block of the town to do. We burnt everything except the church, Landrost's office, jail, and the Masonic Hall. I may say the Boers themselves had previously burnt the Natal bank. You never saw such a blaze. Knocked off at 12.30, nearly suffocated with heat and smoke. Started again at 2 till 5 p.m., when we had fairly flattened Ermelo out. The West Australian M.I. went for the Masonic Hall like wolves, and pulled out the foundation stones to get some coins which report said were buried under them, and paraded about in a lot of Masonic insignia. I was very angry at this, and so was one of their officers, who was an ardent Mason, and he offered a reward of £5 if everything were restored, and we got most of the Masonic insignia, jewellery, sashes, etc., packed up and sent to the Masonic headquarters at Pretoria, with our apologies for a regrettable incident.

The Boers had been very comfortable at Ermelo. They had issued a newspaper there called the *Ermelo Post*, and they had a wagon factory there and 200 new wheels. Three Boer weddings had been celebrated there only a week before.

About 4.30 I went into the jail, a very fine building, as I saw smoke issuing from some of the windows. I went in and found about 20 loyal burghers there who had torn out the sashes from some windows and lit a fire in one corner of a room. I went up to one old burgher, and asked him what the devil he was doing. The old man said, "I don't care a damn, I don't care; my three brothers and my nephew were imprisoned in this d——d tronk (prison) by the Boers for six months, and I will burn it." Kicked him out and put out the fire.

September 16th

Walter Kitchener came to me in a great state of mind, and showed me a message he had got from his brother, Lord Kitchener, which ran as follows: "Cannot understand what you are doing loitering at Ermelo, when my troops are hotly engaged in Natal. Get a move on you at once to Volksrust." Walter Kitchener was nearly in tears, and said, "That's a nice thing to get from one's brother."

We made forced marches to Zandspruit.

Thursday, October 17th, Pipel Klipberg

Marched at 4.30 a.m. after some Boers and wagons near Orangedale. Shelled Boers out of three positions. The country at the best was pretty difficult, the Boers having their last position on a high wooded hill surrounded by kloofs on three sides. Took two guns and three troops and shelled them at a range of 2,400 yards. Bagged eight wagons and seven carts, and got 1 wounded Boer and a German doctor. The latter was very glad to come in. He had been with the Boers since Talana Hill battle, and said Boers would not let him go, and only paid him £100 in "Blue Backs."¹ Got back and camped at Pipel Klipberg at 4.30 p.m. Horses and men on half rations.

Friday, October 18th,

Marched to Cometsee, thence to Narmandle, and on to Piet Retief road to Mooiplaats. Did 30 miles, and got in at 5.30 p.m. Horses dead beat. Four died on the road. Rained hard all day. Had a great hunt with Lichtenberg after a Boer we surprised in a kraal, and, although we hunted for him in a nullah and prodded for him in every bush with bayonets, couldn't find him. However, we got both his horses and his kit.

Monday, October 21st, Roi Kraal

Two squadrons 19th Hussars, three squadrons 18th Hussars, 2 guns, 1 pompom, 40 loyal Boers and 100 West

¹ Boer banknotes.

Australians, all under Campbell, started at 6 a.m. Two squadrons 19th and Loyal Boers sent round north-east side of Slangappiesberg to block escape. We advanced along south side of Slangappiesberg, and shelled the kloof as we went along. The 18th were then ordered to advance on foot and try to get up the hill. The hills were cut up by thirty or forty huge kloofs filled with trees and bushes, which were very thick. Fortunately, it was a cool day. At 11 a.m. we were more than half-way up, and had captured the Boer laager, fourteen wagons, all their food, clothes, mealies, and also recovered the two guns, 15-pounders with wagons and limbers, that Gough had lost a month ago, also 142 rounds of shells.

At 1 p.m. I started again to go farther on foot, and climbed the most awful precipice, my orderly, Williams, dragging the horses after me. Got up on left of Boers on to a very high rocky kopje, from where we got a splendid view. Got 3 more wagons, 750 cattle, 600 sheep and goats, and 2 rifles. Campbell and Knox came up an hour later. I then rode on a mile and got some more sheep and reconnoitred. Could see Pulteney and Hamilton's Column on left and left front at foot of hill. Got back to bivouac at foot of hill at a quarter to six. Dense fog came on, and it poured all night. We brought no wagons. We have only one blanket and half rations, and horses 4 lb. oats a day. We found 11 women and a lot of children in laager. Left 30 men under Lichtenberg and Jury on top of the hill for the night.

Saturday, October 26th

Marched to Elands Nek. Outspanned for four hours in a very nice orange grove by the river with swans in it. I got up a race—tot of whisky first prize. Went up a hill and caught 9 Boers. Did not get into camp till 6 p.m. Wagons got in at 9 p.m. Total bag for October 20th, 21st, 22nd, and 23rd: 33 Boers, 81 wagons and carts, 3,000 cattle, 8,000 sheep, 34 horses, 20 mules, 2 Boer laagers, and a lot of stores, food, etc., and two 15-pounder guns and wagons.

Tuesday, October 29th

I started from Wakkerstrom at 6.30 a.m. and galloped into Volksrust, with the Spider and my kit and Barnes to catch the train to go down to Durban. Got 320 remounts, and had a great lunch at the station, and got away with Tavish Davidson (now Major-General Sir William Davidson) in the 60th by 5 p.m. Great dinner at Charles-town, George Colborne (R.B.), Macbean (Gordon Highlanders), Davidson, and self. Drank a big bottle of stout, and slept like a top in the train.

Wednesday, October 30th

Breakfasted at Glencoe. Pollok, Clarke, and Hardy turned up. A woman got into our carriage and was train-sick nearly the whole way—wretched woman—but Tavish and I heartened her up with whisky, and she got quite frisky by the time we reached Maritzburg at 4.40 p.m. Tavish got out there, and Macbean and I dined at Et-changer. Got to Durban at 8.15 p.m. B. met me. I was glad to see her again. It is over seven months since we parted. Went straight to Ocean View Hotel.

Wednesday, November 6th

Left Durban—very sad. Poor B. very broke, but as plucky as possible. Caught 6 p.m. train. Five of us in one carriage, so we put boots to sleep on the floor.

Thursday, November 7th

Played bridge from Newcastle to Standerton and won £2 12s. Fearful storm of hail. Got to Standerton at 4 p.m. and found our horses and carts waiting at the station. Rode up to Allenby's¹ camp, where we found Paul Kenna, who asked me to go with Allenby till I got to our column, which left at 8 a.m. this morning.

November 9th

Caught up Johnny Campbell.

Wednesday, November 13th

We marched with Wing and Allenby to Bakers Rust, 50 miles there and back, and had a fight all day. We had one

¹ Now Field-Marshal Lord Allenby.

horse shot. A Boer woman flung a beehive at Lichtenberg and stampeded about a dozen horses. Burnt twelve farms. Five horses died of exhaustion, and 14 of the 19th Hussars. Dead beat.

Thursday, November 21st

Knox got three months' leave home, to his intense delight, dating from Cape Town. He deserves his leave. Jury went out with 50 men as escort to convoy to New Denmark. Broken up into A, B, and C forces. A, galloping; B, baggage; C, stiffuns. Marched at 6.30 p.m., Allenby's, Mackenzie's, Rawlinson's, and Campbell's lots to De Witte Krans, 35 miles, which we reached at 6 a.m.

Wednesday, November 27th, Bethel

Johnny Campbell, to his great joy, off on three months' leave to England. Made a great speech to us, complimenting the regiment on its efficiency and gallantry. His column broken up. We are all very sorry to lose Johnny Campbell. We go to Simpson. Marched with 300 18th all night, 30 miles to Rietkael. I had a bad fall, my horse putting his foot in an ant-bear hole up to his shoulder. He rolled over my leg and trod on me as he got up, cutting my left hand and first finger to the bone. Hardy put my arm in a sling.

Friday, December 6th

Started at 4 a.m. to within $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles of Standerton. Found Wills with 220 horses and 76 men at Kaffirs Spruit, 6 miles off. Got a lot of stores and tents for all the men. Did 60 miles in three days with 300 wagons. Bruce Hamilton did jolly well, and after a long march got 130 Boers and nearly 4,000 cattle.

Monday, December 9th

Marched at 5 a.m. across Blesbok Spruit to Morganzan. Blockhouses reach that far now. They are $\frac{1}{2}$ mile apart, with eighteen strands of barbed wire connecting each.

December 14th

Started at 7.30 p.m. with Colonel Spen's Column to try and round up some Boers, but about 1 a.m. our guide lost his way, so the operation was a failure. Between us, however, we managed to capture 12 Boers. Hubert Gough was badly wounded.

December 15th

Got back to Morganzan at 2 p.m.

December 19th

Spen's Mounted Infantry took another bad knock, and had 38 killed and wounded, and about 90 taken prisoner.

Tuesday, December 24th, Christmas Eve

We started at 5.30 a.m. from Beginder Lyn Bridge on the Vaal River, and marched 21 miles to Ermelo. Got there in pouring rain, everything soaking. The Supply would issue no rations.

Christmas Day

Poured most of last night. The infantry and guns had to shift camp, as they were in a regular swamp. I had to shift two troops of C Squadron. With much trouble had got up about 800 lb. of plum pudding for the men and 36 hams, and we gave them a lot of rum, so they did pretty well, poor devils! I went round all the tents and wished them a Merry Christmas, and said I hoped we would all spend it in a better place next year. Bruce Hamilton and most of his force hung up by the flood on the other side of the Vaal River with no rations. Rained on and off all day. We officers all dined together, and had a sing-song. To bed very late for these days—11 p.m. Lyon came back. Sent Lichtenberg off at 7 a.m. with one troop to get mails, which were stopped by the flood at Kaffirs Spruit. They got here at 2 p.m.—five bags.

Friday, December 27th

Still halted at Ermelo, or rather what is left of Ermelo, and rode round to see a lot of one's pals. I lunched with

Bimbash Stewart, who commanded an extraordinary corps called the Johannesburg Mounted Rifles, commonly known as the J.M.R.'s, or Jews mostly Russian. They were the biggest lot of horse thieves in the country, and their C.O. was as bad if not worse than any of them. Bimbash and I were old pals, as we had been at Malta together in 1882, afterwards in Egypt, and up the Nile together in 1884 and 1885 in the Gordon Relief Expedition in the Mounted Infantry Camel Corps.

Freddy Wing had a small column, composed of the 19th Hussars and the West Australian Mounted Infantry. Archer-Shee, 19th Hussars, was his Brigade Major, and there was another column there too. Colonel Rawlinson (Rawly) also had a column. All these columns were under the command of Bruce Hamilton.

Sunday, December 29th

Wools-Sampson was our Intelligence Officer, and a very good one too. All the mounted men started at 7 p.m., and crossed the Vaal, which was in flood. I was leading the advance of the 18th Hussars, and we surrounded a farm at Schimmelhook, and bagged 7 Boers and their cattle and horses.

Tuesday, December 31st

We started in a dense fog, crossed Usutu River, and bagged 23 Boers with their cattle and wagons, and bivouacked near a place called Davydale, and got an order we were to have another night march at 6.30 p.m. The night was pitch-dark, and you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. By 5 a.m. we had done about 30 miles. A Squadron was leading, and the other two squadrons spread out to the right. A Squadron came on quite a lot of Boers in a valley. We made a pretty good haul, and bagged over 50 Boers and a large number of sheep and cattle, and also Commandant Erasmus, which was rather interesting, as it was his commando which had put our lot, Moller, and 60 men of B Squadron and 130 M.I. in the bag at the fight at Dundee on October 20th, 1899. Freddy

Wing and his lot had gone out in the opposite direction and bagged some 20 Boers, so it was a pretty good night's work altogether.

1902

January 8th

Marched to Outshoorn, which we reached on January 10th. The Boers shot 2 of our horses.

Saturday, January 11th

Started another night march at 6 p.m. to Knapdaar, and bagged 36 Boers and a few cattle and wagons. We had a most exciting chase after these Boers, and literally rode our horses to a standstill, as we had come 40 miles during the night.

Monday, January 13th

Started back at 3.30 a.m. for Ermelo, and for 20 miles a commando of Boers hung on to our rear-guard, which was found by the 18th Hussars. The horses hadn't got a kick in them, and we had to shoot 35 during our retirement. The other mounted corps were, if possible, worse and I think, during our retirement, the whole force lost something like 160 horses either died of exhaustion or had to be shot. Freddy Wing had gone out in another direction with his mounted men and bagged 42 Boers belonging to Woolmaran's Commando. They gave us four days' rest at Ermelo, as the horses were absolutely done. Also we were badly in need of boots and clothes, and I was doing my best to get up stores for the men.

January 31st

Got to New Denmark and went on a night march, but with no results, except that at daybreak we saw 2 Boers on our right flank. The West Australian M.I. gave chase, and caught one of them. The other burgher was much too leery, and after galloping after him for a mile and a half the Boer dismounted, shot two West Australian M.I. dead, wounded another one, and two horses, and then

galloped off unhurt himself on one of the horses which he had captured from the W.A.M.I., so the Boer fairly scored off us. He was a very gallant fellow.

February 2nd

Marched to Nooitgedachte. The country round here is utterly desolate. We have removed all the Kaffirs, destroyed all the Boer farms, and the occupants have been taken to Concentration Camps; knocked down all buildings, and bagged all the sheep and cattle and nearly every living animal. There is no doubt the Boers have a lot of mealies hidden in various places.

Most of the Generals and Column Commanders out here have nicknames: "Bobs," "K. of K.," "Let-you-in," "Walter Kitch," "Leisurely Trundle," "Trek Ox" or "Sitting Bull," "B.P.," "Babs the Impossible," "Andy," "Johnny," "The Lunatic at Large," "Ghazi," "Smith D.," "Freddy," "Porky," "Punchy," "Poggleshurst," "Nasty Knocky," "Velvet Ass." I leave my readers to guess who they are.

February 3rd

Left Nooitgedachte, and had a great chase in the afternoon, after Viljoen's Commando. I rode my horse absolutely to a standstill. The enemy fought a very good rear-guard action for over 4 miles. We captured all their wagons and cattle, and bagged 15 Boers. Three Boers were killed and about 8 wounded in our last rush. Two of our horses died of exhaustion.

February 13th

Got 10 days' leave, and went down to Dundee to see "B.," and put up at the Victoria Hotel.

Saturday, February 22nd

I had a fearful shock to-day, as I read in a Natal paper that poor Stealer Knox had died suddenly in England of pneumonia. He is my greatest friend, and I would much rather have never got command of the regiment than to

have it through his death. He was quite one of the rising cavalry officers in the service, and all the men in the regiment adored him.

February 24th

Went to stay at Government House with Sir Henry McCallum. I told my wife she had really better go home to England, and I would get a passage arranged for her and her maid. She has had a very rough time the last twelve months, living in every sort of pothouse.

February 28th

Arrived at Pretoria, and put up with Bertie Poore, who was Lord Kitchener's Provost-Marshal there, and had a little cottage with his wife, Lady Flora Poore, who was one of "B.'s" greatest friends. I arrived at their cottage about 5.30 a.m., had a bath, and came down to breakfast and said to Flo Poore, "Where's Bertie?" She said, "Oh, he's been out since five o'clock this morning." When Bertie Poore came in to breakfast I thought he looked very odd, and he wouldn't eat anything. After his wife had gone out of the room I asked him what was the matter, and he said he had just had to shoot two of the Bushveldt Carabiniers who had killed several Boers, and also a German missionary. Lord Kitchener sent for me at 11 a.m. and told me to take some despatches for him to the General at Middleburg, Dick Fetherstonhaugh, 60th Rifles. He asked me when I could start, and I said, "Now." He said, "Well, you had better have lunch with me first, and get off on the first train," which I did. I got away at two o'clock, and got to Dick Fetherstonhaugh's that afternoon and gave him Lord Kitchener's despatches, and dined with him.

March 2nd

Got back to the regiment.

March 3rd

We started on a night march with General Plumer into the Orange River Colony. We left Verbleiden at 3.15 a.m.

with 160 men of the 18th Hussars, and formed part of some 1,800 mounted men, all under Plumer. We crossed the Vaal River at Roberts's Drift, and marched all night. We hardly saw a single Boer, and got back to Roberts's Drift on the night of March 4th, having been twenty-eight hours in the saddle and ridden nearly 60 miles. Five of our horses died from exhaustion, which is much less than most of the other regiments. That night march finished me, and my dysentery was so bad that I was sent into hospital at Pretoria, where I stayed till April 13th, and got back to the regiment at Vlaklaagte.

March 8th

The regiment marched to Groenfontein, and then to Driefontein, where a large herd of 400 blesbok got up in front of them, and nearly 50 were bagged, which made a welcome addition to the larder.

April 19th

A squadron marched to Roodebloom and C to Uitkyk. There was a lot of firing during the night, which was very foggy, and we bagged 8 Boers.

April 23rd

Marched to Bethel to remove the garrisons, which were very glad to come away.

April 26th

Marched to Vaal Station, where we halted till May 2nd for a much-needed rest.

May 2nd, Vaal Station

At 1 p.m. started on another drive, and bivouacked near a place called Goodehoep for the night. There was nobody except mounted troops in this drive, under the following commanders: Spens, Allenby, Rimington, Rawley, Mackenzie, Barratt, Nixon, and Duff, who, as the senior commanding officer, had taken Freddy Wing's place, as he had broken his collar-bone. We (18th Hussars) were on the right of our column, and covered a front of about 4 miles.

May 3rd

Started in a thick fog. No orders arrived, and the fog was so thick we didn't know whether we were to start or not. About five of the columns did start. It wasn't till we had gone 8 or 9 miles that the line got into its proper position. We shoved on towards the Vaal River. We halted for an hour near Barnard's Kop, and then pushed on to the Vaal, which we reached as it was getting dark. We lay down for the night, holding on to our horses, quite near the river. The night was pretty cold, and we had no food or kit except what we brought with us on our horses. All the baggage and transport was miles behind. However, we caught half a dozen sheep, so the men had something to eat. We did 42 miles that day.

May 4th

Started at 5 a.m., and joined up with Mackenzie's column on our right. There was a desperate fog in the morning, and the only wonder is we didn't lose our way. The mist lifted about 9 a.m., and the line got straightened out. The driving line itself covered nearly 100 miles, so it made it rather difficult for any Boer to get round the flanks. We saw very few Boers till we got to the Wilge River, where we caught 6 Boers and 10 horses, and went on all the afternoon over a lot of mealie fields, which was very bad going, and finished up on the Heilbron-Frankfort blockhouse line.

May 5th

Our baggage turned up about 1 p.m., and we started off again for another drive, and got into position at night near Jackal's Kop.

May 6th

Saw a few Boers ahead of us about 10.30 a.m. near Elands Kop. About 3 p.m. we could see a lot of Boers, and there was a good bit of firing. About 3.30 p.m. 300 Boers charged Mackenzie's Column, and at least 200 of them got through the line, and A Squadron went off

in hot haste to assist Mackenzie. It was said there were nearly 1,000 Boers in front of the line, and that one lot had broken through our blockhouse line, which was in front of us, and got away. One hundred and thirty-seven Boers put up a white flag in a farmhouse and surrendered to Mackenzie and A Squadron 18th Hussars. We got to Groenvlei about 6 p.m., having done 100 miles in 36 hours. Altogether the combined columns in this drive captured 219 Boers, and in addition to that there were 10 Boers killed and 14 wounded. A Squadron had 3 men missing.

May 7th

Halted at Groenvlei.

May 8th

Marched at 1 p.m. with the 19th Hussars for another drive. By this time we were pretty near Basutoland.

May 9th

Started at 6 a.m., but the distances were not well kept at all. One squadron 19th Hussars were left behind, and the 8th Hussars couldn't be found anywhere. In the afternoon we saw several men on a kopje in front of us, and thought they must be Boers, as they opened fire on our advanced scouts, so we started to attack them and wounded one of them and one of their horses before we discovered that they were the missing 8th Hussars, who had lost their way and gone right across in front of the line. They were lucky not to lose any more men. We bivouacked that night near Klipfontein.

May 10th

Last night was bitterly cold. We stopped at Deelfontein, near Frankfort, till May 12th. Everybody was discussing the prospects of peace, as all the Boer delegates were in Pretoria having a pow-wow with Lord Kitchener, except a Boer called Ross.

It is astonishing how large the food question looms in nearly everybody's eyes: fellows used to make out menus

of their first night's dinner in London. They always began with oysters, then either salmon or whitebait and grouse, and topped up with strawberries, quite forgetting whether such delicacies would be in season or not when they got their leave.

May 12th

We started at 8 a.m. We were told not to fight against any Boers except Ross's Commando. About noon we saw a few Boers and at once attacked them, much to their annoyance. They sent in a flag of truce to say there was an Armistice. We told them we thought they were Ross's Commando, and they informed us that Ross had gone two days ago to Vereeniging, and they wanted the sheep back which we had bagged.

We sent off a wire to Headquarters, and got an answer to say that Ross's Commando had come in, and we were to stop fighting and give back the sheep. We stopped fighting all right, but we couldn't give them back most of their sheep, as they were already in the pot.

May 16th

Got to Greylingstead. The country was full of game, and we had great fun shooting florican and buck. We stopped at Greylingstead till Sunday, June 1st.

June 1st

At 8 a.m. Freddy Wing came over to see me with a telegram from Lord Kitchener to say that peace had been signed at midnight at Pretoria.

I think we were all very glad the war was over, and especially proud that the regiment had made such a reputation for itself.

The following officers were mentioned in despatches, some of them three times :

Colonel E. C. Knox.

Lieut.-Colonel P. S. Marling.

Major H. J. Laming.

Major W. P. M. Pollok.

Captain M. S. Wellby.
Captain C. Burnett.
Captain E. C. Haag.
Captain J. H. Gosselin.
Captain C. H. Leveson.
Lieutenant C. J. Thackwell.
Lieutenant C. D. Field.
Lieutenant J. L. Wood.
Lieutenant E. H. Bayford.
Lieutenant C. V. Clarke.
Lieutenant J. G. Dugdale.
Lieutenant J. W. Lichtenberg.

40 N.C.O.'s and troopers were mentioned in despatches.

The following officers were awarded honours :

Lieut.-Colonel E. C. Knox to be Brevet Colonel.

Lieut.-Colonel P. S. Marling, V.C., to be Companion of the Order of the Bath.

Major H. T. Laming, D.S.O.

Major W. P. M. Pollok, D.S.O.

Captain C. Burnett, Brevet Major.

Captain E. C. Haag, Brevet Major.

Lieutenant C. J. Thackwell, D.S.O.

Lieutenant J. L. Wood, D.S.O.

Lieutenant E. H. Bayford, D.S.O.

Lieutenant G. V. Clarke, D.S.O.

Lieutenant Dugdale, D.S.O.

Lieutenant Lichtenberg, D.S.O.

14 N.C.O.'s and troopers were awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

11 N.C.O.'s and troopers were promoted for gallantry in the field.

On October 18th, 1901, Private H. C. Crandon was awarded the V.C. for distinguished gallantry on July 4th.

The following officers were killed or died of wounds during the war :

Captain M. S. Wellby.

Lieutenant C. F. Cawston.

Lieutenant F. E. C. Pilkington.

Colonel Knox died in England February 1902. There is no doubt his constitution was undermined by the hardships of the Siege of Ladysmith and the Campaign.

The following officers were wounded :

Major Pollok.

Captain Leveson.

Captain Haag.

Lieutenant C. J. Thackwell.

Lieutenant E. H. Bayford.

Lieutenant H. A. Cape.

Lieutenant J. W. Lichtenberg.

Lieutenant C. J. Field.

Second Lieutenant A. C. Maclachlan.

The following is a complete list of the casualties during the war :

Killed in action and died of wounds	. 48
Died of disease	49
Wounded	94
Taken prisoners	180
Invalided to England	214
<hr/>	
Total casualties	535
<hr/>	

From the end of the Siege of Ladysmith, March 1900, to the end of the war, in June 1902, the regiment marched no less than 5,220 miles. On March 7th, 1900, there were only 71 horses left in the regiment ; all the others had been killed, captured, or died, or had been eaten.

As soon as peace was signed I sent as many officers and men as could be spared off on leave. They deserved it.

In June the Regimental Polo Team went up to Pretoria and won the Inter-Regimental Polo Tournament in South Africa, which was a very fine performance.

At the end of June I went down to stay at Government House, Maritzburg, with the Governor of Natal, Sir Henry McCallum, and took my excellent Quartermaster, Dunkley, down with me to see what sort of state all the stores, mess kit,

plate, etc., were in, which had been sent down there at the commencement of the war. While I was down there Dr. Campbell, who had had charge of the civil hospital in Ladysmith, and who was an extraordinarily good surgeon, and much beloved in Durban, asked me to go and shoot some 30 miles north of Port Shepstone, an invitation I accepted with much pleasure.

We went by train from Durban to Port Shepstone, and then Campbell and I drove some 20 miles in a mule-cart to stay with a farmer who had been his sergeant-major in the civil hospital in Ladysmith, and had a farm of many thousand acres there. We started the next day for the shoot in the bush. As far as I remember we were ten guns—some had rifles, some had carbines, some had scatter-guns, and some had both.

We had some 300 Kaffirs to beat for us, and the driving line started about 5 miles from the guns, who were stationed some 200 yards apart on an animal track. We got sixty-four buck the first day and thirty-nine the second, which was pretty good, but I never assisted at a much more dangerous amusement, as the guns shot down the line, and bullets and shot kept glancing off the tree-trunks, and all the Kaffirs were armed with assegais. The Kaffirs assegai'd some twenty buck. When the driving line got near the guns the air was thick with assegais. It was like a battle. I got a very fine bush buck, which I shot at a distance of some 20 yards with a scatter-gun loaded with B.B. shot.

I was going back to Standerton the next day, but the Governor said Louis Botha was coming down, and I had better stay another day and meet him, to which I gladly agreed.

Louis Botha arrived about 2.30 p.m., and I drove in the Government House carriage with Sir Henry McCallum and the Commandant-General Louis Botha, and he explained the terms of surrender to all the Boer men and women in the Concentration Camps at Maritzburg. After that, about 5 p.m., the Governor said, "What shall we do with him now?" and I said, "We had better take him to

the Club and give him some tea." So we went to the Club, and I said to Louis Botha, "Will you have tea, or a whisky and soda?" and he said, "A whisky and soda," so we both had one. I then said, "Would you like to play billiards or pool or a game of bridge?" and he said he would like to play bridge. So we went upstairs into the card room, and Louis Botha and I cut together as partners against the Governor and the Mayor of Maritzburg, and we took £2 each out of the Governor and the Mayor. I then said to the Governor, "Won't you ask him to dinner, sir?" and he said, "No, it would be very awkward if he refused." I said, "May I ask him?" He said, "What a d——d nuisance you are." (I think he was rather sore about his forty bob.) "You must ask him personally then, and not from me." So I said to Louis Botha, "Are you doing anything to-night, or will you come and dine with me?" He said he would, so I said, "All right, Government House at 8.15." Botha said, "Oh no, I haven't got any clothes." He was dressed in a billycock hat and a blue serge suit. I remember looking at his hands and thinking how wonderfully well they were kept in spite of all the hardships and privations he had been through during the war. I said, "It's all right, I haven't got any clothes either, only this old suit of khaki I am standing up in; Lady McCallum is at home in England, and there will be nobody there except the Governor and myself, an A.D.C., and perhaps one other man, so you had much better come." So he said, "All right," and we sat down to dinner about 8.15 at a round table in Government House.

Louis Botha sat on the Governor's right hand, and I sat on the Governor's left; the A.D.C. was next to me, and some civilian, a member of the Legislative Assembly of Natal, sat on the other side of Louis Botha. I never had a more interesting dinner. By the time the port had been round twice Louis Botha was expressing his opinion quite freely as to what he thought of our generals and also of his own. Just as he was helping himself to a third glass of port he leant across the Governor and said to me, "You are the officer who burnt my farm at Waterval." Which

I had. I wasn't quite sure if he was going to throw the decanter at me or not. He then added with a laugh, "It's all right, I know you did it ; but I shall get compensation out of your Government all right."

I then said to him, "At the end of the war your information was extraordinarily good. How did you manage it ?" He said, "I had ten despatch riders, some on horses, some on bicycles ; they were all dressed in khaki, and they could get through Pretoria, Johannesburg, Standerton, Heidelberg, Middleburg, and almost anywhere. They all spoke English." Then he said, "I'll tell you another thing : your pickets were nearly always at the same place, on the main road." I then said, "You were at Ladysmith at the beginning of the siege, weren't you ?" And he said, "Oh yes, I was there on October 30th, and when we bagged the Gloucesters, and Irish Fusiliers, and the mule battery, and pushed you back into Ladysmith, I went to Joubert and said, 'Give me 500 men, and I will get up on Wagon Hill and you will have Ladysmith,' but Joubert wouldn't consent to it."

I am quite convinced in my own mind that if Joubert had let him go he would have got possession of the hill, as it was very weakly held, and Ladysmith would have gone.

The next day I went up to Ladysmith to see about the men's kits and all sorts of things which had been left there during the siege. Then back to Standerton, where the regiment was camped close to the line, in single bell tents. The cold was arctic, 5 to 10 degrees of frost every night. I then went up to Pretoria to find out when the regiment would go home, and to urge that it should be as soon as possible, pointing out how well the regiment had done, and that we had been at it ever since the first day of the war, October 12th, 1899, including the battle of Talana Hill, the Defence of Ladysmith, and about 200 other fights of sorts. I also said we had been abroad since 1889, which included ten years in India, and nearly four years in South Africa. I suggested the regiment should be sent to York, as it was a most excellent hunting quarter. The Staff promised to do their best to get us home as soon as possible, but the

question of York would have to be decided by the War Office at home. So I wrote off to the War Office.

I then went back to Standerton to the regiment, but the cold was so intense there that my rotten inside gave way again, and the Medical Board sent me down to Durban, and more or less politely told me I was a fool not to go home now the war was over.

On June 26th I got a telegram to say I had been made a C.B. in the Coronation Honours for services during the war.

I now heard from Headquarters that the regiment would not go home before September, so I telegraphed to "B." to come out, and she started in the transport *Plassey* on July 10th.

I hoped to have gone to meet my wife at Cape Town, but when I got to Durban the Medical Board made me go into Sanatorium there, up on the Berea, and I was under that good fellow, Dr. Campbell, who put me to bed for three weeks and wouldn't let me have anything except milk. My wife arrived at Durban on August 12th, and came up at once to see me.

Miss McKim, the matron at the hospital, was too kind to me for words. They thought when I came in at first that I had got an internal abscess as I had so much pain, but by keeping me in bed on a milk diet for a month they thought an operation would not be necessary, but I would have to be very careful for some months.

August 21st

The doctor strongly advised me to go home, saying the sea voyage would do me more good than anything else. As I wanted to take the regiment home I declined, but compromised by saying I would go to Cape Town and back for the voyage. Accordingly we embarked in the transport *Canada* on August 31st.

We got to Cape Town on September 4th and put up at the Mount Nelson Hotel.

September 6th

Had some very good races at Cape Town, and Sir Walter Hely Hutchinson, Governor of Cape Colony, asked us to

go and sit in his box. We went to stay with them for the week-end, and met Lord Alverstone, who was also staying there.

September 9th

Went with the Governor to the opening of Parliament, and heard Sir Gordon Sprigg, the Premier, and Mr. Merriman speak. The Governor got us seats in the Distinguished Visitors' Gallery.

Got a telegram to-day to say that the 18th Hussars would leave Durban in the *Cecilia* on the 13th, so we could not possibly get back there in time.

September 12th

Two more telegrams to-day from Headquarters saying the regiment was not going to sail in the *Cecilia*.

September 13th

Got six telegrams, all different, about the regiment. Went down to the Castle to try and find out what was really happening. They told me 8 officers of the 18th Hussars were to go home in the *Cecilia* with me, and that my wife and her maid had also been granted a passage, but that the regiment was to sail in the *Englishman* in about a week's time.

Tuesday, September 16th

Seven more telegrams arrived, all saying different things.

CHAPTER XII

HOME, 1902-1914

1902

September 18th

More telegrams. At last we got on to the *Cecilia*. The 18th officers on board are Lyon, King, Dunkley, O'Kelly; Baker, Rifle Brigade; Colonel Kuper, R.A. We had a comfortable voyage, and got to Southampton on October 8th.

October 24th

Went to the King's Investiture at Buckingham Palace, and was presented with my C.B. His Majesty was very gracious.

October 30th

Got a telegram from the War Office to say the *Englishman* with the regiment on board would arrive at Southampton. Went down to meet them. We got to Aldershot, and were quartered in the South Cavalry Barracks. The old officers gave the N.C.O.'s and men a great dinner in the Riding School. The *Englishman* took forty-two days to get home, a most rotten old tub, and her engines were continually breaking down.

The old officers gave the officers of the regiment a dinner at the Carlton Hotel.

The regiment had a tremendous reception on its arrival at Aldershot. The men behaved extraordinarily well, and I sent as many officers, non-commissioned officers, and men as could be spared on leave next day for two months, which they thoroughly deserved. I think the 18th Hussars at that time had the finest lot of men I have ever seen in any regiment. I got the C.O.'s house in the South Cavalry Barracks for my wife and myself. It was really quite comfortable.

Went down shooting to Sedbury Park and had some rare good days, but I couldn't get my wretched inside right, and the doctor said I must get out of England, and foolishly recommended us to go to St. Moritz, in Switzerland, which he said was very bracing and sunny.

December

I was appointed to sit on a Royal Commission to enquire into the Veterinary Department. Lord Hardwicke was Chairman, and we sat three days a week. There was a representative from the Treasury present, and every time we proposed anything that would cost money he vetoed it.

1903

January 23rd

Weather very bad again, so we decided we had had enough of St. Moritz, and would go down to the Riviera.

We stayed two days at Milan, where the Italian officers were most kind and hospitable, and they had a parade for me of nearly the whole of the army in Northern Italy, and I lunched and dined with them two days. We left Milan and went to San Remo, where we had glorious weather.

February 23rd

Went to Nice for the Carnival. Then to Monte Carlo.

February 27th

We stayed at the Hôtel Métropole, and had a most festive week.

March 3rd

We went to Paris and stayed at the Hôtel Regina, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

March 6th

My birthday, forty-four to-day.

March 21st

We got into the C.O.'s house, South Cavalry Barracks—the first time we have had a house since we were married, on May 18th, 1899. We got my mother-in-law's old cook-housekeeper, Mrs. Lang, to start us. For the first

three or four days she was so excited looking at what she called the "beautiful soldiers" and the horses that she could hardly do any cooking.

Tuesday, April 2nd

Sir John French presented the Queen's War Medals to the regiment, and made a capital speech, praising the regiment, and saying how well they had done in the war.

Sir John and Lady French, Harry Scobell, Sir Frederick Stopford, and a host of other people came to lunch. I think we sat down to lunch over eighty people. We had an officer from the Japanese Imperial Staff attached to us for instruction. His name was Inagaki. He could hardly speak one word of English. I asked him to dine at my house. He sat next my wife, and every time she said anything to him he got up and made a beautiful bow and said, "Please, Gracious Lady," which was the extent of his vocabulary. After he had done this about three times my wife nearly had hysterics, and was afraid to say anything more for fear of bursting into fits of laughter.

We had a delightful summer at Aldershot, and Sir John French was too kind to us for words.

The whole of the officers went to a Levee in London, and all marched past King Edward together.

We had a very cheery Ascot Week, and the Cup Day, June 18th, was one of the pleasantest I have ever had.

We played a good lot of polo and cricket all the summer.

July 5th

In July we went to a ball given by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House. I went to my tailor's to find out what sort of kit we wore, and he said we had to go in knee breeches and silk stockings and shoes, with buckles, medals, and decorations. As I had no knee breeches he had to make them in forty-eight hours. I had no black silk stockings, so I borrowed a pair of my wife's, which I nearly split.



OFFICERS 18TH HUSSARS ATTENDING KING EDWARD VII LEVEE, ST. JAMES'S PALACE, MAY 18TH, 1903.

Left to Right. Back Row.—Lieut. E. C. Jury, Lieut. J. H. McClintock, Lieut. F. W. Sopper, Lieut. C. J. Thackwell, D.S.O., Lieut. E. L. Lyon, Lieut. J. G. Dugdale, D.S.O., Lieut. C. L. Wood, Lieut. G. V. Webster, Lieut. R. S. Grigg, Lieut. G. H. Anderson.
Middle Row.—Capt. N. St. V. R. Stewart, Capt. J. L. Wood, D.S.O., Lieut. H. W. Malet, Lieut. J. W. Lichtenberg, D.S.O., Lieut. A. S. Wills, Lieut. D. M. King, Lieut. and Adjutant H. A. Cape, Brevet-Major C. K. Burnett, Capt. J. H. Gosselin.
Front Row.—Brevet-Major E. C. Haag, Major W. P. M. Pollok, D.S.O., Major H. T. Laming, D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. P. S. Marling, V.C., C.B., Major H. F. Greville, Major Hon. H. S. Davey, Capt. C. H. Corbett.

Photo, Magill & Co., Ltd.

September 10th

Started on manœuvres down Newbury way, which were most successful, and the regiment got great kudos. To wind up we made a charge against the 5th Lancers, and Major Inagaki, the Japanese Imperial Staff officer, who was riding in the serrefile rank, got frightfully excited, and couldn't hold his horse, and shot through the intervals between the squadrons bang into the 5th Lancers, shouting "Bonzai!" and hitting at everything within reach with his stick, which caused shouts of laughter.

After manœuvres I went to the War Office to find out how long the regiment would stop at Aldershot, and they told me that we should be at Aldershot for one more drill season, and therefore I could tell the married officers of the regiment that they could keep on their houses for one more year.

At the Garrison Church I met Sir John French, who whispered to me, as we were going into church, "Well, you have got what you wished, and you are going to York. I am very sorry to lose you."

After Church Harry Scobell, the Cavalry Brigadier, came to lunch with us, and said he knew absolutely nothing about it. I had been told by the War Office that the 8th Hussars were to go to York; in fact, some of their officers had already engaged stabling there. The War Office showed very little consideration for the regimental and married officers, and they never thought of the enormous expense they were putting them to by these sudden moves and changes. So the unfortunate married officers in the 18th who had taken on their houses at Aldershot for another year on the strength of what the War Office had said, had to get rid of their houses and get fresh ones at York. Sir John French, with his usual kindness and hospitality, asked us to go and stay at the Royal Pavilion at Aldershot with him while we were packing up.

We had to hand over all our horses except 100 to the 8th Hussars, but we wangled it so that we kept 100 of the best ones.

October 29th

It now turns out that there is only room in the Cavalry Barracks at York for two squadrons, so one squadron has to go to Norwich, and the unfortunate married officer who commands the squadron going there and has already taken his house at York has one on his hands at Aldershot, and has now to take another one at Norwich, which is pretty ruinous.

We spent a very pleasant week with the Archbishop. We couldn't find a house to suit us at all at York, so I went to live in the Cavalry Barracks, and my wife went back to finish packing up at Aldershot, and then went to her people at Buckland Court.

November

Sir John and Lady French and Lord and Lady Monson and a large party came down to shoot with me at Sedbury, and we had a very good two days' shoot. Johnny French wasn't much of a shot.

December 15th

Took long leave, and went hunting down to Stanley Park, where we spent Christmas. Had a very good season's hunting.

1904

February 19th

Went back to stay with the Archbishop at Bishopthorpe Palace, York, again, and try and find a house, and stayed with them till March 2nd. At last found a house at 7 Driffeld Terrace, York, on the Mount, just opposite the race-course. It wanted a lot doing to it.

We actually got into our new house on April 1st.

York was a delightful quarter, and everybody was most kind and hospitable. All that summer we had a lot of cricket.

July

At the end of July I went down and spent a week at Bisley, and took down our regimental shooting team, which won the Duke of Cambridge's Shield, and £50 prize, so we were very pleased with ourselves.

Letter from War Office saying men should have marched down, as it was cheaper !!!

November

Started hunting in earnest in November. I had four very good horses, and on Monday, November 14th, we went down to stay with Lord Zetland at Aske.

Lord and Lady Zetland were two of the kindest and most hospitable people I ever knew. When he asked my wife and myself, he also said in his letter that if I liked to bring down six officers with me he would put them up. I said that was rather a large order, but that if he really meant it I would bring down two hard-riding cornets. So I took down Teddy Lyon and Benjy Wills; the latter was afterwards Master of the Kildare, and the former was killed in the Great War.

Tuesday, November 15th

A big bus with four horses and postilions was at the door at 9.45 a.m. I think we were a party of fourteen in the house; his son-in-law, Southampton, and his wife; Lord and Lady Scarbrough; Major Lambton; Lady Dartrey; Lady Lawley; Sybil Johnstone and her father (she afterwards married Toby Long, in the Scots Greys). We had a rare good day.

November 16th

There was no hunting. We spent the morning in the Kennels, and then went over to Rokeby to see the Morritts, who were great friends of my wife's, and then on to Lord Strathmore's, and then to Raby Castle, Lord Barnard's.

November 17th

We started at 10 a.m. and went hunting, ten of us, including Ronaldshay, and Ernest Vane Tempest, and we again had a good day.

November 26th

Went to stay with Lord Middleton at Birdsall. The rest of the party consisted of Sir George and Lady Julia

Wombwell, the Lamberts, Wentworth Beaumont (afterwards Lord Allendale), and some others. Had two good days' hunting.

December

Went to stay at Mulgrave Castle with Lord Normanby for a shoot, and had a most pleasant visit and a very sporting shoot.

We spent Christmas with the Archbishop of York at the Palace, Bishopthorpe.

1905

When we were quartered at York, we made great friends with the Dean and Lady Emma Purey Cust, and on Sundays we often went to the four o'clock choral service in the Minster and to tea afterwards at the Deanery, and we used to dine there about once a quarter. The Dean was full of interesting stories. I am afraid I have forgotten most of them, but I remember one well, as it was about hunting in Gloucestershire. The Dean said that when he was a young fellow, he and another undergraduate took rooms in a farmhouse near Ozleworth to read for their degrees one vacation, and got three hirelings between them to hunt with the Duke of Beaufort and the Berkeley, and used to hunt two or three days a week. A rich Frenchman took a house for the hunting season near them in the Duke's country. He was all for what he called "*le sport*," but he not only hunted foxes, but he also *shot* them. The opening day came at Badminton, and the Frenchman, resplendently got up in a green coat, white breeches, fishermen's boots half-way up his thighs, and a French horn over his shoulder, with a mouth like a trumpet, and a cap with a large peak, rode off to the opening meet at Badminton, and found the Duke sitting in the middle of his hounds in the Park. The Frenchman rode up to him and took off his cap with a beautiful bow and said, "*Bonjour, Monsieur le Duc, you hunt ze fox—I shoot him—between us we will exterminate ze villain.*"

There was an amusing story about the Dean. He had

a private bathroom which nobody was supposed to use except himself. When he came back from his holiday he found that either the spray or the douche wouldn't work. He had up the servants and taxed them with having used his bath during his absence. The head housemaid confessed she had had her monthly tub, to which he said, "Well, Alice, all I can say is that I am very much surprised you do behind my back what you wouldn't do before my face."

August

At the end of August Alec Godley and I went together to the Kaiser's big manœuvres in Germany, and had a most amusing time. There were something like 40,000 troops engaged. The Divisional manœuvres took place before the Kaiser's manœuvres. They practised the landing in an enemy's country, which could only have meant England, and I must say it was quite well done, and they landed some 2,000 men in a very short time and only one boat got upset.

The first day of the big manœuvres the Kaiser commanded one side, principally composed of Guard Corps, and numbering some 20,000 men. There were at least two attachés from every nation, French, Austrian, Belgian, American, and Japanese, etc., etc. I was representing the cavalry for the British War Office, and I think we had something like seven representatives there. The only two British representatives in uniform were Count Gleichen, Military Attaché in Berlin, and Colonel French, who I think had commanded the Artillery at Gibraltar when the Kaiser visited Gib., and these two were the personal guests of the Kaiser. The other five of us were ordered by the War Office to go in plain clothes. We were each furnished with a large permit. My own permit ran as follows: "Colonel Marling, of His Majesty King Edward's Hussars, has permission from the English War Office and also from the German Imperial Staff to attend manœuvres. The police have orders not to interfere with him."

We were with the side defending, which consisted of

some 18,000 men, and took up our position on a small plateau which rose some 200 feet above the plain. The Kaiser commenced his attack about 5 or 6 miles off, and the Guard Corps advanced at a quick step shoulder to shoulder, all the officers out in front with their swords drawn, so they could have been easily picked off, with their supports about 500 or 600 yards behind them, and as far as we could see they never lay down or took any advantage of any folds or depression in the ground for cover from fire, and when they got within 300 yards of the hill on which we were standing the leading troops broke into a slow jog-trot, and charged up within about 20 yards of the defending force. I may say they were being fired at by some twelve batteries of artillery and also by the defending infantry.

I said to the German Imperial Staff Officer who was looking after the foreign attachés, "Well, who won?" He said, "Who won? Of course the Kaiser did; who did you suppose was going to win?" Which made us laugh a good deal. I then said, "But you would never have got there, you would all have been blown to pieces long ago." He said, "Vot does it matter, ve 'ave so many men." Just as the infantry were making their attack the Prussian Red Hussars, in which Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein was serving, made a charge on an Infantry Brigade, which was about 200 yards behind a ditch. The ditch wasn't more than 6 or 8 feet wide. About a quarter of the horses refused, and about a quarter got in. Not one of those horses could possibly have survived.

The next day the Kaiser changed over and commanded the other side against the Guard Corps, and won again, and I saw two German batteries which were on the same side about 3,000 yards apart firing at each other by mistake.

The third day there was a Ceremonial March past the Kaiser, which was really rather an imposing sight.

When I got home I had to write an account of the manœuvres for the War Office, and also go up and see them, and I asked why it was we had orders to go in plain clothes and not in uniform. They made the naïve reply that they

thought we might be able to see more in mufti than in uniform.

I had my soldier servant with me, and at the end of the pow-wow on the second day I told him to go and have a good look at the Kaiser, which he did, standing strictly at attention, and he was immediately rushed at by three or four German military police for daring to stare at the All-Highest.

Sir Leslie Rundle, a very old friend of mine, was the General at York, and lived at Government House, and was always most kind to us.

We had a lot of cricket during the summer.

June

I was appointed to the command of the York Garrison and District.

We went to stay with Lord Wenlock at Escrick to meet Lord Roberts, who was staying there. "Bobs" was as charming as ever, and we had a long talk about India.

July

At the end of July I went down to Bisley with our shooting team, and again won the Duke of Cambridge's Shield and £50 prize.

August

I got rather bad rheumatism, and my wife and I went off to Marienbad, where we spent a delightful three weeks. King Edward was staying at the same hotel. We came home via Nuremburg, Brussels, and Antwerp, and spent one day going over the field of Waterloo.

I was away shooting most of the autumn, and went back to York the middle of October.

November 27th

We again went to stay with Lord Zetland at Aske, and he again kindly asked two officers to come, so I took down Goland Clarke and another subaltern, and we had a delightful week's hunting. Four days with Lord Zetland's hounds; one day with the Bedale; one day with the South Durham. I remember Lord Zetland saying to me after

dinner one night, "I can say what nobody else can say; I am sixty, my huntsman is sixty, and my first whip is sixty."

I didn't take any winter leave this year, because we enjoyed the hunting so much round York. I was hunting five and six days a week, with the York and Ainsty, of which Lycett Green was Master; the Bedale, Lord Zetland's, Lord Middleton's, Sinnington, Staintondale; Bramham Moor, of which George Lane Fox was Master.

I think I hunted with every pack in Yorkshire, and stayed with most of the Masters of Hounds. About once a month we used to spend a week-end with the dear old Archbishop and Aunt Augusta.

We spent Christmas with the Archbishop.

1906

February 18th

My command was up. I had a real lump in my throat at leaving. They gave me a farewell dinner in the mess, and the next night a farewell dance for my wife in barracks, and I had several other farewell dinners—one with the Rundles and the Infantry Regiment quartered there. We had a farewell dinner at the Lycett Greens'. Mrs. Lycett Green was a most delightful person, and could do most things well. She sang charmingly, and was a wonderfully good skater and a good horsewoman, and had two charming daughters. The Dean of York also gave us a farewell dinner. Before we left I got up a great Harrow dinner at the County Club at York.

The sergeants gave me a beautiful silver salver with an inscription, and the Band gave my wife and myself two silver menu holders with the regimental crest on, the sergeants and corporals also gave me a large framed photograph of themselves, and the Band also.

Pollok, who succeeded me in the command, and most of the officers came to see me off at the station, and also 80 of the sergeants. I quite broke down at having to say good-bye to them all.

We went straight down to Stanley Park to my father's, and stayed hunting there till the middle of April, when we went to settle ourselves in at Sedbury Park, which my father kindly allowed us to live in.

In 1906 I was asked to stand as Conservative candidate for the Forest of Dean, but declined.

April

In April I was elected on the Gloucestershire County Council, and was also made Chairman of the Lydney Petty Sessions. I also bought my first motor-car, a Daimler.

We had our usual cricket week at the end of August, and glorious weather for it.

In September we went up to stay with Curly Whitaker at Babworth Hall, Notts, for the Leger, and had a most pleasant week, and for a wonder we all made a bit of money.

We spent Christmas with my people at Stanley Park.

I was appointed one of the Commissioners on the Severn Fishery Board which dealt with all the fishing on the Severn, from the mouth of the Wye to the source of the Severn.

1907

We went over to pay a visit to my brother-in-law, Robert Sanders, at Charleville Park, co. Cork, on our way to stay with the Domvilles for Punchestown Races. My brother-in-law and I were walking in the Park after lunch, when a very excited man came rushing up to him and said, "Mr. Robert, will ye come and see justice done to me at the Court to-morrow?" He then went on to say that Pat Murphy had dug up his poor old father's coffin and scattered his bones all over the churchyard, and had planted his father in his place. My brother-in-law, who was a magistrate, said he would be at the Petty Sessional Court next day, and explained to me that the man's name was Phelim Casey, and that he was an old army pensioner,

and that there was a long-standing feud between Murphy and Casey. Robert said my train did not go to Dublin in the morning until 1.30 a.m., and I had better come and hear the case ; so at 10.30 a.m. we went down to the Court, and Robert introduced me to the Resident Magistrate, saying I was an English J.P., and I was invited to sit as a spectator on the Bench. The only other magistrate was a farmer, one of Lord Aberdeen's appointments, who sat in a corner of the magistrate's bench with whisky oozing out of both eyelids. The plaintiff, Phelim Casey, was hoisted on to the table and sat on a chair on the top of the table, and gave his evidence, which was also borne out by police and other evidence.

In the middle of Casey's evidence, the defendant, Murphy, suddenly shouted, "You're a liar," leapt on to the table and seized Casey by the throat, and they both fell off the table with the chair, and had two Irish Constabulary on the top of them trying to separate them. The table turned over and the chair was broken, and the plaintiff, defendant, and two Irish Constabulary were all in one glorious heap on the floor.

When the case was finished the Resident Magistrate gave judgment as follows. He said, "This is a most on-pleasant case ; in fact, in all my experience I have never known a more onpleasant one. Pat Murphy, ye'll be fined £2, and will put back Phelim Casey's father's bones, at least as many as ye can find."

Meanwhile, the Nationalist Farmer J.P. in the corner was murmuring, "Ah, the poor feller, ah, the poor feller, let him off, let him off ; he has a long wake family." I was expecting him to get six months, at least, for sacrilege or body-snatching, or whatever the offence would be called in England.

The Resident Magistrate was very friendly, and turned to me and said, "Here's a funny case, No. 12 ; we will take it next, if the English magistrate would like to hear it, and I'll take the other cases afterwards. Bridget McCarthy is charged with keeping a shebeen for six months without a licence." I said, "Thank you very much," so Bridget

McCarthy was hoisted on to the table and sat in a new chair in place of the one which had been broken in the late fracas. She had a shawl over her head and her bare feet thrust into a pair of old boots. The police proved the case up to the hilt, and the Resident Magistrate asked her what she had to say in her defence. She replied guilelessly, "Och, I have no money for them old licences, I want it all for the childer." She was fined 7s. 6d.

We caught the 1.30 for Dublin, and I didn't see Robert for six months, when he said, "You remember that case at Charleville, when one fellow dug up the other fellow's father?" I said, "Yes," and Robert said, "You remember the defendant was fined 40s. He came and asked me to subscribe to pay his fine, and he collected nearly £5 from his pals, so he was 60s. up on the transaction. He then appealed to the Lord-Lieutenant, on the grounds that he had 'a long wake family,' and Lord Aberdeen remitted the fine, so he did pretty well out of it."

We had a rare good time at Punchestown, and I went down to the big double with Miss Beresford. There was an Irish Corner Boy, who had evidently what the police describe as "drink taken," standing there, and as Rory O'More came down at the double and landed about two lengths into the next field, he turned round to my companion and said, "Begob and begorra, yer honour's ladyship, that a grand left harse that Rory O'More," and fell flat on his face on her boots.

I had a very good season's hunting with the Berkeley, the Duke's, and Teddy Curre's hounds. The spring hunting with the latter was delightful.

I was appointed Commissioner of Boy Scouts for the Forest of Dean.

In August my wife and I went to Homburg for three weeks, and had a very pleasant time. We took a little steamer from Mainz to Rotterdam, which was a most delightful way of travelling. We had all our meals on deck under an awning, and delightful weather. We went

from there to Amsterdam, then to The Hague, and got home towards the end of September.

1908-1909

We spent 1908 between my father-in-law's at Buckland Court, my own place, Sedbury Park, and my father's, Stanley Park, and had a thoroughly enjoyable year. I think our Cricket Week was more successful than usual. We played the Monmouthshire Gentlemen a two days' match against the Sedbury Park team, and then Chepstow, and Cheltenham.

In November we went to stay at Dalton Hall with poor Freddy Hotham (Lord), and had a very pleasant shoot, and then went on to stay with Sir Hugh and Lady Wyndham at Rogate, in Sussex, where we had another good shoot.

I got a telegram from Sir John French offering me the command of the Potchefstroom District, with the rank of Brigadier, and we started on January 1st in the good old ship *Saxon*, in which we had both been before, and arrived at Cape Town on January 19th.

Went straight off to Potchefstroom, where Reggie Hoare, C.O. 4th Hussars, very kindly put us up for a fortnight, till our house was ready.

1909

There wasn't a stick of furniture or anything else in the Headquarters House at Potchefstroom. We got into our house about February 1st.

In the middle of February I went up to stay with Lord Methuen at Pretoria, as President of a Board of Examination on various officers there, and Lord Methuen arranged for us to go down the Cullinan Diamond Mine, where we had a most interesting day.

I found Ironsides (afterwards Major-General Sir Edward Ironsides, K.C.B.) was my Brigade Major, one of the most brilliant staff officers in the Army. He was afterwards Commandant of the Staff College, and a right good fellow.

In April we went up to stay with Raymond Ffennell

and his wife at Pallinghurst, Johannesburg, and they took us down the Village Deep Mine.

I went to a big Agricultural Show, which was opened by Lord Selborne. I had to judge the Horses and Ponies Classes. There was a lunch, at which Walter Long was present. Next day Lord Selborne took us down another gold mine of which he was a director. We then went back to Potchefstroom.

Potchefstroom was a delightful station, with quite a good golf-course.

In July we went back again to stay with Lord Methuen at Headquarters House, Roberts's Heights, Pretoria, and I went off on manœuvres.

July

We started on manœuvres, and I got a bad fall about the first day and was knocked out of time.

August

At the beginning of August we went down to Lorenzo Marques, which I always understood was a most unhealthy place, but which we found very pleasant. Now that they have drained the swamp behind the town it is a sort of Brighton for Jo'burg.

In the middle of August we made up a party to go to the Victoria Falls, and had a most delightful trip. The party consisted of Major and Mrs. Fitzgerald (Lord Methuen's military secretary), Major and Mrs. Galwey (Lord Selborne's military secretary), Colonel and Mrs. Goring, Miss Harvey, Mrs. Pelly, Monsieur Chevalier (the French Consul), Francis Grenfell (9th Lancers), my wife, and myself.

We stayed five days at the Victoria Falls, which are wonderful, being 400 feet deep. One afternoon we had a picnic up at Candahar Island, where numbers of hippopotami were rolling about like rabbits. Another day we went to Livingstone, and had lunch with the Commissioner and spent the day. Another day we went through the Rain Forest, and were paddled across the Zambezi by two

nearly naked savages in a canoe. When we were about half-way across a hippopotamus put his head up about 50 yards from us, and then dived and came up within 10 yards of the canoe. The natives got the wind up, and paddled for all they were worth to the opposite bank, shouting at the top of their voices and splashing with their paddles. We then went on to Bulawayo to stay with Mr. Gordon Forbes, who was most kind and hospitable, and motored out to the Matoppos to see Cecil Rhodes's tomb, the view from which is perfectly wonderful. We then went to see his farm, which is full of all kinds of animals, ostriches, giraffes, buck, etc. Cecil Rhodes's tomb is a perfectly flat grey stone with the simple inscription—"Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes." We then went on to stay with Colonel Panzera, Resident Commissioner at Mafeking, who was most kind to us. From there we went to Kimberley, then on to Bloemfontein and Harrismith, and back to Potchefstroom the middle of September.

October 1st

Went to stay with Lord Methuen at Government House, Pretoria, at the beginning of October. I wasn't, however, a bit well, and couldn't get over the effect of the fall I had at manœuvres, and had very bad headaches. The doctors strongly recommended me to go home, so we started for Cape Town the middle of October, and stayed with Sir Walter Hely Hutchinson, the Governor there, and sailed in the Union Castle liner *Durham Castle* towards the end of October. I was so seedy when I got home that the doctor put me into a nursing home.

1910

January

I was so bad with my fall the doctors ordered me abroad, and my wife and I went to Pau, where we struck the most horrible weather they said they had had for the last fifty years. It rained, and it snowed, and it sleeted nearly every day, and eight or nine holes on the golf-course were per-

manently under water. A cousin of my wife's, Kitty Mansell, had a villa there, and was very kind to us. Lady Steele and her step-daughter Bessie, a cousin of my wife's, were also there.

The weather was so horrible we went on to the Riviera, and from there to Meran, in the Austrian Tyrol, where we had most lovely weather.

April

In April we left Meran and went down to Le Touquet, a very small place then to what it is now, and stayed at the Golf Hotel, where we were most comfortable, and then home.

June

We went on the 11th to spend a week-end with our Bishop Gibson and his wife at the Palace, Gloucester, to meet the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Randall Davidson.

September

From the middle of September to the end of December I shot on forty days. I had a very good day at Itton, I remember, and a day with old Squire Clay at Piercefield Park, and got 1,247 rabbits, besides some pheasants.

The bracken of the Park was cut out into drives, and old Mr. Williams, of Llangibby Castle, and myself were standing at the bottom of one of these drives back to back. One of the guns about 150 yards behind us was walking along with the beaters and the rabbits were streaming out. The gun coming up with the beaters was shouting "Hi! Hi!" but we didn't pay any attention, as we were shooting as hard as we could. Again "Hi! Hi!" Old Williams turned round and asked him what was the matter, and this gun said, "Do you mind standing a yard or two apart, then I can shoot between you." Old Williams's language was more pagan than parliamentary.

I had been re-elected on the County Council which I had resigned on going to S. Africa, and what with shooting and hunting, County Council meetings, Small-holdings and

Agricultural meetings, I never seemed to have a spare minute, to say nothing of Petty Sessions and every kind of committee.

We spent Christmas as usual at Stanley Park.

1911

January 3rd

We went to stay as usual with Lord Ducie at Tortworth Court for his shoot. He had been Lord-Lieutenant of Gloucestershire for over fifty years, and was a great character. He was the most punctual person I ever knew, and insisted on everybody else being punctual. It was the only house I ever stayed in where everybody was down in the drawing-room about ten minutes before the gong went for dinner. Whichever lady he was to take in to dinner was told to stand close by alongside him, and directly the butler said, "Dinner, my lord," he pushed out his arm to her and went in without waiting a moment.

One year, when we were staying there, Lady Jenkinson was the lady he was to take in to dinner, and being the nearest neighbours they were late. All the old man said was, "Who's the next?" and some unfortunate lady was pushed up to him, whom he seized by the arm and walked in to dinner. Of course the whole arrangement of the table was upset. We stayed with him every winter for several years. I remember the first time I went there he said to me, "Mind, I never wait dinner for anybody. The only person I would wait for would be the Queen (he meant old Queen Victoria), and I wouldn't wait long for her."

I remember my wife and I going to stay there one year, and the old man met us in the hall and said to my wife, "My dear, I must tell you a funny thing that happened to-day." I should explain that he had been a widower for many years and his niece, Miss Oakley, kept house for him. He said to my wife, "You must know that one of the housemaids came to my niece a fortnight ago, and asked whether she might have a week's leave, as her mother was going to have a baby, and she didn't return

till this afternoon, which was a week over her leave. My niece asked her why she hadn't come back a week earlier, and she said, 'It was like this, Miss. The baby didn't arrive when it was expected, and it was a most extraordinary thing, because mother's had five babies and she's always so punctual in such matters, just like his lordship.' "

He was always most kind to me, and gave me some very rare trees, all of which, unfortunately, I planted at Sedbury Park, which I sold when my father died. It has been a matter of great regret that I didn't plant them at Stanley Park, our present home.

In the spring of 1911 my wife and I went on a delightful trip to Spain and Morocco. We dined and spent one night at Gibraltar with Archie Hunter, who was Governor there. We took out with us a very charming cousin of ours, Iris Lund. I think it was one of the roughest crossings I ever had going from Gibraltar to Tangier. The regular boat had had an accident, and we had to go in a sort of cattle-boat. The only white person on board besides my wife, my niece, myself, and my wife's maid was Reggie Lister (Sir Reginald Lister), our Minister Plenipotentiary in Morocco. There was no cabin on the boat, and we were all huddled on the little top deck, without any cover, about 12 × 12 feet, and every one of us was appallingly ill, except my wife. There wasn't even a basin on board. When we got to Tangier over an hour late it was so rough that they said we couldn't land. Tangier was an open roadstead, and we had to land in small row-boats. However, our Minister, Reggie Lister, made such a row about it they said they would try to land us, and we did land, and got ashore thoroughly drenched; the only wonder was that our luggage and ourselves hadn't gone to the bottom.

We saw a lot of old Kaid Maclean, Prime Minister to the Sultan of Morocco, and also his Commander-in-Chief, who was very kind to us indeed, and did everything to make our visit pleasant, and lent me ponies to ride and play polo on. In those days there wasn't a single wheeled

vehicle in the whole of Tangier. Kaid Maclean was a most amusing fellow, and had an extraordinary career. I suppose then he was about sixty-five years of age. He had started life as a subaltern in, I think, the Black Watch, and was quartered at Gibraltar, and I fancy outran the constable in the matter of his mess bills and suchlike, and he also had a row with the Major in his regiment, as he had cut him out with his best Spanish girl. Anyhow, he left the regiment and went over to Tangier as Instructor to the Sultan of Morocco's Army, where he rapidly rose to be Commander-in-Chief and Prime Minister.

Some years after this, when we wanted some concession out of the Sultan, Kaid Maclean came over to Gibraltar as an accredited Envoy to a friendly Power to carry on the negotiations. A gunboat was sent to fetch him, and on arriving at Gibraltar he was received with due diplomatic honours, a Guard of Honour met him as he landed, and of course he stayed at the Convent, as Government House was called in those days. There was a large dinner-party in his honour, given by the Governor, that night, at which he was the honoured guest, and sat next the Governor, and curiously enough the Major with whom he had had the row was invited to have the honour of meeting him at dinner. We lunched and dined with him very often, and he was too kind for words. The first time we lunched there, we were looking at some photographs of a very beautiful woman in the drawing-room, when old Kaid Maclean came in and said, "I see you are looking at the photograph of my wife. She was the most beautiful woman in Spain. I divorced her last year."

He had a fund of amusing stories. One rather curious story told about him was this: he got captured by the Revolutionists in Morocco, and they demanded a ransom of £20,000 from our Government, which I am told was paid. The joke of it was, they said, the Revolutionary leader and Kaid Maclean divided the £20,000 between them. Personally, I don't believe the story.

We had a delightful trip through Seville, Malaga, Granada, Cordova, and got home about April.

In 1911 I was asked to stand for the Stroud or Mid-Gloucestershire Division.

1912

With the exception of visits, we spent the whole of 1912 at Sedbury Park. We spent Christmas with my father- and mother-in-law at Buckland Court.

1913

We spent New Year's Day with my people at Stanley Park, and then went to stay at Tortworth Court with old Lord Ducie for a shoot, and in February we went off to Egypt to stay at the Al Hayat Hotel, Helouan, where we spent a very pleasant month. The hotel belonged to old Baron Knoop, who had a very charming wife some forty years younger than himself. Algie Blackwood, the novelist, a friend and connection of my wife's, was also staying there. I remember going to a very amusing lunch party at Shephard's Hotel. Amongst the guests were the Duchesse d'Aosta, the Duke of Aldenburg, and Prince Joachim of Prussia. The Prince was travelling incog. with an equerry. We were all sitting out on the veranda afterwards, and a native conjurer asked B. for her parasol for one of his tricks, and she held one end and Prince Joachim the other. He seemed quite a nice youth.

We went to lunch one day with old Sir Alexander Baird, out near Abbassieh, and his daughter Nina, and she and I had lots of good rides in the desert together.

Another day we went to tea with Pierpont Morgan, who was at Shephard's Hotel with his very nice daughter Louisa, Mrs. Scatterley. Shephard's Hotel overcharged him so much for being Pierpont Morgan that when the bill was sent in he paid it without any comment, and then stuck it up on the notice board in the hall.

Old Baron Knoop and his wife were extraordinarily kind to us, and got up many expeditions for us to the various pyramids and other places of interest in the neighbourhood.

We came home from Egypt by Paris, and got back to

England about the middle of April. We went down to stay at Hillstone Park with the Grahams for the Ludlow Races.

I wasn't really a bit well, and kept getting the most appalling headaches, which they thought were the result of the fall I had in Africa three years before, so we went off to Baden-Baden in August with my brother Jack, who was also very seedy, and was going to be married in October to his cousin, Helen Marling.

On our way from Ostend to Baden-Baden we had lost all our luggage except our dressing-bags and coats, and when we arrived we had nothing. The first person I met there was dear old Henry Chaplin, who said he had two dinner jackets and would lend me one, and fit me out with everything, shirt, collar, trousers. As he took about No. 19 in collars, and was some 50 round the waist, I had politely to decline. Amongst others there were Conyers Surtees and his delightful wife, and Hedworth Meux and his wife (Meux, or Lambton, as he then was, was in Ladysmith with me).

They had an airship at Baden-Baden subsidised by the German Government which used to make three ascents a day. It was run as a commercial proposition, and carried twelve passengers besides the crew, and was lodged in an enormous aerodrome. They charged £5 a head to go up, and a rich Hebrew hired it for a day and asked the Meux and the Surtees to go up with him. We all went down to see them off, and went over the passenger part of it, but of course the Germans wouldn't let us see the engines. It had a bar at one end of it where you could get champagne, liqueur brandy, and coffee. It was pulled out of the aerodrome by about 100 soldiers, and we waved them adieu. In the evening I asked Lady Meux how she had got on, and she said that when they were exactly over the Rhine the airship suddenly stopped, and she thought it was all up with them; however, they found out afterwards it was a regular stunt which they did with passengers. A curious thing about this airship, the *Victoria Louise*, was that it was the same which was in

front of the Indian Corps, to which I was attached in October, November, and December, 1914, near Béthune on the La Bassée Canal.

My brother Jack got married in October, and of course we all went to the wedding.

November

We went to stay with Frankie Newdigate at Arbury, a beautiful old place, and had a very good shoot.

CHAPTER XIII

THE GREAT WAR, 1914-1918

1914

April

My poor brother-in-law, Spencer Beaumont, a Commander in the Navy, and in charge of the East Coast Coastguards, died suddenly, and my wife and I had to hurry off there to make all the arrangements about his funeral at Lowestoft.

We went to stay for Ascot Week with dear old Curly Hutton and Lady Hutton at Foxhills, Chertsey, and had a most delightful week. Lady Charles Clinton, Lady Hutton's mother, was stopping in the house, quite one of the dearest old ladies that ever lived.

Monday, August 3rd

Chepstow Agricultural Show, at which I was judging with Michael Lloyd Baker. All the Gloucestershire Yeomanry officers who were at the show were recalled by telegram about four o'clock, and left at once.

August 4th

War declared.

August 7th

Went off to London to see about getting a job.

August 13th

Got a letter from Punchie Alderson (Major-General) saying he had been appointed to command the Mounted Division on the East Coast, and asking if I would come down and help him, as he had really no staff, so I motored straight off there. We had our Headquarters at Bury St. Edmunds at the "Angel."

August 20th

I would like to mention here that the whole of the unmarried staff and some of the married ones of the Sedbury Park estate volunteered at once to go to the War, but there were two youths who lived with their mother at one of the lodges who didn't work for us. After I went to France my wife went down to pack, and shut up the house till my return, and she asked the mother of these boys what regiment they had enlisted in. The mother replied that they hadn't gone to the War, as she didn't 'old with wars, and them furrin' parts was no place for her Charlie and Willie. We found that one of them had gone down a coal-mine, and soon got him out of that; what happened to the other one I don't know.

My Estate sub-Agent, Wilkins, as soon as ever I went to France, went straight off and enlisted in the Gloucestershire Yeomanry, where he did right well, and got a Commission in the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars. He was very badly wounded and is still lame from the effects of his wound.

There was a large photo in a heavy gilt frame with the Imperial Crown on the top which the late Empress of Germany had given my wife when she was staying with her and the Crown Prince and all the little Princes. This photo stood on the piano in the drawing-room. My wife and one of the maids were packing up old china in a corner of the room 10 feet from the piano, when they heard a crash and looked round, and there was the Kaiserin's photo lying on the floor with the German Imperial Crown broken off. We did not put it back until 1919. It is now in the drawing-room at Stanley Park.

As far as I could make out, the only troops to defend the East Coast were two Yeomanry Brigades, one Volunteer Battalion, one Militia Battalion, one Battery of Territorial Artillery, and one Volunteer Cyclist Battalion. The first week we did nothing but motor all over the country, and were doing anything from 100 to 150 miles a day. I brought a big car with me and my chauffeur, as at that

time the Government had not supplied any of the Staff with cars.

Oddly enough, the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars were in one of the Yeomanry Brigades, and we went over to inspect them one day, and found a lot of one's pals—Michael Lloyd Baker, Micky Beach (afterwards Lord Quenington), and Henry Clifford, all of whom were afterwards killed in Palestine.

There was a huge gasometer in one of the coast towns we inspected, and when we drove round we found a patriotic old fellow guarding it with a rook rifle. He said he was relieved at night by a pal with a scatter-gun.

Paul Kenna was commanding one of the Yeomanry Brigades. He was a pal of mine in India in 1890, and one of my oldest friends. He got the V.C. at Khartoum. He was killed in Gallipoli.

September

In September I got a telegram from Jack Cowans, saying that 100 Interpreters were being sent out to France, and if I liked I could go out in charge of them, and I jumped at the offer, and went down to Southampton on September 17th. My poor wife quite broke down at parting.

September 18th

We embarked on s.s. *Gloucester Castle*. I am O.C. troops on board. There are 123 Interpreters, 16 Regular officers going to join their regiments at Marseilles, 92 bakers, 540 A.S.C. labourers. These last two lots have only been enlisted for less than three weeks, and there are six officers in charge of them, none of them Regulars. They know nothing whatever about soldiering, but are very willing and well-behaved. We sailed at 3 p.m. and stopped at 5 p.m., having done some 6 miles.

September 19th

Had to find an Adjutant, Quartermaster, Baggage-master, etc., and all sorts of other things, and get out Orders as long as my arm. There are some twelve sentries on the ship, besides Captain of the Day, Subaltern ditto,

three Officers of the Watch, divided into four hours each. I sit next the skipper at meals, a nice fellow, but a rabid Home Ruler. We never moved at all to-day, but are waiting for our escort, the *Edinburgh Castle*, armed with four 4·7-inch guns.

September 20th

A lovely morning when I got up. We actually started from Cowes at 7 a.m. to-day, Sunday.

The Interpreters on board are an extraordinarily interesting lot. There are : Lieut.-Colonel Sykes, C.M.G. C.I.E., H.M. Consul-General in Persia ; Colonel Benyon, our Consul at Meshed ; a man called Kampfers, who was one of De Wet's scouts in the Boer War, and whom we captured January 1902. He told me two bits of news which I had certainly never heard before. One is that Joubert was poisoned by the Boers themselves in 1900, and the other that Botha was bribed by the English Government to make peace in 1902. I didn't believe either story, but he stuck to them.

September 21st

The more one sees of the Interpreters, 123 of them, the more interesting they become. I have never seen such a collection : Lord Monkswell ; Mitford, Redesdale's son, I have met before, the one who married an enormously rich German heiress, who owned the biggest factory, bar Krupp's, in Germany. There are also Colonels, Consuls-General, Consuls, two Indian civilians, millionaires, and quite the reverse, an ex-German Cavalry Officer, a delightful Frenchman who has been a *maître d'armes* and acted in Seymour Hicks's Company ; three or four ex-Diplomatists, Davis an ex-Captain 17th Lancers, Hennessy partner in Hennessy's Brandy ; adventurers, merchants, cabmen, dentists, bagmen, and barbers. All day long we have lectures for them, revolver practice, physical drill, French and German lessons, to say nothing of boxing, tugs-of-war, and sword exercise. I would not have missed this experience for anything.

September 23rd

We had revolver practice to-day, a most dangerous proceeding ; how some of them haven't shot one another I don't know. They keep swinging their loaded revolvers about like a garden hose. I caught one youth pointing his loaded revolver at a pal's head, and saying "Hands up !" They fired at three or four bottles hung on a pole overboard at the stern.

September 23rd

The Captain of our escort signalled our skipper to tow a target behind our ship for him to practise at. Our skipper came to me and asked if it was safe. I said, certainly not. He signalled this. The Captain of the escort was quite annoyed, and sent peremptory orders to obey at once. I told our skipper to signal politely that he could go to Halifax, that we had nearly a thousand men on board, that on his hooker he had new guns and strange gun-crews, and that we weren't taking any, and I should report him at Gib. No reply to this.

September 25th

We expect to get to Marseilles to-morrow, but have no idea where we are going then. It has been a most amusing voyage. The weather has been perfect and the sea like a mill-pond.

We passed Gibraltar yesterday at 11 a.m., and only stopped about half an hour outside, and got rid of our escort, thank goodness ; we are much safer without him. Hamish Johnston is stationed at Gib. We get all the news by wireless daily, so are not quite cut off. Am most comfortable, as I have one large deck cabin to myself, and two offices for orderly room, etc.

September 26th

Reached Marseilles. Up at 4 a.m., and went ashore at 9 a.m. We are billeted here in an hotel (de Nouilles), and having a most amusing time. All the French children want to shake or kiss one's hand. If one stands outside the hotel door for more than a minute a large crowd collects and

says, "Ah, les braves Anglais!" We shall be here for two or three days more at least. Drove out to La Réserve yesterday, a beautiful restaurant on the bay facing the Île d'If, and had tea. *Les jolies dames françaises donnent le* "glad eye" all the time, and one certainly has a *succès fou* here. The Native troops are extraordinarily popular with the French.

We went this afternoon to the *Maire* to get motor-cars, and from him to the French Military Governor of the city. Then went with the *Maire* to see the French wounded, who had been sent down here by train. They were brought from the train in trams fitted up with stretchers. Nearly all are wounded in the legs or feet. I never laughed so much as to see a Gurkha Regiment marching up from the docks playing the "Marseillaise" nearly the whole way.

September 29th

We motored to a Review of the Troops, British and Indian, that had already landed. A very fine sight. One Sikh Regiment marched past, playing the "Marseillaise," and there was great clapping of hands by the French.

October 2nd

General Sir James Willcocks arrived yesterday, and I am attached to the Headquarters Staff. Things seem going very well for us, and badly for the Germans. We speak nothing but French now, which is good practice. The Native troops have had a *succès fou* here, especially with the ladies. The whole show is like a pantomime or a revue at the Empire or Palace.

There are some German prisoners here. I hope to go and see them to-day. The Germans seem to have behaved in the most brutal way on many occasions. A wounded French officer told me two days ago that his regiment stormed a German position and found 40 French prisoners whom the Germans had not been able to move, all murdered in cold blood in a heap. At one village in a house, three quite young girls and their mother had been outraged, and the man murdered, and the old grandmother, who was in bed, was bayoneted. What fiends they must be!

Sackville-West, 60th Rifles, is G.S.O. He is an old pal of my wife's. Freeman-Mitford and I went to see the German prisoners in the fort this afternoon, about 120 of them. We saw them out in the courtyard first, and then 60 of them in a long vaulted room. I was much disappointed in their physique. With eight or nine exceptions they were under-sized and narrow-chested, and seemed very glad to be captured. The prison warden told us that one fellow from Alsace had deserted with two or three other men, a machine gun, and four horses. He was being sent away to be enrolled at his own request in the Foreign Legion. Mitford speaks German well.

F. E. Smith and Neil Primrose have arrived.

Moved to the Hôtel de Louvre et de la Paix.

October 4th

We expect to move in three or four days to Orleans first of all, which the Staff speak of with bated breath as "X"—the name "Orleans" is not allowed to be used. An amusing thing is that the General lunched with me at the Marseilles Yacht Club, and afterwards we went into a tobacconist's to get some cigarettes, and the girl who served us said, "Alors, mon général, vous allez à Orléans demain, n'est-ce pas?" Have had a lot of writing and arrangements to make. Am allotted a motor with a French chauffeur to myself, and also have a Staff Officer (English), a capital fellow, by name Pippon, who is a Deputy Commissioner in India. They are a capital lot of fellows on the Headquarters Staff, and I have already met several old pals—Freddy Mercer and Ewart. Have at last collected a servant, his name is Stewart, and he comes, curiously enough, from South Wales, within 30 miles of Chepstow. I have had to brush my own clothes, and also washed for myself a pair of socks and a handkerchief. Stewart has only been enlisted six weeks, and is, if anything, a labourer, and knows nothing of valeting whatever, not even cleaning boots, but he is, I believe, sober, most willing, and very stolid. Anyhow, he can learn to clean boots and brush clothes, and can strap up and un-

strap my valise and kitbag, which up to now I have had to do myself.

A woman wrote to me yesterday and asked if the General wanted a lady interpreter. She is an Englishwoman married to a French Commandant. I declined her offer in the politest way possible, saying that I quite appreciated the patriotism which induced her to make the offer, but that attractive lady interpreters were "absolument défendues dans l'armée anglaise."

One of our fellows advertised in the paper for a French servant, and got a letter from a delightful Frenchwoman, aged twenty-five, offering to come as his servant and dress as a man. She said she was engaged to a French officer, and wanted to get up to the front near him. *C'est drôle, n'est-ce pas?* The orders are very strict about writing names of places. Went to church this morning at 10.30 a.m. A very nice service.

October 9th

All sorts of reports about, but I cannot vouch for their truth. A German soldier in French uniform mixed with a French Infantry Regiment and killed 3 French officers before he was bayoneted. It is already getting colder, and the nights are quite chilly. It will be a long and bitter winter, I'm afraid. Everyone, however, is very cheery, and we all hope to be in Berlin (as victors, not prisoners) within twelve months. It is confidently reported that the Prussian Guard have lost over 5,000 killed.

October 10th

We were to have moved to-day, but it is now postponed for three or four days. A pal of mine has turned up, Colin Campbell, who married one of the Leiters, Lord Curzon's sister-in-law. He is such a good fellow, and did right well in Chitral years ago, and got a D.S.O. He is only here as chauffeur to old General Locke-Elliott, who is sent here as a liaison officer. Nearly all of us have got bad throats. A lot of wounded came in yesterday.

This afternoon after 4.30 p.m., there being nothing on,

I went to tea at five o'clock, and had a good flirt with a very attractive American ! and also a most charming French girl. The people who have the real *succès* here are the Highlanders. Nearly every French girl starts her conversation with " *Conspuez les Allemands.*"

October 13th

The Censorship here is very strict. A pal of mine told me he wrote to his one and only girl as follows : " 1,000 kisses to you, my darling ; that is, if the pig of a censor here will pass them."

October 17th

The following is a funny story out here : The Head of our Supply Department at the War Office wrote to the French Government to ask them if they could provide 2,000 goats for the Native troops from India. He wrote such a bad hand, even worse than mine, that they thought it was 2,000 girls, and sent the letter to the Préfet of Marseilles, who replied at the end of a week saying he could get 1,000 girls, many of whom were good-looking, " *Mais il sera impossible d'obtenir deux mille pour au moins trois mois, mais il fera son possible.*"

News not so good to-day.

October 18th

We have been having awful storms and torrential rains. The camps are absolute swamps. On two nights over 2 inches of rain have fallen in five hours. Fortunately for me and the rest of the gilded Staff, we are billeted in an hotel, but the rain came down the chimney between six and eight one evening, and flooded my room out. We have had violent thunder and lightning. We move off to-morrow. The war news here is better, and we are making steady progress. It is reported that a lot of German spies came over to England with the Belgian refugees from Antwerp and other places.

Three hundred horses of a Native Cavalry Regiment which were camped some 5 miles out of Marseilles pulled

up their picket ropes during the storm, frightened by the lightning, and galloped straight down to the docks all through the town and down the tram-lines. A lot of them were very badly injured by barbed wire and by slipping up on the lines, poor brutes.

We tried an Interpreter by court-martial yesterday for being drunk, and he was sent back to England.

There is a funny story about one of the Interpreters. He was going down to the docks with a Regular officer, and passed a fellow in khaki with R.A.M.C. on his shoulders, and asked, "What does R.A.M.C. stand for?" To which his pal replied, "Rather a mixed crowd." About 100 yards farther on they passed a fellow with I.M.S. on his shoulders, and he again asked what that meant. His pal replied, "Infinitely more so."

October 19th

We started for X (Orleans) at 4 p.m., and stopped at many little stations. Five of us Staff in one compartment, so the junior had to sleep on the floor. We got to a fairly big station about 10 p.m., and halted for half an hour. A lovely French lady insisted on pinning a rosette of Belgian and French colours on my manly breast. After a somewhat broken night, we arrived at Orleans. The local regiment which went from here lost enormously, and about every tenth person you see is in mourning.

We have enlisted a French cook for our mess, so as to do the catering. He is now a French soldier. We don't live extravagantly, as our entire mess bill does not amount to 3 frs. a day each; there's economy! I don't think the War will be over for at least two years. There has been very heavy fighting the last three days, and things are going pretty well for us, and the longer the War goes on the worse for the Germans.

October 29th

We have been having somewhat stirring times lately. We reached Merville, and I got to my billet about 4.30

a.m. and went to bed, which I was not sorry to do, as I hadn't had my boots off for forty-eight hours and only about four hours' sleep in that time. I was busy all the morning. Lunched at the *hôtel de ville*, very primitive. All last night and to-day our guns and the Germans' have been thundering away at one another. Yesterday they put a shell into the hotel where we had lunch. This afternoon we rode out to two villages, out of which our fellows have just driven the Germans—"Boches," as everyone calls them. It is a corruption of "Albotch," which again is a corruption of "Almande" and means—dirty, ugly, blackguardly, or mean. We rode out some 8 kilometres. It is very curious to see how the shrapnel has cut into nearly every tree of one of the Avenues along which we rode. The first village we came to had hardly a house without a broken window-glass in it, and the next was even worse, but I only saw a few houses burnt, but nearly everything had been looted out of the little shops.

Our Native troops have done A.I. The day before yesterday one Sikh Regiment turned the Germans out of a village at the point of the bayonet, and there was very severe hand-to-hand fighting. This regiment lost over 200 men. The Germans don't like cold steel. They fought from house to house, and in the streets. You would laugh to see me writing in this room by the light of a meagre candle stuck in a bottle on my washstand (I have no table). Time, 9.30 p.m. In the square below are packed some seventy or eighty motor-cars and huge lorries. I saw one to-day marked Watson, Oxford; it looked so odd in the narrow *pavé* street of the little French town. You never saw such a Tower of Babel as this place is: Highlanders, English cavalry and artillery, French *tirailleurs*, Turcos, Chasseurs à Cheval from Algeria, most picturesque-looking ruffians in scarlet burnouses (cloaks) and long boots, Gurkhas and Sikhs and Pathans, Native cavalry. I have got three good horses, two grooms, and one servant. Everything in this town of some 8,000 inhabitants is sold out nearly, and candles, matches, and eggs are unobtainable.

Friday, October 30th

The battle has not stopped now for five days. All last night the guns have been thundering, and we are still at it.

We have just come in from a ride of 16 kilometres. At one village we stopped to see a church which had been heavily shelled. Fourteen shells had gone through the roofs and walls. You never saw such a mess. Curiously enough, a crucifix was one of the few things which was not broken. The Curé, who had been away soldiering for a month, took us over his house, which was next the church. He had one shell through it, and the Germans had lived in it for three days and looted everything and drunk all his wine. The place was strewn with empty bottles. One shell had gone through the wall, into the scullery. The Germans locked his old housekeeper in the cellar for twenty-four hours. This house was pierced with bullet holes in scores of places, and most of the windows were broken. Hardly a house in the village was not struck somewhere. The Curé's old housekeeper told us her brother had been killed. There are here over 150 motor-lorries and cars, and some 20 Paris motor-buses. It seems funny to see a huge lorry with Schweppes Soda or Carter Paterson on it. To-day we saw a taxi-cab (London) going along.

It is pouring hard, and the roads are frightfully cut up and greasy. As I write, at least twenty-five to thirty motor chars-à-bancs and motor-buses have passed. Very heavy firing is going on. I hear we move on at dawn to-morrow. A motor-bus has just gone by with Gard du Nord, Paris, on it. This is essentially a motor war. Five Turcos, eight Zouaves, and a dozen Algerians in their picturesque red burnouses, baggy blue breeches, and Arab head-dresses are grouped near me. A battery of British artillery is just passing, and I can see some Sikhs following them.

October 31st

The Military Secretary, myself, and another of the Staff rode to Hinges, about 10 kilometres. We got here about 10,

and were busy getting the billets fixed up, and the horses housed in barns, outhouses, etc.

I got two eggs from a woman for 30 centimes, and had them boiled for lunch, so did well, with a bit of bully beef and some cheese and coffee. There is absolutely nothing to be bought in this place. In the afternoon I rode into Béthune.

I bought a packet of candles and two packets of chocolate, and had a talk with several French officers. Our big guns and the Germans were pounding away all the time, and are still at it. It was a perfect autumn afternoon, bright and crisp, and I thought what a perfect day it would be to shoot at home at Sedbury Park.

I am billeted in a funny little room in a funny little house; the door of my room reaches to the ceiling. My landlady's Sunday clothes and best hat are hung behind a curtain down one side of the room. I sleep in my old green valise with my British-warm coat over me, and with thick socks on to keep warm, and a shirt. The sanitary arrangements are, needless to say, very primitive. My landlady, a delightful person, has just bidden me good-night, and expressed a fervent wish that I shall "*couper les gorges de tous les Boches*." Dear soul, I wish we could!

November 1st

Have been out all day, horse-back and motor. The, fighting has been terrible round here. The big guns pound away day and night. I could never have imagined anything like it, even with all the fighting I have seen. They say the Kaiser is in front of us, and that is why this part of our line is getting such a dose of it. The misery among the wretched inhabitants is beyond belief. Thousands of refugees have fled from Lille, which has been in German hands for some weeks. It is curious to see how unconcerned some of the women and nearly all the children are. I went to a village to-day, which had three shells put into it this morning. The women were gossiping at the doors of the houses in the little village street, and the children played about in the road. No civilians are allowed

out between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. The guns have just started firing again.

This battle has already lasted over a week. Two Interpreters who came out in the same ship with me have already been killed and one wounded, and a French Interpreter was killed the night before last. An order has just been issued that no more Interpreters are to go up into the line. I have been in five campaigns before, and have never seen anything like it. The big guns never cease. I was sent out by the Chief Staff Officer to-day some 10 kilometres away to explain the general situation to the Cavalry Brigade, and rode. No sooner had I got back than I had to go out again with detailed instructions in a motor, and got back very late.

November 2nd

Up at 7 a.m. Went to Headquarters just before 9 a.m. to get my instructions, and rode off to see the H.Q. of Divisions at Estaires, 17 kilometres from here. Got there about midday, saw G.S.O.1, and then went up a tower in the town to see what one could. The Germans were shelling a village close by heavily, and set fire to the church and houses near it; there was a rare blaze. Just before I got into Estaires a German Taube came over. Nearly everyone loosed off their rifles at it, but with no success, of course. Yesterday one of our anti-aircraft guns loosed off at a Taube, missed it, and the shells came down in our area and wounded 3 hospital natives of our ambulance, near me.

Our mess is not good; there is nothing to be got out here.

November 4th

This afternoon, on my way back from the Front, I went into Béthune. They put three big shells in there to-day over our hospital. As I was coming back last night one burst over me, very high up. One shell struck the church tower in Béthune to-day, near the hotel where we had lunch. Things are getting very short here. I went all over Béthune this afternoon to buy some candles, and only found four packets in the whole town, two of which

I bought, price 2*d.* each candle. The day's doings as far as I am concerned are as follows: breakfast at 8 a.m.; I go to Headquarters at 9, and then go where I am told, to one or other of the Divisions or Brigades.

The guns are hammering away as usual. They never stop. This battle has lasted ten days. I had a *café au lait* with my hostess this morning at 7.15 a.m. in the kitchen, attired in my pyjamas, thick socks, and a British-warm overcoat, and was much admired. The coffee was A1. It is getting very cold and wet.

November 6th

The more I see of this war the more marvellous it seems. Yesterday was a gorgeous autumn day, with a bright warm sun. The first fine day for weeks. Got my orders, and rode off to the H.Q. of the Meerut Division. From there I went on with a British officer in Native cavalry to Vieille Chapelle, gave the General there his instructions, and lunched with him, and after that we rode on with him to some new trenches which were being dug. Sir Pertab Singh, dear old man, was encouraging them for all he was worth. Our guns were firing away over our heads behind us, and on both sides, making a rare row. On the way out a German Taube came over, and dropped five bombs along the next line of trenches. All near blazed away at it with their rifles, and one of our anti-aircraft guns had several shots at it, but with no result, though they seemed to go very near.

All this time the inhabitants were ploughing, and getting in their beet and root and corn crops. Enormous crops of beet are grown in these parts. I saw one old man ploughing in a corner of a field with an old white horse, and I went up to him and asked him if he minded the shells. He said "Yes," but it was necessary to have bread, so he must go on ploughing.

The fighting here in the trenches has been, and is, desperate every day. Two nights ago the Germans attacked and drove a battalion of Gurkhas out of their trenches. We retook them the next night with the

bayonet. Yesterday a German spy in Gurkha's uniform was caught inside our lines here, and was shot at dawn. He was a pretty cool hand. Anything less like a Gurkha than a German you cannot imagine.

I was sent in to interview the Mayor of Béthune this morning and to sweeten him up. He was very pessimistic, having moved out of the *Mairie*, not, as he was careful to explain, because he was frightened himself, but his Staff were. They put three shells into Béthune two days ago, and the *Mairie* was close to the church tower, which was hit. I cheered him up and said he was "un brave homme," and am to see him again to-morrow about supplies.

To get to my little bedroom I have always to go through the kitchen. One of my windows is broken, and I have no blind or curtain, so it is a bit draughty. In the afternoon I walked down to our aeroplane park (a ploughed field), about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from here, and had a long talk with the Captain (in the Rifle Brigade) in charge. They have done most splendid work during this war. He showed me all the aeroplanes (we've only got 5 to this Army Corps), and said they were getting more new and improved ones, he hoped. It was so thick to-day they could not fly. I got back sopping wet at 5 p.m., and went to H.Q. at 6 p.m.

To-night the gas in the post office, where we have our mess, gave out and we had to have candles stuck in empty bottles. I have only a solitary dip here in this cottage to write by. Another Interpreter, a pal of mine, Norris, was badly wounded here three days ago, and to-night I hear 3 more have been hit. I nearly got ridden over by a squadron of French cavalry in the dark to-night. The roads are awful, and inches deep in mud and slush. Our fellows in the trenches are having a rotten time this weather. They are shelled all day and night, and are generally attacked or attacking nightly.

November 9th

One of my horses has got ring-worm, which is a bore, and there are 26 others have got it. We have, fortunately, a very good vet.

In a village I went to yesterday, an old man, accompanied by 20 or 30 villagers, brought me a bomb which had been dropped by the Germans close by, three days ago; it had not exploded, and I had some difficulty in persuading him not to open it with a pickaxe.

I went to see the Mayor of Béthune yesterday. He is very low in his mind, because the Germans had dropped eleven shells into the town yesterday. I cheered him up by saying it was much better to have shells in than the Germans themselves.

I must say the Germans are plucky devils, and are making a good fight of it, but the longer it lasts the more we shall win. I went into a little Catholic church in this village at 5.30 p.m. last night, and said a prayer for the success of our arms.

Am going to bed, as I am dead tired.

November 10th

A large number of British officers serving with Native regiments have been killed, and in some Native battalions they only have 2 British officers left.

There are far too many people on the Staffs out here. At the present moment in this Army Corps there are nine messes. Colonel Ewart and I are in the 4th Mess, which is on the ground-floor of the village post office. F. E. Smith and Neil Primrose are in the 8th Mess. They are attached to us here for the purpose of writing a history of the Indian Corps. As neither of them can speak a word of Hindustani, Urdu, Pushtu, or any other dialect, there is much laughter over this, the work really being done by a British officer in a Native cavalry regiment, who has been through the Staff College. F. E. Smith is graded as G.S.O.2.

I played bridge with F. E. Smith and Neil Primrose two nights ago.

November 11th

The fighting again here has been desperate. The last Boer War was nothing to it in comparison. It is all

aeroplanes, big guns, motor-lorries, rifle shooting, and bayonet fighting in the trenches. The German Taubes have a cheerful habit of dropping bombs promiscuously anywhere as they fly over. Mercifully they don't often hit anyone, and about half of them do not explode.

I went into Béthune yesterday, a town of 14,000 inhabitants ; the Germans put a dozen shells into it yesterday. I fully expect this war to last till next October at least.

November 12th

I was up to the firing line beyond Laventie. It has been heavily shelled by both sides, and was not held by either of us, as being untenable. We only saw two men and one woman in it.

The church was an absolute ruin, no roof, only the main walls and the tower standing. Most of the houses were ruins and great holes in the walls, where the shells had gone through. There was hardly a pane of glass left in the place. The roadway over which we motored was pitted with shell-holes ; into one of the smaller ones, which had been partially filled up, we motored with a real good bump, but got out with a skid and went on. We called at the H.Q. of various Brigades as we went along, and ate our lunch as we went.

November 13th

Lord Roberts arrived here this morning at 10.45 a.m. to see the Indian troops. He is wonderful, nearly eighty-three years of age. He shook hands with me and said he remembered meeting me at Lord Wenlock's in 1905. We gave him a hearty cheer as he went off. He motored back to St. Omer and was dead thirty-two hours after he left us. We little thought the end was so near. No man deserved better of his country or had done more gallant and unselfish work during his whole life. I feel confident he would himself have wished for no happier end than to die as he did, in harness to the very last, and with the sound of the shells and the cheers of the Army, British and Native, which he had served so well and commanded so ably, still ringing in

his ears. To think that these Radicals and Socialists would not listen to him about Universal Service makes one sick !

Last night it froze, and this morning it snowed. There is a tremendous cannonade going on now, and also rifle fire. A lot of reinforcements came up for us a few days ago, so now the men in the trenches get a spell off, and no German now could knock us out in this section, I think. The poor fellows in the trenches are having a badish time, what with shells and cold and wet. Some of the trenches have 2 or 3 feet of water in the bottom, and the men are in them for four or five days at a time. Am writing on my washing-stand, in a great-coat, a leather waistcoat, a mackintosh over my knees, and a stocking night-cap. The water in my jug is frozen.

November 19th

We have had a fairly quiet day for a wonder, and I haven't heard a big gun for half an hour. One notices the stillness at once. Had a letter from B. P. last week. I hear Thackwell is wounded, poor Craven Charrington was killed two weeks ago, Leveson is wounded, Arthur Hay killed, Julian Steel badly wounded, Willie Duncan ditto.

November 20th

The weather is vile here, hard frost for two days, and to-day it has been snowing since 12 noon. The poor fellows in the trenches must be having an awful time. Last night there was heavy rifle fire, besides the usual bombardment.

Went into Béthune this morning to interview the Mayor. There have been 9 men, women, and children killed, and 28 wounded in the town from October 26th to November 19th. The Mayor moves his house about every three days. Rode back about 4 p.m. in a blinding snow-storm. It is very early for snow here ; in fact, the inhabitants say it is the first time for twenty years they have had snow in November, so we are in luck ! Hope we shall soon advance, as we have been here getting on for a month, but the Germans have not gained one inch in that time.

November 21st

This morning Peck and I, as we could not ride, walked down to our aerodrome about a mile off, which was in a ploughed field. We only have about seven aeroplanes to the whole of this Army Corps, and two or three of these were always permanently out of commission. It was a beautiful bright sunny day, with blue sky, almost as blue as one gets it on the Riviera. When we got to within about 500 yards of the aerodrome we saw one of our aeroplanes suddenly make a nose dive down to the ground in front of the aerodrome. It hit the ground with its nose, and we ran as fast as possible across the plough, getting wet almost up to our waists in two ditches, and when we got there we found they had just cut the pilot out. His face was cut and he had put a finger out, and there was quite a lot of blood on the snow. It's a marvel he wasn't killed. Both wings of the aeroplane were smashed and the engines were covered with mud and dirt. We were so short of pilots that the man was flying again in two days. I always take my hat off to our pilots, who did wonderfully good work even in the early part of the War in very inferior machines.

Great excitement in the afternoon. Our fellows bagged a German aeroplane, a brand-new 1914 one. It had engine trouble, and came down just inside our lines. The Head Intelligence Officer asked me to go out with him, and we took one of our Interpreters, who speaks German like a native, with us. We found the aeroplane in a ploughed field covered with snow. Both the German flying men, i.e. the pilot and the observer, had hand-upted. They had all sorts of papers and documents with them, and some most doubtful photographs and pictures. It only shows what pigs the Germans are, to take pictures about like that in an aeroplane in war time. We brought one of the Germans back in our car with us, and the other followed with two more officers in another motor-car behind us. We took them to our Headquarters and handed them over, and they were given tea and anything else they wanted. They were very cold. Neither was hurt a bit. One was

aged about twenty-one or twenty-two, and the other was about thirty. We found on the Germans a lot of seditious literature, some of which they had been dropping amongst our Native troops, saying that Turkey was fighting against us, and that it was a Holy War, so trying to persuade them not to fight for us. It's no use, as our Native troops are absolutely loyal to us, and have done A1 in the War. In spite of the cold their health is good, and they are standing the cold well as yet. I am keeping wonderfully well, thank goodness, and so far the cold and wet have not affected me at all. We are all very cheerful here.

To-morrow is Sunday, and I shall try to go to the little R.C. church in the village. The Curé is a pal of mine, and most bloodthirsty. I say, "Nous allons couper les gorges de tous les Boches," and he says, "Tant mieux; on la mérite bien."

The Press Censor, our Provost-Marshal, told me a funny story at dinner to-night. He said in one Tommy's letter was the following :

"DEAR AUNT MARIA,—This war's a beast. I'm up to my middle in bleed. Please send me some cigarettes. Your affectionate nephew, THOMAS SMITH."

November 25th

It has been bitter cold. For three days it froze and snowed—15 degrees of frost. Yesterday it started to thaw and thawed all day, so that one is up to one's knees in slush, and now (6.30 p.m.) it has started to freeze again.

The Germans have got a beastly hand bomb they make, and can throw 30 or 40 yards. It's just a slab of iron, the shape of a lady's hand mirror, and about the same size. On the face is stuck a slab of gun-cotton, and over that is placed any old tin, tobacco, jam, or something, filled with nails, scrap-iron, etc., nailed on, or barbed wire, and set with a fuse about 3 inches long, generally 5 to 6 seconds, which is set fire to before it is thrown by hand. What a jolly class of warfare ! Our aeroplanes have done wonderfully good work. When we first came here we had a good

few German aeroplanes over us dropping bombs, but only about one out of three burst ; very few come now. I think this war will last another eighteen months, but we are bound to win.

November 28th

The life in the trenches is unbelievable. They are half full of water, and the corpses, both English and German, lying out, forty on top of one of our trenches, and they can't be moved, as when you show a hand or a head over the ditch you get a dozen bullets at you. Our fellows live, eat, fight, and die like animals in them, and are doing magnificently, and their pluck and spirit is beyond praise. One of our trenches was blown out by shells all along, from 3 feet to 6 feet wide. I feel quite ashamed when I go to bed in my cottage at night and think what a dreadful time our fellows are having in the trenches.

I don't fancy at present any more mounted troops will be sent out. What we want is infantry. We have been hard at it here, i.e. between Béthune, La Bassée, and Laventie. At first all our cavalry with the I.A. Native and British had to dig and be in the first-line trenches—we were so short of men—but now we have got up reinforcements things are better, but the actual fighting has been more obstinate than ever.

When I was out riding to-day with another of the Staff the Germans let off three Jack Johnsons at us. One fell about 20 yards off, mercifully in a very wet ploughed field. It made our horses nearly jump out of their skins. Great waste of ammunition to fire at two officers and an orderly taking a quiet morning ride !

November 30th

Yesterday, Sunday, we had a service by a Chaplain (Military), in a room at the Château, for the Headquarters Staff. There were about 18 officers and the same number of Staff clerks and men ; no music, only Communion Service and the Sacrament, with a collection at the end for

Belgian refugees. The Chaplain did the service very reverently and well.

We have (our R.E., at least) invented a mortar made of iron which has knocked out the German one. It is most ingenious, and can lob a bomb from 40 to 300 yards. The difficulty was to make it go only a short distance.

A lot of the Staff have been given ten days' leave home. Two of ours have already gone and returned, and another went yesterday.

My nice landlady's brother has been wounded in the leg by a shell. I gave her some cigarettes to-day to send to him. He is a French infantryman. Things in the trenches have been quiet here for two days, which is wonderful. The weather is much warmer, in fact, muggy, but a gale of wind, and gusts of rain, and everything smothered in mud. The roads are awful.

December 2nd

Here we are in December, actually ! The time does seem to have flown since the middle of September ; in fact, since the beginning of August. I can hardly believe that we are nearly into the New Year.

Great excitement to-day ! The King and the Prince of Wales arrived here at 10 a.m. by motor—his Most Gracious Majesty in one car with Lord Stamfordham and Clive Wigram ; the Prince in another car (open), driving himself, with an equerry. A third car with a French General and Staff, and a fourth car with more Staff. We all, Sir James Willcocks and Staff, stood on the steps of the old Château and saluted. A Guard of Honour was found by a part of the 4th Bengal Cavalry with lances, under an officer, and there were detachments of 50 men each from gunners and regiments that could be spared from the trenches. The Prince has a delightful smile and laugh, and seemed very happy and cheery, and said, " Well, I've defeated Lord K., and got out here after all." I thought the King looked rather grave, but well and fit. We were introduced, and he shook hands with us all, and was very gracious. He stayed about twenty minutes. Mercifully

it was fine, but cold. All the time the Royal Party were there two of our aeroplanes were circling round overhead to prevent any Germans coming and dropping bombs. A number of French Interpreters are to be posted to the English troops, and my special appointment as O.C. British Interpreters will come to an end. As a matter of fact, all the Staffs are too big, over 40 in ours, and both in England and at Headquarters they are shouting for a reduction for K.'s new army.

The King visited several hospitals to see the sick and wounded.

In the office till 7 p.m. to-night, and after dinner went out with one of the Intelligence Officers and Head Signalling Colonel to see if we could find any signs of spies signalling, of which there was a report. Drew blank.

December 5th

I think I shall really try and get leave the beginning of January. We've been stuck here six weeks and not advanced half a mile. On the other hand, we haven't lost any ground, and are in stronger position than when we arrived. Now we have got reinforcements up, and have got good supports. We have also invented mortars, and bombs, and hand-grenades, and other beastly engines of war like the Germans, and are taking them on at their own game.

For four days here (bar a few hours the day before yesterday) it has been quite peaceful. I think the Boches have gone off either to the north to try and have another go near Ypres, or else they have gone to the Russian frontier. We can get no authentic news from Russia, whether it is really a great victory over the Germans or not. We hear they are getting nervous at home about a German invasion. Even if they did send over a whole fleet of Zeppelins and aeroplanes they would do no real or permanent damage beyond killing a few people and destroying some buildings. I believe it would do the country good, too. I wish they'd drop a bomb on Trevelyan, Keir Hardie, and some of the disloyal Irish! My room is like a well.

December 6th

This is a beast of a war, and it is as dull as ditchwater here the last two days. It is so windy the aeroplanes can hardly go up, and so misty they can see nothing if they do. Haven't heard a gun for the last eight hours. Everyone is waiting for the result of the battle on the Eastern frontier. I'm afraid it's not as good as we hoped.

December 7th

The weather is more vile than ever, rain and wind continually. My boots haven't been properly dry for ages. We were out in the trenches yesterday (Sunday), but it was a fairly quiet day.

I went a long round yesterday. We had a short Church parade service in one of the rooms at the Château for the H.Q. Staff, and started round the trenches. We had a German Taube over our heads several times, but it didn't drop any bombs near us. We ate our lunch, ration biscuits, a bit of cheese and chocolate, in the kitchen of a funny old farmhouse in company with an old farmer of eighty-five, a woman about thirty-five, a girl of twenty, and a child. They were all in deep mourning. The woman said her husband was dead (I didn't like to ask whether he was just killed), and the girl said her lover was fighting in the 110th French Infantry. The old man was a refugee from 20 miles away, whose farm had been occupied and burnt by the Germans. All their farm horses had been requisitioned by the French Government, to be paid for at the end of the War. Their midday meal consisted of bread, potatoes, and a very little meat made into a sort of *bonne femme* soup. We had nothing to drink ourselves, not even coffee, and the water isn't safe to drink unless boiled. We passed many huge holes made by Jack Johnson shells. You could put a horse and cart into them, and the road was pitted with all kinds of shell-holes, small and large.

After lunch we went on through Festubert and Gorre. In the former an old woman was cleaning her front-door step, and there were two dead artillery horses lying within

10 yards of her in her garden, and another in the road. I asked her why they had not been cleared away, and she said they were killed by a shell yesterday; two men as well. She seemed absolutely unconcerned. We went to see the Mayor to have them cleared away. The marvel to me is there isn't a pestilence, especially as French sanitary arrangements are nil. All the time our guns and the German were banging away merrily, and a little rifle fire, but not much.

Then on to Béthune, where I saw a French aeroplane loop the loop over the town 800 feet up. We join on to the French troops there.

The misery among the civilians is very great. Thousands of French refugees are homeless. The Germans in that part of France occupied by their troops have sent nearly the whole of the male civil population between sixteen and sixty to work in Germany or in their lines of trenches and fortifications in France, Belgium, and Germany. There are no candles or matches among the poor here, and many have not even oil for a lamp. The local civilian post only goes once a week, but of course our military letters go every day. No civilian is allowed out of his own village after 8 p.m. or anywhere in the day without a pass. Everyone, even the Provost-Marshal and myself, has to have a pass. With reference to this pass question, there was a funny story told early in 1916.

It was that F. E. Smith and Winston Churchill were going about without passes in an area in which they had no business, so an A.P.M. was sent to investigate the matter. He found F. E. and Winston in a room on the first floor of an estaminet. He asked for their passes, and they either hadn't got any or they hadn't got the right ones. He then said, "I've had orders from St. Omer to place anybody under arrest who hasn't got the right pass."

F. E., who had done himself pretty well, jumped up and said "D——n you, you little whippersnapper, do you know whom you are talking to? I am F. E. Smith, and this is Mr. Winston Churchill. How dare you speak to us like that?" Winston Churchill, who had kept his head,

caught F. E. Smith by the arm and said, "For God's sake, keep calm; this is the most serious thing that has happened since the declaration of war." The A.P.M. got riled, and said, "Look here, no nonsense; unless you give me your words of honour that you won't leave here, I shall have to stop here all night. I've got a Provost-Sergeant downstairs." So they said "All right."

Next morning, unshaven and unshorn, they were both taken down to St. Omer in a car.

Se non è vero, è ben trovato. After the War F. E. Smith and his brother Harold were sitting in the smoking-room of one of the London clubs, when in came the Provost-Marshal who had put F. E. under arrest in France. F. E. immediately began to chaff him and said, "Ho, ho, we don't care a damn for you, now you are no longer Provost-Marshal."

We were stopped to-night coming back in the dusk by a French sentry nearly jamming his bayonet into one's horse's chest, under a railway bridge, saying there was a new order come out only half an hour previously, to say no one could pass that road, so we had to go back and round, over a mile.

Two Native soldiers were tried by Court-martial yesterday, and shot at dawn this morning, for shooting off their fingers so as to get invalided back to India.

There is a blizzard of wind and rain to-night, and I got nearly blown over walking back to my billet from our mess.

Have got a cold, and was also butted into by a motorcyclist in the dark three or four nights ago, and my arm has been in a sling for three days with a touch of rheumatism in it. I can't write very well, but I have a good clerk. Except when it froze it has not stopped raining for two whole days since we left Marseilles.

December 12th

I censored a letter to-day from a Tommy to a pal of his at home: "DEAR GEORGE,—I hope this finds you well, as it leaves me in the pink. I've got a soft thing on here. I'm billeted in a French house with my bloke, and I'm

sitting in the kitchen with my arm round the waist of the best bird in the village. I had steak and onions and omlick for dinner to-day. You come out, old pal, and I'll put you on to just such another good one. Yours ever, BILL."

December 15th

The C.O. of a regiment told me that a certain General sent his son, who was on his Staff, up into the trenches one night with a note to the C.O., to say that he must take particular care of him. For a wonder it was a quiet night in the trenches, and there was hardly any firing. When this General sent his despatch in for awards for those who had done good service, he said, "I particularly recommend Lieutenant —, my son, for conspicuous gallantry and bravery in the trenches on the night of. . . ." The son got a Military Cross in the next *Gazette*. This was a proper ramp. There are already complaints amongst the regimental officers about the Staff and the ramps that go on.

December 17th

Hubert Gough, who has done much good work out here, came over to-day and lunched with me.

December 19th

My arm is nearly all right, and my cold quite so. After a more or less quiet spell here for a fortnight, we have been fighting the last three days, hard, especially last night. We lost 300 yards of trench. I rode out yesterday with Powell in the worst storm I remember in Europe. It blew the horses sideways half-way across the road, and such a road, pitted with shell-holes and barricaded.

The villages through which we passed were almost entirely wrecked by shell-fire. A big house standing in a garden by itself was hit by one Jack Johnson which went through the top floor (there were only two floors) and came out at the top of the ground-floor, making a hole in the two bottom rooms you could have driven a coach and four through. It was pathetic to see a little cottage with the whole of the front rooms knocked out, the table smashed,

the cupboard smashed open, and everything broken, except, wonderful to relate, the lamp, which hung from the ceiling tied up in a piece of gauze. We got home about 6 p.m., pitch-dark, nearly deafened by guns and wind. The rain drove so into my right cheek it was quite sore to shave at night. My nice landlady gave me two cans of hot water, and I had a bath in my green canvas bath at 9 p.m. and went to bed. I do want a good big one to wallow in. The bath water was boiled in the cauldron in which they make the soup.

To-day Ewart and I went out in the motor early. I had to give evidence in a court-martial held in a little back room in a farm. It seemed an odd sort of court-martial. The man, a gunner, was tried for being drunk. The guns made such a noise one could hardly hear the evidence.

One of our batteries was firing over our heads and the other right alongside of us. Three aeroplanes came over our heads—one German, and two of ours. One fellow made very good shooting at the German, but did not hit it. Then we went on to our heavy battery, and just as we got there, it banged off two 4·7-inch shells, range 11,000 yards, at a sausage Zeppelin in the air; he went jolly near it the second shot; anyhow, it was pulled down. The mud was awful.

Poole, an old pal of mine in S. Africa, who commanded the heavy battery, told me he had been shelled out of one place, and the mud was so bad in the second they could not move the guns, and had to shift them to where we saw them to-day, i.e. into the orchard of a little farm. His funk-hole was full of water underground, about a foot in it. Peck and I rode out again this afternoon through Béthune, and got back in the dark, having been nearly run into by various cars and wagons.

All the time the fight was going on to-day I watched an old man ploughing in the next field to where the shells were falling, close to a little graveyard, where twenty-seven men of the Leicesters were buried. Farther on, we passed a little funeral of a Hindu whom they were trying to burn, but everything was so sodden with wet, I doubt if

they could. It's an awful thing for a Hindu not to be burnt when he dies.

December 21st

Pipon and I started off soon after 10 a.m. Through Givenchy, over the bridge, and up the canal towpath to Givenchy, a tiny hamlet, where we put the horses into a stable and ate our lunch in the kitchen of a tiny estaminet—dog biscuit and cheese, and a bit of what P. called a hunting bun. The company consisted of the woman of the house and her two kids (little tots of about four and six, girls), a hunchback girl of about twenty, and a French *piou-piou* (Tommy). The woman made us two cups of the best coffee I ever tasted, served in tumblers, and gave a large one to my orderly. We each had a nip of brandy out of my flask. The day was bitter, wind and rain, and the warmth of the kitchen stove most comforting.

Then we crossed the canal again by a bridge made by R.E. of barges, and went up the towpath on the other side. Our guns behind and on both sides of us had been firing hard all the time, and the noise was deafening. As we rode on we met a lot of wounded and others, who said they had been driven back from their position. Behind us came the limbers of the advanced field battery with more ammunition, so there was not much room on the towpath. Shells were screaming everywhere. We got up to the Pont Fixe on the La Bassée Canal, and I was looking through my glasses in a gap in the wall when a subaltern, who was standing by, said, "Don't stand there, sir, for the bullets have been coming through, and two fellows have just been hit." We got off, and put the horses behind a wall.

At last the reinforcements began to arrive. First two battalions: they had marched 18 miles. It began to get rather warm. We were standing on the towpath, when bang! came half a dozen shrapnel into the canal at our feet, and threw the water all over us, and I fell over one of my own spurs on to my face. The key to the fight was a small sand-hill about 300 yards to our left front. The Boches were holding one end of the village and we the

other end. We went into a field round the corner of a house where we could see better. I told the orderly to take the horses back and get under cover, but as they were firing from both flanks it was not easy. Just then a lot of shells came, from goodness knows where, and we both lay down, but they went over all right, though unpleasantly near. One couldn't tell where their big shells came from, but they seemed to come from all parts. I think they were trying to get our three batteries of R.F.A., which were several hundred yards behind us close to the canal.

We got home in the dark in a blizzard of wind and cold sleet, taking home a report of the fight from one of our Intelligence Officers, who was waiting half-way back at the Field Telephone Office. Changed my breeches, socks and boots, which were soaked and covered with black mud, and sat in front of Madame's fire for half an hour. It's a rum war. To-night is comparatively quiet. Last night the guns and rifles made such a row I got up at midnight, opened the window, and looked out, star shells and rockets going! The Germans shelled our hospital this morning. What pigs they are! In one orchard to-day they said there were 300 Germans lying dead.

December 22nd

The Indian Corps has been relieved by the First Army Corps, under Sir Douglas Haig. Poor devils, they had a very rough time in the trenches. They have never seen the sun, and don't in the least understand this sort of trench fighting.

Christmas Eve

We got here (Merville) in a blinding snow-storm yesterday, having moved a bit. This is the dampest, beastliest spot we have yet struck, and the whole countryside is a marsh and half under water.

It doesn't seem a bit like Christmas here. The streets in this dirty little town are pitch-dark. The *pavé* streets ooze mud and slush. More than half the men got no billets at all last night. The fighting for the last four or five days and nights has been desperate.

December 27th

We had a very damp and unpleasant Christmas.

December 30th

No end of changes on the Staff have taken place. Sackville-West has gone home. At present I am Camp Commandant, and the Army Corps Commander has applied for me to be Provost-Marshal at H.Q. Many others of the Staff have left.

1915

January 1st

Appointed Provost-Marshal to the Indian Corps.

I got home January 10th, and my wife and I stayed at the Savoy Hotel, London, which was a very pleasant change from Hinges. I never had a worse crossing than we had from Calais to Dover. We came over in the ordinary Channel boat, which was absolutely crammed with officers and men all going on short leave. It was so bad at one time they thought we should have to turn back. Everyone was sick.

I went down to my father-in-law's at Buckland Court for one night and then home to my people at Stanley Park, and then to Sedbury for the day to see my estate agent there. We got back to the Savoy about January 16th.

I got a bad attack of 'flu, and the doctor carted me off with a temperature of 102° to the Military Hospital at 17 Park Lane, which was run by Dr. Shiells and Sir Alfred Fripp, where I stayed till nearly the end of the month.

February

At the beginning of February we went down to Buckland Court. Unfortunately, I then got an attack of rheumatism, and the doctor sent me off to Bath.

May

The Medical Board wouldn't pass me to go abroad, and in May I went down as G.S.O.1. to Windsor, where I got very seedy.

June

In June, after another month in hospital, the doctor sent me up to Harrogate, where I stayed for five weeks.

1916

February

Got congestion of the lungs and was laid up for three months.

The Government started a wild-cat scheme of making shipyards at Chepstow, under a person called Collard, where they wasted some seven millions of money, and built half a dozen small ships. The entire dockyard was closed down in 1919, and became completely derelict. In 1917 things were going so badly there that the Government sent General Grey down to take charge. Grey was an extremely nice and able person, and did everything he could to put things on a right footing, but the scheme was so rotten that he resigned in disgust in 1918. He and his charming wife have been great friends of ours ever since, and I am godfather to one of his boys.

There was a big German prisoners-of-war camp started at Beechly, and several prisoners escaped. Our old keeper dug three of them out of a hay-stack on my property one morning. They had stolen bacon and other food out of a farmhouse the previous night, and I had the pleasure of trying them at Lydney Petty Sessions, and sentencing them to six months' imprisonment in Gloucester jail.

Became a director of Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Co., Sharpness Docks, and Glos'ter and Birmingham Canal Co.

We settled in at Sedbury with a much diminished staff.

August 1916

We went to stay with Frankie Newdigate at Strontian in Argyllshire, and had a good fortnight shooting and fishing, and from there to Campbelltown to stay with my cousin, Edith McNeal. I tried again to get the Medical Board to pass me for service, but they would not, as I was still very seedy.

We spent Christmas at Stanley Park.

1917

My wife and I went down to stay at Lynton in North Devon for a change and then to Ilfracombe. You wouldn't have thought there was a war on at all there. There was no lack of chickens, eggs, or butter. We went over to spend a day with Pen Curzon at Watermouth Castle, which they had turned into an officers' hospital.

1918

February 14th

My poor mother died at 9 a.m. this morning. The saddest day of my life. It is the first real break in our home circle.

May 1st

Everyone is very sorry for Hubert Gough. They say Lloyd George has never forgiven him for the Irish business in 1914.

November 10th

Great excitement. News received that the Kaiser and the Crown Prince have been made to abdicate.

November 11th

Armistice signed. I went up to London. The entire place seemed to have gone mad. Coming up from the Carlton Club into Piccadilly Circus with a pal we were each seized by two totally strange ladies and danced round till we couldn't dance any more. There was a seething mob in Piccadilly Circus, all dancing and singing at the tops of their voices.

Thank God the War's over !

CHAPTER XIV

SINCE THE WAR, 1918-1931

1919

HER Majesty, Colonel-in-Chief of the 18th Hussars, was wonderfully kind and generous to the women and children of the regiment during the War, and took the greatest interest in their welfare.

We spent most of our time at Sedbury Park.

June

In June we went for our usual visit to Curly Hutton and his delightful wife at Foxhills, Chertsey, for Ascot Week. The enclosure was packed, and I met no end of pals I hadn't seen since the beginning of the War.

We had a very cheery party for the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's. I don't think I have ever seen a much bigger crowd at the match. I had a coach there which was crowded with Old Harrovians, also many Eton friends. The first day, Friday, was perfect.

August

In August we went to Paris for a week and then did a most delightful tour of the battlefields.

[From a letter :

" THE CLIFTONVILLE HOTEL,

" MARGATE.

" August 27th, 1919.

" We arrived here from France at lunch-time. We had a desperate rough crossing from Boulogne to Folkestone. The boat was packed, and nearly everyone was ill.

" We left Vichy after a most pleasant three weeks, and went to Paris.

" August 22nd we left Paris for Lille. Lille is a large city of some 200,000 inhabitants, and the centre of the colliery and mining and industrial district in Northern France. The Germans occupied it for four years during the War. Marvellous to say, it was very little injured. The Germans deported, however, all the male French inhabitants between the ages of sixteen and sixty to work either in the mines or in Germany or in Belgium, and sent most of the girls and women to work on the land.

" We started in a motor, and went to Roubaix, Turcoing, Menin, and YPRES. Neither Roubaix nor Turcoing was much knocked about, but Menin was a good bit, and Ypres was completely flattened out. The devastation must be seen to be realised, it cannot be adequately described. For miles round Ypres there is not a tree or any cultivation, and the whole face of the earth is pitted with enormous shell-holes 10 to 12 feet in diameter. It was most pathetic to see cemeteries everywhere. On one of the wooden crosses was written, 'To three unknown heroes'; on another, 'To an unknown soldier'; on another, 'To three unknown Canadians.' At one cemetery they had collected in sacks bones of corpses they had found lying about in the fields for burial. The first cemetery we got out at and the first name we saw on a cross was Captain C. L. Wood, 18th Hussars, killed in action 25.5.15, buried at Birr Cross Road Cemetery, and the next one was a fellow in my other old regiment, 60th Rifles: 'In memory of Lieutenant M. R. Bruce, 9th Batt. K.R. Rifles, killed in action, August 22nd, 1917.'

" We walked round and through Ypres, and then motored to Poperinghe, Steenwoorde, Caestre, to Bailleul. All these, especially the last, were an absolute heap of ruins. Although I was at Bailleul in November 1914, I could not recognise it at all, so completely was it flattened out. Even the cellars were mostly gaping holes. We left Bailleul and motored to Vieux Berquin, Merville, Estaires, Laventie, all in ruins, then on to Armentières and Lille, having done 172 kilometres. We had tea at the Belle

Vue Café sitting out in the Grande Place, and then back to the hotel for a bath and dinner.

“ The next day went south-west to Seclin, Carvin, and LENS. The last, a town of some 25,000 inhabitants, is levelled to the ground. The poor refugees were already flocking back, but it was pitiable to see them living in hovels made of canvas, wood, or corrugated iron. It will take five years at least to reconstruct France. From Lens to Vimy Ridge. The whole country here is an absolute desert. We got out at La Chaumière Cemetery. Mostly Canadians, but there were also some 20 Gloucesters. On one cross was written, ‘ Unknown Canadians,’ and on another, ‘ 14280 A. E. Elliott, 1st Gloucesters.’ We got out for B. to see various trenches, dug-outs, pill-boxes, machine-gun pits, etc. In one place there were five derelict tanks, some on their heads and others on their sides. Some of the German dug-outs were wonderful, made of solid concrete 20 feet below ground, and with bunks for 20 to 30 men and rooms for officers, etc.

“ Then on to Arras, mostly in ruins, and then north-west to Béthune on the La Bassée Canal. The Grande Place was completely wrecked, and my old friend the Hôtel de France in ruins. We lunched at a little café, where we had some eggs and veal and cheese, and found out where my nice landlady at the Hôtel de France was, and went to see her. The old *Maire* had been deported to Paris. They said he was a pro-German.

“ From Béthune we went to Estaires, Festubert, Richebourg, Vieille Chapelle to HINGES, where I was for ten weeks in 1914; everything in ruins. A large shell had gone through my bedroom. The schoolmaster’s wife who was so kind to me met us at the door with her husband and children. They were living in two rooms in a corner of the school-house. She nearly fell on my neck and kissed me, which was rather embarrassing. We took the husband and two of the children in our motor down to a little hamlet called Paradis on the La Bassée Canal, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile off, which was the nearest the Boches actually got to Hinges. The little church and château which were our H. Q. were entirely

smashed, and my old friend the Curé, with whom Neil Primrose, F. E. Smith, and I used to play bridge had been very ill and gone to Paris. It was sad to see the once smiling little village in absolute ruins. We then motored back through Béthune to Givenchy and Guinchy, on the La Bassée Canal. These were utterly wrecked. We then motored home through La Bassée back to Lille, which we reached about 7 p.m., having motored 550 kilometres in the two days. Next day, Monday, August 25th, we caught the 8.30 a.m. train and got to Paris at 1 p.m. We dined that night at the Café de Paris, crossed to Folkestone the next day.

"I forgot to tell you B. and I spent the day at Versailles, and went to see the Salon. B. and I sat in the place where Lloyd George sat when Peace was signed."]

1919

October

On October 19th my poor father died, aged eighty-four. It was a merciful release, as he had been failing for many months, and confined to his room, and was quite blind.

1920

On March 1st I attended the Ladysmith dinner, and a pal of mine, who was sitting next to me, said, "It's good business, old boy, their having increased our pensions." I said, "Well, they haven't increased mine." He said, "Oh yes, they have; you were out in France." When I got home I looked at my Pass Book, and found that my pension was still only £420, so I wrote to the War Office and the Pensions Office. The War Office said it was the fault of the Pensions Office, and the Pensions Office said it was the fault of the War Office. After a somewhat heated correspondence on my side, they paid up, and I then tried to get 5 per cent. interest, as they had had the use of the difference between £420 and £605 for three years. Needless to say, I didn't succeed.

It was always said in the old days, the '80's and '90's, that certain clerks at the War Office got a percentage on

all the disallowances they saved on officers' claims. I remember having a pile of correspondence about an officer in the 60th Rifles called Piggott, afterwards in the 21st Lancers, and the War Office tried to charge him for a haversack he had lost in the Egyptian Campaign. The value of the haversack was 10*d.*, and the pile of correspondence about it in our orderly room was about a foot high, and the postage to Egypt and back must have cost many times the value of the haversack.

There is a good story told about an officer who sent in a travelling claim. Among other items he charged, "Porter, 6*d.*" The War Office wrote back and said no charge for alcohol could be made, upon which the officer wrote back and said the charge wasn't for Guinness's stout, but for a porter at the station. The War Office replied the charge should have been made under "Porterage," and the officer wrote back and said he had also charged 3*s.* 6*d.* for a cab; should he enter that claim under "Cabbage" ?

I was busy all this year trying to settle up my father's affairs.

June 26th

I went to the Victoria Cross Garden-Party at Buckingham Palace, and took my wife and my brother Stanley, as each V.C. was allowed to take two people with him. Jeffreys and the officers of the Guards most kindly gave us lunch at the Wellington Barracks at 12.30. We sat next to my old friend Towse, the blind V.C., and his wife. After lunch, at 2.30, we all formed up in procession, and marched, headed by Mounted Police and the Welsh Guards' Band, along Birdcage Walk, the Horse Guards, and the Mall to Buckingham Palace. I walked with the detachment from the King's Royal Rifle Corps. As we were going down Birdcage Walk a man from the crowd joined the section in front of me, unseen by the police, and talked to a Tommy, apparently a pal of his. I said to the man next me, "Do you see that fellow who has just chipped in? I don't believe he has any right to be here." The man,

however, walked along till we got to Buckingham Palace gates, and then went in with the procession. Directly we got inside the gates I called a policeman and told him our suspicions. The bobby went up to the man and found, as we thought, that he hadn't got a V.C., and he was promptly turned out.

We passed singly before Their Majesties, and the King and Queen shook hands with each of us, and said a few gracious words. The Queen said to me, "How is it you are not marching with my regiment?" I replied, "I am very sorry, ma'am, here is the order of the proceedings, and I have to walk with His Majesty's Regiment, the King's Royal Rifle Corps, in which I got the V.C." Admiral Wilson went past exactly in front of me. I hadn't seen him since Suakin, when he got his V.C. at the battle of El Teb in 1884. We had a great talk together.

It is gratifying to know that one's old regiment, the 60th King's Royal Rifles, has more battle honours than any other regiment. Before the Great War they had 39, commencing with Louisburg and Quebec in 1759, and our County Regiment, the Gloucesters, is second with 33.

September

My wife and I went down to Minehead. We put up at the Beach Hotel, Minehead, a nice old-fashioned place, where we were most comfortable.

We had some wonderful runs with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. I went out with the staghounds the day after we got to Minehead, and we had a long hunt. I think I must have ridden about 40 miles. I know next morning, Sunday, I was so stiff I couldn't kneel down in church, so I gave it a miss on the Monday, and we motored to a meet of the foxhounds. I hunted every day except one during the fortnight, and thoroughly enjoyed myself, and met many old friends. Some of the distances were enormous, and how one's hirelings stuck it I don't know. I know one day I had 17 miles to ride back with Joyce Abbot and her sister to Dulverton, where the man was ready to take my horse, which was completely beat. We

motored from there home to Minehead, but the unfortunate hireling didn't get home till nearly 4 a.m., in spite of my having told the man he was to leave him at Dulverton for the night. Went to see an old friend of mine, Mrs. Collins, whose son is my godchild.

In 1920 I became one of the Income Tax Commissioners, also joined Diocesan Board of Finance.

1921

In the autumn, after thinking the matter carefully over, I decided to sell Sedbury Park, which I did. It was a great wrench. It had been our home since we married. We were very, very sorry to leave. The tenants gave my wife and myself a farewell dinner in Chepstow, and an illuminated address and a beautiful silver salver. We were very sorry to part with them and I think they were sorry to lose us too. They were a rare good lot. We had got on very well together.

Just before Christmas we went by sea to Mont' Estoril, 17 miles due west of Lisbon : we both badly wanted a rest, and stayed there till the beginning of March.

Mont' Estoril is a most delightful place with a perfect climate. For the first six weeks we hadn't a drop of rain. The Portuguese had their usual annual revolution. They started by smashing over 100 tramcars one night in Lisbon, and three or four days afterwards they smashed up the six engines on the little railway that ran from Cascaes past Mont' Estoril to Lisbon. The Government thereupon got frightened and fled from Lisbon to barracks 5 miles out, and not feeling safe there fled to Cascaes. Mercifully they had a fairly plucky Minister of War, and he collected 9,000 troops and surrounded Lisbon. What brought the revolution to an end was that three of the head Revolutionists had a bomb factory in a suburb of Lisbon, and blew themselves up accidentally.

When they got the railway started we went into Lisbon two or three days a week just the same. The engine-driver and the stoker were both armed with revolvers, and the



MYSELF.

From the painting by Frank Brooks, 1921.

guard had a rifle and a revolver. Nobody was allowed to travel in the first coach, and the man who punched your ticket was also armed to the teeth. If anybody was seen on the line except at a level crossing the guard used to take a pot shot at him, but I never saw him hit anyone. Altogether it was quite an exciting journey, and caused us much amusement.

1922

Wednesday, February 1st

Our Cruiser Squadron arrived, and we were invited to a reception on the Admiral's ship. We were lunching with the First Secretary of the British Embassy that day, and it did one's heart good to see the Cruiser Squadron come in, exactly to time, and come to anchor in the most beautiful order.

It was the anniversary of the commencement of the Portuguese Republic, and the Portuguese wanted our Admiral to dress ship, which, not being in our naval Regulations, he had to refuse. There was a big dinner at the British Embassy that night, to which the Portuguese Premier and other members of the Government were invited, also our Admiral and Post Captains, and the Portuguese scowled at the Admiral all dinner-time.

At 11 p.m. the Portuguese Ministers left the Legation in a huff, and went off, saying that the Admiral had insulted the Government. The next day, the Admiral gave a reception to which we were invited, but none of the Portuguese officials would go. One of the ship's officers told me of an amusing incident that happened. The reception was at three o'clock, and the first people to arrive in a boat were three perfectly lovely ladies, who were received with much *empressement* by the middy on duty. They were so beautiful that it didn't occur to him to ask for their invitation cards, and it was only about 4.30 p.m. that it occurred to one of the ship's officers to do so. They naively said they hadn't got any, but they had always been very fond of sailors.

At the same time that the Republicans were asking the

Admiral to dress ship because it was the anniversary of the Republic and also, incidentally, of the murder of poor King Carlos, the Loyalists in Lisbon sent him a request that he would dress ship and also attend a Requiem service in the Cathedral at Lisbon on the anniversary of the murder of King Carlos on the grounds that he was an Honorary Admiral in the British Navy. So the poor Admiral was between the devil and the deep sea, and much to his regret had to decline this also.

At the beginning of March we went to Coimbra, where there is a very ancient University, and then on to Busaco, and went over some of the Peninsular battlefields. From there we went on to Oporto, where Mr. Jennings, the Managing Director of Sandeman's, the well-known port-wine merchants, was most kind to us, and showed us all over their wine lodges, as they call the cellars in Portugal. These lodges are above ground, some 30 feet above the river Douro, as it rises so suddenly and rapidly there that they would otherwise be flooded out. Sandeman & Co. employ some 150 men and women. The vats are enormous, some of them contain 1,000 gallons of wine. We went into a large room on the first floor where there was a huge side-board down one side of the room on which were put out various vintages, commencing with 1920, down to 1847.

Another day we lunched at the British Chamber of Commerce in a beautiful old house which was presented to the British merchants of Oporto by the Portuguese in the Peninsular War. There was a very old Visitors' Book there which was signed during the Peninsular War by the Duke of Wellington, Marshal Beresford, Sir Thomas Picton, and various other distinguished generals, and in which they were good enough to ask me to sign my name.

We formed a syndicate, Sir Anselm Guise, Owen Pritchard and myself for the Elmore shoot, which is most sporting.

We got back in April 1922, and stayed with my brother Jack and his wife at Amberley, as, needless to say, the alterations at Stanley Park were not yet completed, and

there were still forty workmen in the house. We finally got into the house in May. I had to appoint a new incumbent to the living at Selsley, and was fortunate in getting hold of a most delightful vicar, S. G. Bush.

1923

January 11th

My wife's mother died at Buckland Court. No one ever had a more delightful or kinder mother-in-law than she was. She was the daughter of Evan Baillie and Lady Georgina Baillie of Dochfour, and was one of three sisters, the other two being Lady Wynford and Lady Colville.

February

In February I took my wife away for a change to Jersey and Guernsey for a fortnight, and we got back home at the end of February and started hunting again, and had a good season with the Berkeley.

I was pricked for High Sheriff for the County of Gloucester on March 25th.

In May we went over to stay with my brother Charles at the British Legation at The Hague, where he was our Minister. All the tulips were out.

We then went on to Belgium, and visited Bruges and Zeebrugge. The latter most interesting; what a gallant show our Navy put up there.

On Thursday, April 12th, the King and Queen came down to Cirencester to open a new wing of the Agricultural College, and Lord and Lady Bathurst had a great lunch for them, amongst others there being the Duchess of Beaufort, Lord and Lady Bledisloe, Lord Apsley, Sir Robert Sanders, Ben Bathurst, and ourselves. Our Lord-Lieutenant was not there.

June

At the Assizes in June I started my duties as High Sheriff with Mr. Justice Horridge, who was the Judge on circuit, and he and Lady Horridge and their Marshal came

to stay. I made Mr. Bush my chaplain for the year, and got two trumpeters from my old regiment, the 18th Hussars, to blow.

On the first day of the Assizes I gave a lunch to the Grand Jury. I remember there were two ladies on the Jury at that Assizes—Lady Susan Hicks-Beach, and Miss Winterbotham, who was Mayor of Cheltenham. There was also a delightful lady barrister.

We went to stay for Ascot Week with our cousins, Sandy and Iris Sinclair, at Camberley. Much to everybody's delight the King's horse won the Gold Cup.

We then went on to stay at Stoke d'Abernon Manor with Mrs. Buscarlett. It is an interesting house with one of the finest collections of Morland pictures I have ever seen, and the brasses in the church are wonderful.

I was appointed Commissioner of Boy Scouts for the Stroud District.

August

In August we went to Herculesbad in Rumania, which is a celebrated cure place. We went by train to Vienna, where we stayed with the Rumanian Minister, Mitterline by name, who was most kind to us. After three delightful days in Vienna we went on by steamer to Budapest, where the people in our own Legation were most kind to us. Our Minister and his wife were away in England, but Mr. Cowan of the Legation did everything he possibly could for us.

We were fortunate enough to come in for the Feast of San Stefano, who was the first King of Hungary, and who gave his arm for his country. This is the great annual National Fête, and there was a huge procession to the Cathedral, where all the Kings of Hungary were enthroned, where High Mass was celebrated. We viewed the procession with Cowan from the British Legation. The King's arm, which was embalmed, was carried in a gold casket in great state, accompanied by representatives from all over the country with banners, the Archbishop in his mitre and cope, the Bishops, representatives of the

Army, and every kind of Guild, rather like a very gorgeous scene from the Opera.

Another day we went to lunch with the Rumanian Minister at the Legation. He had been principal A.D.C. to the old Emperor of Austria, and was too kind to us for words, and he arranged that we should have the Captain's cabin on board the steamer. My wife's cousin, Tweeddale, turned up unexpectedly to lunch one day.

On August 22nd we started again in another steamer down the Danube. We anchored off Belgrade for one night and we arrived at Orsova on August 24th.

The Rumanian Minister had most kindly written to the authorities in Herculesbad to make everything comfortable for us, and when we arrived we were met by two officers in uniform, and a sergeant and fatigue party to help with our luggage. Both the officers accompanied us to the hotel, which was 2 miles from the station. When we got there the proprietor showed us up to our room, and I asked him where my wife's maid's room was. He said His Excellency the Minister had said nothing about the maid, but as it was only for one night and the hotel was absolutely full for the annual national festival, the maid could sleep on the sofa at the foot of our bed, which caused much laughter. The two officers dined with us that night in the restaurant.

We stayed there three weeks, and the Rumanians were most kind to us. There was extraordinarily good trout fishing, and we had quite good sport, but they were very hard to catch. We went down one day by motor to the celebrated "Iron Gates" on the Danube. I was rather disappointed in them—nothing but a succession of rocks. A curious thing is that there is an island in the middle of the Danube which still belongs to the Turks. It was apparently overlooked when Europe was rearranged after the Great War.

September

In September we went to Bucharest, and stayed three days.

On September 11th, after a lot of difficulty, we got our passports to go to Berlin.

We left Bucharest September 11th, in a wagon-lit, which, however, we were told at the station would probably be taken off at Lemberg. At lunch in the restaurant we got into conversation with a young Rumanian who spoke fluent French and a little English and perfect German, who was going to Berlin on business.

All went well until we reached Lemberg, on the 12th, when all the wagons-lits were taken off, and ourselves and our small luggage transferred to an ordinary first-class compartment. The restaurant-car was also taken off, and for some unknown reason the number one plate on our compartment was turned over into a two, making it into a second-class carriage. The train was very late, and we only had ten minutes to take fresh tickets to Berlin and re-register our heavy luggage. The station was enormous, and we had to go down a lot of stairs and into a vast hall, where there were at least half a dozen ticket offices. If it had not been for the young Rumanian we should certainly have lost our train. At the ticket office we found that the price of the tickets had been put up in the last twelve hours several million marks, as well as the price for re-registering our heavy luggage to Berlin. The Rumanian had American dollar notes, and I had one-pound notes, over both of which the Germans swindled us, I expect considerably, and after running faster than I have run for years, we caught the train just as it was moving out of the station.

Meanwhile, the passport people had come to my wife demanding her and her maid's passports which I had in my pocket with me; we got back in the nick of time to prevent them both being turned off the train. At the next station we had to turn out again (always accompanied by the faithful Rumanian, who played up like a brick) to have our heavy luggage examined. By the help of several million marks pressed into the Custom-house officer's hand, we accomplished this successfully, and got back to our compartment, where we found a somewhat

heated meeting of postmen and porters was being held on the platform outside our carriage. We could only understand about one word in twenty that was being said, but our Rumanian friend translated for us, and said they were saying how the Germans hated the Americans, and that if America had not supplied the Allies with ammunition during the War, the Germans would have won, and that the Germans had never been beaten.

The train went on in about half an hour, and a fresh ticket collector came to examine our tickets. He said the price had gone up again, and that we should have to pay still more marks, which we hadn't got. The ticket collector would not take either an English ten-shilling note or a pound, nor even one-dollar notes, so we had to try and buy them on the train. Now, you are not allowed by law to buy marks except from certain authorised sources, so we had to complete the transaction with the blinds drawn in our compartment and the mark notes hidden under my Homburg hat. We bought eighty million marks from one ruffian, and a hundred and ten million from another, costing altogether about three dollars. The ticket collector went away, he said to get the fresh tickets and change, and never came back with either. At intervals during the night they came to ask for tickets and also to examine passports, and as we had no tickets we had some very heated arguments.

We were due in Berlin at 8 o'clock, and at 6 a.m. I woke up from an uneasy doze to find it was broad daylight. We watched the early morning workmen's trains in the suburbs of Berlin, and could not see any signs of poverty amongst the hundreds of workmen we saw on various platforms. When we got to Berlin about 8.30 a.m. they would not let us out of the station because we had no tickets, and we had to pay again, but they said they would refund the money if we went to the Head Office. We asked how long that would take, and they said between half an hour and an hour, and then we might not get the money, so with one accord we decided it wasn't worth it, as we were all very hungry and very dirty, and wanted

baths and breakfast badly. Whilst arguing about the tickets I saw a newspaper stall close at hand with a *Times* newspaper on it marked seven million marks. However, the bookstall man said the price had gone up, it was now ten million, which we paid, not having seen an English paper for three weeks.

We then drove to the Adlon Hotel with our luggage, after saying good-bye to our Rumanian friend, and having invited him to dine with us the following night. After hot baths and a good breakfast we sallied forth to see the sights of Berlin, and I cashed a ten-pound English note, for which I received four thousand million marks, and returned to lunch at the hotel at 1.30, where we found Frank Bingham (Sir Francis), who was Head of the British Control Mission which had been sitting in Berlin for four years, and who was most kind to us, so we forgot all our troubles of the past night.

Frank Bingham took us in a motor all round Berlin to see the sights, and then out to Potsdam and Charlottenburg, where we met Lord d'Abernon, who asked us to lunch. The public gardens were beautifully kept. We came back through the Tiergarten, and were specially warned not to walk there after dark, as we should either be blackmailed, sand-bagged, or murdered. We had tea out at a restaurant, and had an excellent dinner at the Adlon Hotel at 8.15. The bill for the dinner, including a bottle of German white wine and a bottle of soda-water, was three hundred and twenty million marks. The charge for our bedroom, a good double-bedded one on the second floor (with a large bathroom and dressing-room communicating), was two hundred million marks a night (10s.), plus 80 per cent. Government tax, which made the total cost per night 18s. I paid ten million marks for a shave, and one and a half million marks for a small box containing about forty matches. On Friday morning we went to see as many museums and picture galleries as we could in the time, and in the afternoon another kind friend took us round Berlin in a motor. We heard many funny stories in Berlin, of which the following is the best:

“ In 1913 a German went off his head, and was confined in a big lunatic asylum outside Berlin. He was discharged this year as cured, and getting into a taxi at the asylum he told the taxi-driver to drive him to the best restaurant in Berlin, so as to have a good lunch. He tendered the driver a twenty-mark gold piece in payment, which he had concealed ever since he was confined in the asylum in 1913. The taxi-driver was so surprised at seeing a twenty-mark gold piece that he nearly fell off his seat. However, recovering himself, he put his hand into his pocket and pulled out sheafs of German notes. Finding he hadn't enough change he dashed into the restaurant to get some more, leaving the discharged lunatic standing on the pavement. When he came back with enough marks to pay the change he tendered them to his fare, who, after looking at them in astonishment and stupefaction for a minute, jumped back into the taxi and said, ‘ Drive me back to the lunatic asylum ; the people there aren't half as mad as they are here in Berlin.’ ”

Friday night we dined at the Winter Garden, which is an enormous variety music-hall, where you sit on a raised dais and eat an excellent dinner whilst watching the performance. The place was packed from floor to ceiling, and there wasn't a vacant place anywhere. The charge for the best seats was 1s. in English money. The performance began at 8 p.m. and finished about 11.

We then returned to the Adlon Hotel, and my wife went to bed, and I went off to supper with an old friend, General Gatcliffe, of the Marines, who had been some time in Berlin, and he took me to one of the best dancing halls in Berlin, where, however, there was no dancing, as owing to a recent order of the police, dancing is only allowed three days a week—Saturdays, Sundays, and Tuesdays. We stayed there about half an hour watching the people, and then went off to another restaurant. People who know say there is more immorality in Berlin than in any other city in Europe. I do not recommend anybody to walk down the Friedrichstrasse after midnight. We were accosted

by more or less lovely ladies every minute. We got back to the hotel about one o'clock.

Saturday morning we did more sightseeing, and in the afternoon we took one of the little victoria carriages which ply in Berlin, and went to the Zoo, which was packed with men, women, and children.

We had tea at an excellent open-air restaurant, which has seating accommodation for 10,000 people. We paid three million marks for our ticket of admission, being foreigners, which is just double what the Germans have to pay. An excellent band played during tea, and all round us were Germans drinking beer and coffee, and eating the richest cakes. Nowhere did we see the slightest signs of poverty. The children were all well-dressed, with good shoes and stockings, and ribbons in their hair. The Zoological Gardens remain open till 10 p.m. The German children were feeding the bears with cakes and bread, just as they do in our own Zoo in London. Is it likely a fat German would allow his children to feed the bears with cakes if they were starving, as they try to make out?

Sunday morning we went to the English Church at 11, then went to see the pictures in the Friedriche Museum till nearly 2 p.m. and then went to lunch. On Sunday afternoon we took a victoria, and told the cabby to drive us to the Moabit quarter, which is a big industrial quarter in Berlin, and also through a lot of the poorest streets. The streets, being Sunday afternoon, were thronged with well-dressed, well-fed, comfortable-looking Germans. The children especially were well-dressed, and all had good shoes and stockings. Nowhere did we see the slightest sign of poverty, and not the slightest sign of starvation. The cafés and restaurants were all thronged with men, women, and children, eating and drinking. We went out to tea with one of Frank Bingham's staff to meet the Princess Henry of Pless, who looked nearly as young and as beautiful as ever, and said to me, "You know I have divorced my husband. I divorced him, not he me."

I spoke to a German American who was staying at the Adlon Hotel and was returning immediately to America.

He was very bitter about the situation. He said that Herr Stinnes and a dozen of the big bankers and industrialists ought to be hung; that they are at the bottom of all the trouble, and that Germany could pay but would not. I think he was one of the many Americans who had speculated in the German mark and apparently got badly bitten. The last thing I did before I left Berlin was to buy another copy of *The Times*: the price had gone up to twenty million marks.

I went to the Adlon Hotel writing-room to write a letter, but could find no paper, so asked the page boy for some. He brought me one sheet and an envelope. After I had finished writing I was going to get a stamp from the hall porter, when the page boy stopped me and said I had not paid for the paper and envelope. I said, "How much?" and he replied, "Two hundred thousand marks!"

I got into conversation with a Swiss banker who had large interests in Germany; he said that if the English Government had only given more moral support to the French and Belgian occupation of the Ruhr, the Germans would have given in almost at once, and that the passive resistance in the Ruhr was entirely organised and financed by the German Government and rich industrialists. He also stated that Germany could pay but would not, and added that there would probably be a revolution in Germany any time after December, if not before.

I walked down Unter den Linden at 7 o'clock to have a last look at Berlin life, and after dinner with Frank Bingham, who came to see us off, we caught the 11 p.m. express, and arrived in London on Monday night, September 17th.

Since my return I have seen more poverty and misery, and worse boots and clothes in one day in London than I saw during the whole of my four days in Berlin.

October

The second Assizes took place, and Mr. Justice Sherman was the Judge.

We spent the rest of the year at Stanley Park, where we had the usual family party for Christmas.

In 1924 I was elected President of the Gloucestershire County British Legion.

1924

February

I was hunting four or five days a week with the Cotswold, V.W.H., the Duke, and our hounds (the Berkeley), and had very good sport in the hills. One of the pulls about this part of the world is that you can go on hunting right up to the end of April, and the Duke always tries to kill a May fox. I had one or two very good days at the end of the season.

I finished up the season by having a day with the Duke's on May 1st, but I don't think we killed a fox. Rob Berkeley, Acting Master of the Berkeley, came to stay.

May 18th

We celebrated our silver wedding, and our kind friends gave us over 100 presents.

December 12th

My brother Jack and Helen and my wife and I started for South Africa in the *Windsor Castle*, one of the most comfortable boats I ever was in, the reason for our voyage being that my father had left us some property, consisting of a coal-mine and a farm at Ballangich, near Newcastle, Natal. We had a perfect voyage out and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. We stayed a week at Cape Town at the Mount Nelson Hotel. Everybody was most hospitable and kind to us, especially the Van der Byls.

We went to lunch one day with Sir Thomas and Lady Smart—he had been Premier of Cape Colony—and another day with Sir Hugh and Lady Levitt at Wynberg, and their nice daughter, Libby Ffennell. We went to dine one night with the Archbishop of Cape Town and Mrs. Carter to meet Princess Beatrice. They have a delightful house and garden right under Table Mountain.

1925

January 5th

We started for Kimberley. Mr. Hamilton, one of the heads of the railway, had most kindly arranged that we

should have two sleeping cars reserved for us, and that they would be kept for us the whole of our tour through South Africa.

January 6th

We got to Kimberley at 6.30 a.m. Mr. Williams, managing director of De Beers' Mines, took us all over the mines one day, and another day out to Carter's Ridge, where the fighting took place during the Siege of Kimberley. He also gave my wife a whole handful of garnets.

January 9th

We went to Johannesburg, and Sir William Hoyler, head of the railways, gave us a letter to all the railway authorities at other places we might stop at.

January

We lunched and dined out nearly every day, and went to several race meetings. I remember going to one race meeting with Evan Gwynne Evans at Germiston, and pretty funny races they were. After lunch I said to him, "Do you know anything about the second race?" and he said, "No, I don't, but there's a Jew boy here who is a retired bookie, and generally knows something. I'll go and ask him." He came back and said, "He doesn't know yet, as they haven't arranged matters, but if I go back to him in ten minutes he'll let me know." The Hebrew came along about five minutes before the race started and gave us his tip, which we both took, and the horse, sure enough, rolled home all right.

We then went down to Newcastle to see our mine and property, and decided to sell it. We spent nearly every day at the mine or going over the farm, except one, when we hired a motor and went over the battlefields of the first and second Boer Wars, including Laing's Nek, Ingogo, and Majuba Hill. It brought back many old memories to me, as my first campaign had been in 1881, the first Boer War, especially the Ingogo battlefield, where the 3/60th Rifles put up such a gallant fight on February 8th, 1881.

We then went on to Dundee, where we went over the old battlefield of Talana Hill, in which both 60th Rifles and 18th Hussars took part on October 20th, 1899. We also visited the battlefield of Isandhlwana near Rorke's Drift, where the 24th were cut up in the Zulu War.

I met a lot of old colonial friends both in Newcastle, Dundee, and Ladysmith. Three old 18th Hussars turned up to see me in Johannesburg, two in Newcastle, and one in Dundee, and I am glad to say they all seemed to be doing well. They had settled there after the second Boer War.

At Dundee we visited the grave of Sir Penn Symons, who was killed at the Battle of Talana.

An old friend of ours who used to keep the hotel at Dundee motored 30 miles to see us—Mrs. Flindt by name.

We went on to Ladysmith, and revisited most of the old battlefields. We stayed at the Royal Hotel, and were most comfortable. It was very funny going back there, and we visited the Roman Catholic Nunnery at the top of the hill, where my wife and I had finished our honeymoon in August 1899, and the same dear old Mother Superior welcomed us with open arms. Four old 18th Hussars turned up to welcome us, all doing well, I am glad to say.

We then went on to Maritzburg, where we spent two nights, and where Mr. Tatham was very kind to us. We had tea at 11 a.m. at his house, and he took us for a drive in his car to Howick Falls, where we went to see the Government Agricultural College, and had tea with Mr. Fisher, the Principal. The Government farm and cowsheds are the most up-to-date I have seen in any country. Then to Durban, where we put up at the Marine Hotel.

Everybody was most hospitable, especially the Greenacres. Their son is in the Guards, and A.D.C. to the Prince of Wales. The Country Club at Durban and the golf-course are both delightful. The price of land round Durban has risen enormously. They told me town lots, even 2 miles out of Durban, are selling at £4,000 an acre.

We dined one night with my old friend Dr. Campbell, with whom I had had such a good buck shoot near Port Shepstone in 1902.

I have never seen any country so altered and improved since the Boer War. The poor old horse, however, seems to be nearly extinct now, and every colonist and Boer farmer has a motor-car. We hardly saw a bullock-wagon.

February 5th

We embarked on R.M.S. *Saxon* for Cape Town, and arrived there on February 9th.

We lunched at Government House with Lord Athlone, the Governor-General of South Africa, and Princess Alice. Princess Beatrice was also there, and amongst others of the party were Lady May Cambridge and Lord Bingham, whom we met with his uncle, Sir Frank, in Berlin, and a dozen others.

The next day Their Excellencies most kindly asked us to go with them to the State opening of the Senate at twelve o'clock, and gave us seats in their private box. Amongst others in the gallery were Lord and Lady Milner, Lady May Cambridge, and Mrs. Carter, wife of the Archbishop of Cape Town.

His Excellency did the opening ceremony extraordinarily well. I suppose no Governor-General has ever been so popular in South Africa as he and Princess Alice have been. H.E. read the Speech from the Throne very clearly in English, and then someone read it in Dutch. After the ceremony we were shown all over the House, and there was a great lunch, which we attended. Then we started for our boat, the *Saxon*, and were seen off by a host of friends, including Sir Drummond Chaplin, Sir William McCracken, and some old 18th Hussars.

March

We got home on March 2nd, my wife's birthday, after a delightful voyage, just in time to receive our Bishop, who came to dine and sleep.

March 6th

My sixty-fourth birthday.

This year I was elected President of the Gloucestershire Society, which has its Headquarters at Bristol. This is a

very ancient Society dating back to the time of Charles II. I was also elected President of the Gloucestershire Society in London, a record, as no one has ever been President of the two Societies in one year.

I was elected Chairman both of the Stonehouse and Whitminster Petty Sessional Courts, which sit twice a month, once at Stonehouse and once at Whitminster.

I was elected President of the Stroud General Hospital.

June 17th

We went down to stay at Windsor for Ascot week, which was as pleasant as ever, and I had a coach for the Eton and Harrow match, which as usual ended in a draw.

August

We went to Spa in Belgium for three weeks, and had a very pleasant time, and stayed at Ostend and Knocke on the way home.

In 1925 I was elected President of the Stroud Nursing Association.

1926

January

In the middle of January we started for Egypt. We had the most delightful six weeks I ever spent in my life. We were a very pleasant party on board—the Forteviots, Clydesdale, Neil Malcolm a very old friend of mine, the Macmillans, and the Bishop of Rockhampton—and we had perfect weather all the way. We got to Cairo on January 27th, and put up at Shepheard's Hotel, which was as amusing and cheery as ever. A cousin of mine, Victor Brind, a gunner, was chief Staff Officer to the Egyptian Artillery. He lent me ponies to ride, and drove us about in his car. The Lloyds were away. The Berkeleys were stopping at Helouan; he was doing a cure there, and we lunched there one day, and they came and lunched with us at Shepheard's.

February

On February 3rd Lord Plumer very kindly asked us to go and stay with him at Government House, Jerusalem, and we went off there and had a most delightful time.

The morning after our arrival Lord Plumer asked me if I would like to see over Government House and gardens, and took me into the court-yard, where there was a twice life-size statue of the Kaiser in bronze got up as a Crusader with a crusader's helmet and sword. I said, "Good God, what do you keep a nasty fellow like that for in the British Government House?" He said, "It is all right, old boy, look at the Union Jack floating over his head." There was also a figure of the Kaiser as a cherub with wings in the chapel. It is hardly believable, but our Government paid the German Government £2,000 a year rent for the use of the house.

After staying there till February 13th, we hired a car and drove to Nazareth, where we slept one night, and then to Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, where we stayed three nights. We took a boat and rowed and sailed up to Capernaum, where we lunched. After lunch we sailed up to the mouth of the Jordan, and rowed up about a mile. The boat we went up in with three Arabs was just the sort of boat our Lord must have gone fishing in on the Sea of Galilee. Next day we went on to a place called Safed, where we lunched with the Governor. From there we went to Haifa, and finally back home by the beginning of March.

In March and April 1926 we had some very good days hunting with the Beaufort and Berkeley.

In May I was elected Chairman of the Gloucester Playing Fields Association, and collected nearly £2,000 to start it.

In July we dined at Berkeley Castle, which is, I believe, the oldest inhabited castle in England. It is a wonderful old place, and quite one of the most interesting buildings in the country, and the scene of the murder of Edward II. The present Lord Berkeley married a delightful American widow.

My cousin, Alfred Marling, and his wife, from New York,

came to stay with us. He had become a naturalised American. They were both charming.

In August we went to Aix-les-Bains, where we met Mr. Baldwin. One of the excitements of the place was to go down and have tea at the restaurant on the Lac du Bourget, and see Mr. Baldwin swimming in the lake, with a French detective swimming round him, which used to cause much amusement ; the French Government always insisted on his being accompanied by two French detectives.

In November I went to stay with a very old friend of mine, Hiatt Baker, who lives at Oaklands. I had a very good shoot with him at Castle Coombe. I think we got over 400 pheasants. Castle Coombe is a wonderful place. They have still got the old tilting rings which existed in King Arthur's time.

December 3rd, 1926, Hubert Gough and his daughter came down to stay with me, and I mounted them for a day with our hounds. Hubert rode as well as ever. How badly they treated him in the spring of 1918. Everyone says that Lloyd George and the Radical politicians never forgave him for the part he played in the Irish row in 1914 when he was commanding a cavalry brigade at the Curragh.

1927

In January we went to Egypt. We went to dine with Lord Lloyd at the Residency, where we met several old friends who had been in Egypt with me in the '80's. We dined with the Sirdar one night, and my cousin, Victor Brind, did all he could to make our visit pleasant.

On February 2nd we embarked at Kasr-el-Nil on the *Arabia*, and had a most delightful voyage up the Nile to Wadi Halfa and back, by river the whole way. If anybody wants a good trip I strongly recommend this to them.

On June 29th I went down to Harrow Speech Day, and met many Old Harrovian friends, and felt very proud when I was cheered down the steps of Speecher.

In August we went to Pistanie in Czechoslovakia, where we stayed three weeks, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and I had some quite good partridge shooting. We got over fifty brace one day walking. Pistanie is a wonderful cure for rheumatism, arthritis, and neuritis, and we received the greatest kindness from the Hungarian doctor there, Dr. Schmidt, and the Winters, Imri and Paul, to whom most of the place belongs. We stopped at Prague on the way back, where my wife's cousin, Ronald Maclean, now our Ambassador at Buenos Aires, was Minister at the British Legation, and then put in a few days at Dresden, and so home.

1928

At the end of January we went a trip to the West Indies, and visited Madeira, Jamaica, Barbados, Bermuda, Havana, and went through the Panama Canal, and many other places. Algie Strickland and his nice wife were on board, old friends of ours in Gloucestershire. Poor Algie got so ill he had to be landed at Jamaica, where he died in two days.

In March I was elected President of the Stroud and Mid-Gloucester Conservative and Unionist Association, of which Sir Stanley Tubbs was our Chairman. He had been Conservative Member for the Stroud Division, having won the seat for the Party after a Liberal had been in for seventeen years; he was an uncommonly good member too. Stayed at Windsor for Ascot week, and dined one night with Albert (Baillie), the Dean, my wife's cousin.

July

Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester, came to pay his first official visit to the city. We had over 2,000 British Legion men on parade for him, and the Mayor gave a big lunch.

In September my poor sister-in-law, Lucia Marling, was killed in a motor accident in France.

1929

I got a very bad attack of shingles, which laid me up for over six months.

On November 9th I attended the Prince of Wales's Victoria Cross Dinner-Party at the House of Lords. H.R.H. made an extraordinarily good speech. We sat down to dinner 317. We were each of us given the British Legion Book.

On Sunday we went to a service at Westminster Abbey, and on Sunday night to a performance of "Journey's End," to which we were invited. Monday was Armistice Day, and all the V.C.'s marched in procession from Wellington Barracks at 10 a.m. to the Cenotaph, and in the evening I went to the Festival of Remembrance in the Albert Hall, which was a wonderful show, and the Prince again made a most excellent and touching speech. As the oldest V.C. present I had to head the officers' procession into the hall, as the two older V.C.'s before me were too ill to take part. I have never seen any show better organised than that was.

December

On Friday, December 13th, in spite of everybody saying what an unlucky day to start, we embarked on the P. & O. *Maloja* for Ceylon, and found several old friends on board, and more people we knew joined us at Marseilles.

We got to Gibraltar on December 17th, where Alec Godley, the Governor, with his usual kindness, sent the Government House launch off for us with a note asking us to lunch.

We got to Bombay on January 3rd. There were a lot of very nice Australians on board, and we made so many friends amongst them that we decided not to get off at Colombo as we had meant, but to go on to Australia, especially as Johnny Stonehaven was the Governor-General, and his wife, Ethie, was a cousin of ours.

Amongst the Australians were Mr. and Mrs. Evans, and a lot more got on at Colombo—Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson

(Fergie), and Miss Bowes Kelly—her father had been one of the first people in the Broken Hill Mine.

1930

We got to Fremantle (Perth) on January 14th, from where we telegraphed to the Stonehavens to say we were on our way to Sydney. We got a marconigram back the next day saying we must get out at Melbourne and come and stay at Federal Government House, as they had to go on an official visit to Tasmania shortly. Several reporters came on board, one of whom tried to interview me in my bath, demanding my views on Australia before I had even landed, but they were all very kind and friendly. They also wanted my views on Winston Churchill and Lloyd George, but I wasn't saying anything.

We got to Adelaide on January 16th, and to Melbourne on the 20th, where one of the Governor's A.D.C.'s met us, and we parted with many of our nice Australian friends with great regret, especially the Friends, the Evans, and Fergusons. We had a most delightful nine days at Melbourne, and the Stonehavens were too kind for words. The more one saw of Australia the more wonderful the country appeared to be, and all the Australians were most hospitable. I forgot to say that, not having meant to come to Australia I had only got a dinner jacket with me, but Sidney Evans, who happened to have two tail coats, lent me one of his to wear at Government House, and as my thoughtful wife had packed my miniature medals and decorations, all was well.

We went to one or two race meetings, and made delightful expeditions to all sorts of places—St. Kilda, Dromeda, Brighton, Sorrento, and Portsea, where we lunched with the Lord Mayor and his wife, Mrs. Luxmoore, and spent the day one Sunday. There was a tremendous crowd surf-bathing, which was most amusing.

On January 28th the Stonehavens went off to Tasmania, and we embarked in the Orient liner *Oviato* for Sydney with Lady Grizel Hamilton, who had been stopping with us at Government House. We got to Sydney on January

30th, and put up at the Australia Hotel. A tremendous lot of people came down to welcome the boat in to Sydney, and we were besieged by reporters, pressmen, and photographers.

Life at Sydney was almost too strenuous, and I never received such hospitality. We went to a great lunch-party at the Arts Club one day. Another day to a lunch given by the Victoria League. We went to Government House (New South Wales), but the Governor, Sir Dudley de Chair, was away. The new bridge over the harbour at Sydney is one of the wonders of the world. Another day we were invited to go to a lunch-party at the tennis club, where they were playing the championships. We had lunch with the Friends and their two delightful daughters, Jean and Elizabeth, where we met the Birdekins. The tennis was extraordinarily good, especially the women. I was made honorary member of both clubs in Sydney. We took a steamer one day and went all round Sydney harbour, which is quite one of the most beautiful harbours in the world. Another day we motored to the Blue Mountains.

One afternoon we got an invitation from Mr. Alistair Clarke, the President of the Club, to go to lunch at the Moonnee Valley Races, enclosing us tickets and passes to clear us to every part of the course, paddock, etc. I think we must have sat down to lunch over two hundred. I sat on the President's left hand, and the Chief Justice on his right. At the end of the lunch, Mr. Alistair Clarke, who was a most delightful person, turned round to me and said, "Do you mind if I get up now and propose the King's health, as people want to get away to the first race?" I said, "Of course, my dear fellow, how perfectly splendid." He got up and said, "The King," and everybody stood up and said, "The King, God bless him." It all seemed so nice and loyal, and I only wished we did the same in England; not a single soul left the lunch table until the King's health had been drunk.

I had never seen anything so perfect as the race-courses in Australia. Every possible thing was done for the

comfort of those racing, and their arrangements are far ahead of those in England. We went out from the lunch room at Moonnee Valley (which after all is only one of the small race-courses in Australia) into a long covered veranda which ran a quarter of the way round the saddling paddock, so that in case of bad weather the women need not get wet. We started well by spotting the first winner at 6 to 1. I finished up at the end of the day by winning about a tenner.

We were most kindly sent tickets one night for "Journey's End" by Mr. Lawson, an actor, who, curiously enough, had been at school at Wycliffe College, Stonehouse, close to us, a very good school kept by the brothers Sibley. The play was extraordinarily well acted, quite as well as it was in London, I thought, when I saw it with the other V.C.'s on Sunday, November 10th, 1929.

We were very comfortable at the Australia Hotel, which had, I believe, the largest bar in the world, except perhaps the one in the Rand Club, Johannesburg, and one or two in America. A funny thing is that the licensing laws are quite different from ours in England, as all the bars shut at 6 p.m.

We dined one night with the MacMasters, who very kindly asked us to go and stay with them up-country, where they had a beautiful house, and one of the biggest sheep runs in Australia. Dame Edith Walker also asked us to go and lunch with her one day, but we had so many invitations we could not accept that either.

We left Sydney in the *Maloja* on February 5th, and were seen off by scores of friends, who brought my wife bouquets, boxes of flowers, and chocolates, and after staying two or three days at Melbourne, where the heat was terrific, 104° in the shade, we got to Adelaide on February 13th. Sandy Hore-Ruthven, the Governor, kindly sent an A.D.C. to meet us, and motor us up to Marble Hill to lunch and spend the day, where we met the Bishop of Adelaide, a very old friend of my wife's. In Adelaide the thermometer was 112°.

We got to Perth on the 17th, where the A.D.C. of the Governor. Sir William Campion. met us with a motor-car.

Some very delightful Australians came on board, amongst them a dear old fellow called Brennan, who was one of the chief newspaper people in Australia, and Sir Talbot Hobbs, who had been Commander-in-Chief of the Australian troops in Palestine, and three pretty Australian girls called House. As far as I could see, Australian girls from all over the Commonwealth seemed to be an extremely good-looking lot, and did most things well.

On February 27th we got a marconigram from the Governor of Bombay, Sir Frederick Sykes, asking us to dine and sleep at Government House the next night, but as the Captain said we could not get in to Bombay before 10 p.m. this was impossible, so we marconied back to say we could not dine, but if convenient we would much like to sleep there. Accordingly we got to Bombay next day, the 28th of February, and an A.D.C., Ashley (Lord Shaftesbury's son) met us with the Government House launch and two motor-cars, and we got up to Government House at 10.45. My wife and I were given the Prince of Wales's suite, seven rooms and two bathrooms, so we felt very grand. There was a big dinner-party on at Government House, and one of the party said to me that there was going to be a most unholy row in India in about six weeks' time, which unfortunately has come quite true. They want a man in India like John Nicholson was in the Mutiny, but I'm afraid matters have gone too far. I hadn't been in Government House, Bombay, since I stayed there with Lord Harris, when he was Governor in 1890, and hardly knew the place, it had been so much built on to. Lord Ashley motored us all round Malabar Hill next morning, and we got on to the *Maloja* by 12.30 and sailed at 1. The Hawkes rejoined the ship, and George Crichton and Lady Mary also got on.

We had a delightful voyage home, stopping a few hours at Aden, where the Hawkes, Crichtons, Brennan, Lady Chetwode, and ourselves had tea at the Residency, with Sir Stewart Symes. I cannot say I would like to live at Aden myself.

We got to Gibraltar at 6 a.m. on March 17th, and found

as usual a kind note from Alec Godley, saying an A.D.C. and launch would fetch us up to breakfast at Government House at 8.30 a.m., where we found Lady Grey and her two nice daughters, who were sailing in the *Maloja* with us. We sailed at midday, and got home on March 22nd, after one of the most delightful tours we have ever had.

We had a pleasant Ascot week in June, and on Sunday, June 22nd, my old Colonel, Ted Paley, came over to tea with us with his son Alan, who commanded the Rifle Brigade.

I had a coach as usual for the Eton and Harrow match. Alas! Harrow got beaten.

September

My nephew, John Marling, got into the 17th Lancers.

We spent the rest of the autumn at Stanley Park. There seemed to be more meetings and functions than ever. In one week I had no less than fourteen meetings and functions to attend.

We had a wonderful Rally of the British Legion for two days at Cheltenham, where Légionnaires from all over the county assembled. I think we were over 2,000 men on parade for the Dedication of the Banner, which I presented to the county. The Duke of Beaufort and myself and Featherston Godley headed the procession. The Duke is just as good a huntsman as his father was, in fact better, as he is generally in the same field as hounds.

We had a good Boy Scout Conference and Rally at Gloucester on a Saturday and Sunday early in December.

A large house party for Christmas, consisting of my three brothers, two sisters-in-law, four nieces, and others, and on two days five of us went hunting from the house with the Berkeley.

1931

On January 15th my wife and I sailed on the s.s. *Orepesa* for the West Indies and Panama Canal and the Prince of

Wales and Prince George joined the boat at Santander in Spain, with Lloyd Thomas, the Prince's Assistant Private Secretary, Lord Ednam, Aird of the Guards, and Humphrey Butler, 60th Rifles, who was Prince George's equerry. Butler is the son of my old friend Colonel Lewis Butler, who was in the 3/60th with me at Laing's Nek in 1881. There were a lot of Spanish, Chilian, and Argentine people on board, and the Prince talked Spanish with some of them every day. He worked about three hours a day at Spanish, and it is wonderful how well he spoke it.

The Cunliffes, the Hills and ourselves sat at the Captain's table, whose name was Ross, a very nice Scotchman.

We went to a big reception given by the Governor of Jamaica at Government House, Kingston, on February 3rd, and nearly 1,500 people were there—white, black, brown, and snuff and butter, and the Prince and Prince George shook hands with each of them. The reception took place inside Government House, and the heat was appalling, and by 11.15 p.m. my collar had quite melted. We dined with the Prince one night and he was as charming as ever; the other couple dining were the British military attaché at Washington and his wife.

The Prince's private Secretary, Lloyd Thomas, was playing in a polo match in Jamaica, and his pony collided with another, and was knocked over, and in getting up trod on Lloyd Thomas's hand and tore the muscles and sinews. They had to give him an injection for tetanus, and the Prince insisted on giving up his cabin with a big bed in to him and moving in to Lloyd Thomas's cabin himself, which is just the kind, thoughtful thing he would do. The Princes and all their suite flew from Colon to Panama. We transhipped at the former and got back to Liverpool on February 28th.

On March 6th I celebrated my seventieth birthday. We had a family party of my three brothers, my sister-in-law Helen, Lady Kathleen Lindsay, General Sir Harry Stanton, one of my oldest friends, and some cousins. Mrs. Porter, our cook-housekeeper, made me a beautiful birthday cake with seventy candles on, and our old head-gardener, who

has been with my father and myself for over thirty-two years, made me a bouquet.

April 7th, 1931

We had a lawn meet here at Stanley Park, a huge crowd, and, thank goodness, found a brace in my wood. You never know where foxes are this time of year. The hill hunting is delightful in the spring, and from March 13th to April 27th I was hunting two or three days a week, which wasn't too bad for over 70.

We finished the season at Ozleworth, a joint meet of the Beaufort and Berkeley Hounds, 12 couple from each pack. The Duke of Beaufort and Rob Berkeley, the respective Masters, were out. Will Morris, our Huntsman, hunted the joint pack as the meet was in our country. The hounds were most amicable; I thought they would be sure to scrap at first. We had a topping good day and accounted for a brace, which was a good wind up to the season. It is the first time we have ever had a joint meet.

A good year all round. We won our by-election at Stroud (mid-Gloucester) by 6,953, an increase in the Conservative vote of about 1,000. Sir Henry Page Croft came down to stay with me to speak at our Mass Meeting at the eve of the poll, and made a thundering good speech. Radical vote down 4,000. The Radical candidate has now been beaten five times in succession—twice for Gloucester, and three times for Stroud.

As an old friend of mine at lunch last week, Edgar Gifford (Lord), remarked to me, "Well, old boy, we've had about the best of it. What with barbed wire out hunting, and the new Labour Bill allowing the County Council to come and kill rabbits on one's land, to say nothing of being taxed out of existence and the iniquitous Death Duties, I don't think the next generation will have much fun."

I rather agree with him, but I've had a rare good time

myself, anyhow. I've been nearly everywhere and done most things, and in my humble way I've always tried to play the game.

“ I've lived my life and I've nearly done,
And I've played the game all round,
But the best of the fun I freely confess
I owe it to horse and hound.”

And above all, I thank God for a good wife !



MY WIFE.

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